AN

ELEGANT,

And Learned

DISCOURSE

Of the

Light of Nature:

With several other

TREATISES.

Viz.
- *The Schism.*
- *The Act of Oblivion.*
- *The Child's Return.*
- *The Panting Soul.*
- *Mount* Ebal.
- *The White Stone.*
- *Spiritual Opticks.*
- *The Worth of Souls.*

By NATHANAEL CULVERWEL *Master of Arts*, and lately *Fellow* of EMMANUEL-*College* in CAMBRIDG.

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X210
C89e
1661

To the Reverend, and Learned

ANTHONY TUCKNEY,

D. D. Master of *Emmanuel* College

IN

CAMBRIDG,

And to the *Fellows* of that Religious, and happy Foundation.

Honoured Sirs,

THE many *Testimonies* of Your *real affection* towards this *pious*, and *learned Authour* (especially, while he lay under the *discipline* of so *sad* a *Providence*) deserve all *thankfull acknowledgment*, and *gratefull commemoration*: which, I doubt not, but himself would have made in *most ample* manner, had it pleased God to have granted him *longer life*, and *farther opportunity*. But, since *Divine Providence* hath otherways *disposed*, I thought it no *solecism* in *friendship* to undertake

der take the *Executourship* of his *desires*; and so far to *own* his *Debt* of *Gratitude*, as to endeavour some *Publick acknowledgement* of it, though the *greatness* of Your *Benefits* admit not of *just recompense*, and *satisfaction*. Having therefore the disposal of his *Papers* committed to me by his *nearest* and *dearest Friends*; and finding them to be of such *worth*, and *excellency*, as ought not to be *smothered* in *obscurity*, I interpreted this a *fit opportunity* to let both *Your selves*, and *others* understand, how *deep* an impression Your *kindness* to *him* hath left in the *apprehensions*, and *memories* of those his *Friends*, whom *God*, and *Nature* had given the advantage of being *more peculiarly* interessed in his *welfare*. Upon which account I do here present You with this *Elegant issue* of his *noble*, and *gallant abilities*; which, besides the *relation* it hath to You by the *Father's side*, would gladly entitle it self unto Your *acceptance*, and *protection*, as having been *conceived* in Your *College*, and *delivered* in Your *Chapel*; and therefore hopes, that You, who with much delight were sometimes *examinesses* of it, will now become its *Susceptours*.

And thus, having *lodged* it in its *Mother's arms*, I leave it to her *embraces*. On whose behalf

half I ſhall onely offer up this *ſerious*, and *hearty wiſh*; That as, by the *bleſſing* of *Heaven* upon her *fruitfull Womb*, ſhe hath been made a *Mother* of many *profitable Inſtruments* both in *Church*, and *Common-wealth*: ſo God would be pleaſed to make good her *Name* unto her, and *delight* ſtill to uſe her as the *hand-maid inſtrument* of his *glory*; that he would lay her *Top-ſtone* in his *bleſſing*, as her *Foundation* was laid in his *fear*.

So prays

The meaneſt of her Sons,

and

Your humble Servant

Aug. 10. 1652.

WILLIAM DILLINGHAM.

TO

TO THE READER.

Courteous READER,

NOt many moneths have passed since I sent abroad into the world a little Treatise, which knew it self by the Name of Spiritual Opticks, with intention onely to make some discovery of the mindes, and affections of men towards Pieces of that Nature; which having met somewhere (it seems) with kinde enteratinment, and acceptance beyond its expectation; hath now perswaded all its fellows into a resolution to take wing, and adventure themselves upon thy candour, and ingenuity. I intend not here to hang out Ivy; nor with my Canvase to preface this cloth of Gold. The work is weaved of Sun-beams; to hang any thing before it, were but to obscure it: yet something here must needs be said for mine own discharge, and thy better satisfaction. Know therefore, (gentle Reader) that these Pieces were first intended as Scholastick Exercises in a College-Chapel,

pel, and therefore more properly suited to such an Auditory; yet I make no question but some of them, the White Stone *especially, may be read with much profit by those, who are of meaner capacities, and less refined Intellectuals. The* Discourse of the Light of Nature (*which, though here it bear the Torch before the rest, is younger brother to them all*) *was written above six years ago; the design of it was, as on the one hand to vindicate the use of* Reason *in matter of* Religion *from the aspersions, and prejudice of some weak ones in those times, who, having entertained erroneous Opinions, which they were no way able to defend, were taught by their more cunning seducers to wink hard, and except against all offensive weapons: so on the other hand to chastise the sawcinesse of* Socinus, *and his followers, who dare set* Hagar *above her Mistress, and make* Faith *wait at the elbow of corrupt, and distorted* Reason; *to take off the head of that uncircumcised* Philistim *with his own sword, but better sharpened; and then to lay it up behinde the* Ephod *in the* Sanctuary. *An enterprise, I confesse, of no small import; which yet he hoped, with Gods assistance, to have effected by giving unto* Reason *the things, that are* Reason's, *and unto* Faith *the things, that are* Faith's. *And had the World been favoured with his longer life, the height of his Parts,*

and

and the Earneſt he gave, had beſpoken very ample expectations in thoſe, who knew, and heard him: but it pleaſed God (having firſt melted him with his love, and then chaſtiſed him, though ſomewhat ſharply) to take him to himſelf; from the contemplation of the Light of Nature, *to the enjoyment of one* ſupernatural, *that* φῶς ἀπρόσιτον, Light inacceſſible, *which none can ſee, and live; and to tranſlate him from ſnuffing a* Candle *here, to be made partaker of the inheritance of the Saints* in Light. *So that all he finiſhed towards that undertaking was this* Diſcourſe of the Light of Nature *in general, not deſcending ſo low, as to ſhew how the Moral Law was founded in it, or that Goſpel-revelation doth not extinguiſh it. Wherein, if, ſtanding in the midſt between two Adverſaries of extreme perſwaſions, while he oppoſes the one, he ſeem to favour the other, more then is meet; when thou ſhalt obſerve him at another time, to declare as much againſt the other, thou wilt then be of another minde. Judge candidly, and take his Opinion, as thou wouldſt do his Picture, ſitting; not from a luxuriant expreſſion (wherein he always allowed for the ſhrinking) but from his declared judgment, when he ſpeaks profeſſedly of ſuch a ſubject. For inſtance, if any expreſſion ſeem to lift* Reaſon *up too high; you may, if you pleaſe, otherwhere hear it confeſs, and bewail its own*

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weakneſs; (Chap. 12.) *you may ſee it bow the head, and worſhip, and then lay it ſelf down quietly at the feet of Faith*; (Chap. 18.) *So that if thou read but the whole Diſcourſe, thou wilt eaſily perceive (as himſelf would often affirm) that he abhorred the very thought of advancing the power of Nature into the Throne of Free-Grace, or by the Light of Nature in the leaſt meaſure to eclipſe that of Faith.*

I would not willingly by any Prolepſis *foreſtall thy reading, yet if thou ſhouldſt deſire a foretaſt of the Authour's ſtile, I would turn thee to the beginning of the ſeventeenth* Chapter; *never was light ſo beſpangled, never did it triumph in greater bravery of expreſſion. But I detain thee too long. Let this ſuffice thee, as a courſe Liſt to a finer Web; or as waſt Paper to defend this Book from the injury of its covers.*

Cambr. *Aug.* 10.
1652.

Farewell.

The

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Courteous READER,

THis *Diſcourſe*, which had my Brother for the *Authour*, might juſtly have expected me to have been the *Publiſher*: and I ſhould think my ſelf inexcuſable in this particular, did not the remote diſtance of my preſent abode, and the frequent avocations from ſtudy, by attendance upon my *Miniſtery*, together with the ruins of a crazie body, ſomewhat apologize in my behalf.

That is obvious, and πολυθρύλλητον in every man's mouth, that *the Brother ſhould raiſe up ſeed to the Brother*; but here, lo! a *Friend*, that is *nearer then a Brother*, who rears up this living *Monument* to the memory of his deceaſed *Friend*.

In this *Treatiſe* we may perceive, how the *Gentiles Candle* out-went us with our *Sun-beams*: how they, guided onely by the glimmering *twilight* of *Nature*, out-ſtrip'd us, who are ſurrounded with the rays of *Supernatural light* of *revealed Truth*. Thou may'ſt here finde *Plato* to be a *Moſes Atticiſſans*, and *Aratus*, *Menander*, and *Epimenides* called into the *Court*, to bring in their Suffrages to Saint *Paul*'s *Doctrine*.

Here we may finde *Reaſon* like a *Gibeonite*, hewing *Wood*, and drawing *Water* for the *Sanctuary*; *Jethro* giving counſel to *Moſes*. God draws us with the *cords of a man*; he drew profeſs'd *Star-gazers* with a *Star* to *Chriſt*. *Galen*, a *Phyſician*, was wrought upon, by ſome *Anatomical Obſervations*, to tune an *Hymn* to the *praiſe* of his *Creatour*; though otherwiſe *Atheiſt* enough.

Reaſon, though not permitted (with an over-da-

ring;

ring *Pompey*)to ruſh into the *Holy of Holies*, yet may be allowed to be a *Proſelyte of the Gate*, and, with thoſe *devout Greeks*, to worſhip in the *Court of the Gentiles*.

Natural Light, or the *Law* written in the heart, improved by that γνωστὸν Θεοῦ, which is written in the Book of the *Creature* in *Capital Letters*, ſo that he that runs may read, is that, which this *Treatiſe* bears Witneſs to. Where theſe Διόσκουροι, thoſe *heaven-born-lights* are ſet up in the Soul of man, like thoſe *twin-flames* on the *Mariners ſhrowd*, they preſage an *happy voyage* to the fair *Havens*.

As for the boſom-ſecrets of God, *Goſpel-Myſteries*, the *Mercy-ſeat* it ſelf, into which the *Angels* deſire παρακύψαι, *Reaſon*'s *plumb-line* will prove too ſhort to fathom them; here we muſt cry with the *Apoſtle*, ὦ βάθος! *Reaſon* may not come into theſe *Seas*, except ſhe ſtrike her *Top-ſail*; here we may ſay with *Ariſtole* at the brink of *Euripus*, not being able to give an account of the *Ebbs*, and *Flows*, *If I cann't comprehend thee, thou ſhalt me*.

It is *Storied* of *Democritus*, that he put out his *Eyes*, that he might contemplate the better: I do not counſel you to do ſo; but, if you would wink with one, the *Eye* of *Reaſon* (captivate every thought to the obedience of *Chriſt*) you might, with that other of *Faith*, take the better aim at the mark, to obtain the price of the high calling in *Jeſus Chriſt*.

Poſſibly an expreſſion, or two (more there are not) may ſeem to ſpeak too much in *Reaſon*'s behalf; but, if well examined, will prove nothing to the prejudice of *free Grace*: the whole ſcope of the Book endeavouring to fix thoſe land-marks, and juſt bounds betwixt *Religion*, and *Reaſon*, which ſome (too ſuperciliouſly *brow-beating* the *hand-maid*, and others too much *magnifying* her) have removed.

Theſe

X III

Theſe *Exerciſes* ſuit well with the place where, and the *Auditours*, to whom they were delivered; but, like *Ariſtotle*'s Ἀκροάσεις φυσικαὶ, theſe are not for *vulgar Ears*: theſe *Lucubrations* are ſo *elaborate*, that they ſmell of the Lamp, *The Candle of the Lord.*

As concerning the *Authour* of this *Treatiſe*, how great his *Parts* were, and how well improved (as it may appear by this *Work*) ſo they were fully known, and the loſs of them ſufficiently bewailed by thoſe, among whom he lived, and converſed; and yet I muſt ſay of him, Ἀνθρώπινόν τι ἔπαθεν. And as it is hard for men to be under *affliction*, but they are liable to cenſures, *Luke* xiii. 2, 4. ſo it fared with him, who was looked upon by ſome, as one, whoſe *eyes* were lofty, and whoſe *eyelids* lifted up; who bare himſelf too high upon a conceit of his *Parts*: although they, that knew him intimately, are moſt willing to be his *Compurgatours* in this particular. Thus prone are we to think the Staff under the *Water* crooked, though we know it to be ſtreight: how ever, turn thine *eyes* inward, and cenſure not thine own fault ſo ſeverely in others. Caſt not the firſt ſtone, except thou finde thy ſelf without this fault: dare not to ſearch too curiouſly into ἀνεξιχνιάσους ὁδοὺς of God; but rather learn that Leſſon of the *Apoſtles* in that elegant *Paranomaſy*, Μὴ ὑπερφρονεῖν παρ' ὃ δεῖ φρονεῖν, ἀλλὰ φρονεῖν εἰς τὸ σωφρονεῖν, *Rom.* xii. 3.

Thus, not willing longer to detain thee from the peruſal of this *Diſcourſe*, I commend both thee, and it to the bleſſing of God, and reſt

Thine to ſerve thee in all

Chriſtian *Offices*,

RI. CULVERVVEL.

A DISCOURSE Of the LIGHT of NATURE.

PROVERBS XX. 27.

נר יהוה נשמת אדם *Mens hominis lucerna Domini:*
The underſtanding of a man *is* the Candle of the Lord.

Φῶς Κυρίου, πνοὴ ἀνθρώπων. Septuag. λύχνος Κυρίου. *Aqu. Symm. Theod.* Λαμπὴρ Κυρίου. Sic alii.

CHAP. I.

The Porch, or *Introduction.*

IT is a work, that requires our choiceſt thoughts, the exacteſt diſcuſſion, that can be; a thing very material, and deſirable, to give unto *Reaſon* the things, that are *Reaſon's*, and unto *Faith* the things, that are *Faith's*, to give *Faith* her full ſcope, and latitude, and to give *Reaſon* alſo her juſt bounds, and limits; this is the firſt-born, but the other ha's the bleſſing. And yet there is not ſuch a vaſt *hiatus* neither, ſuch a μέγα χάσμα between them, as ſome would imagine: there is no ſuch implacable

antipathy, no ſuch irreconcileable jarring between them, as ſome do fancy to themſelves; they may very well ſalute one another ἁγίῳ φιλήματι, *oſculo Pacis*; *Reaſon*, and *Faith* may kiſs each other. There is a twin-light ſpringing from both, and they both ſpring from the ſame Fountain of light, and they both ſweetly conſpire in the ſame end, the glory of that being, from which they ſhine, and the welfare, and happineſs of that being, upon which they ſhine. So that to blaſpheme *Reaſon*, 'tis to reproach Heaven it ſelf, and to diſhonour the God of *Reaſon*, to queſtion the beauty of his Image, and by a ſtrange ingratitude to ſlight this great and Royal gift of our Creatour. For 'tis he, that ſet up theſe two great Luminaries in every Heavenly ſoul, *the Sun to rule the day, and the Moon to rule the night*; and though there be ſome kind of creatures, that will bark at this leſſer light, and others ſo ſeverely critical, as that they make Mountains of thoſe ſpots, and freckles, which they ſee in her face; yet others know how to be thankfull for her weaker beams, and will follow the leaſt light of God's ſetting up, though it be but *the Candle of the Lord*.

But ſome are ſo ſtrangely prejudiced againſt *Reaſon* (and that upon ſufficient reaſon too, as they think, which yet involves a flat contradiction) as that they look upon it not as *the Candle of the Lord*, but as on ſome blazing Comet, that portends preſent ruine to the Church, and to the ſoul, and carries a fatal, and venemous influence along with it. And becauſe the unruly head of *Socinus*, and his followers, by their meer pretenſes to *Reaſon*, have made ſhipwrack of *Faith*, and have been very injurious to the Goſpel; therefore theſe weak, and ſtaggering apprehenſions are afraid of underſtanding any thing; and think, that the very name of *Reaſon*, eſpecially in a *Pulpit*, in matters of Religion, muſt needs have at leaſt a thouſand Hereſies couched in it. If you do but offer to make a *Syllogiſm*, they'l ſtraightway cry it down for *carnal reaſoning*. What would theſe men have? Would they be baniſhed from their own *eſſences*? Would they forfeit, and renounce their underſtandings? or have they any to forfeit, or diſclaim? Would they put out this *Candle of the Lord*, *intellectuals* of his own lighting? or have they any to put out? Would they creep into ſome lower *ſpecies*, and go a grazing with *Nebuchadnezzar* among the beaſts of the field? or are they not there already? Or, if they them-

themſelves can be willing to be ſo ſhameſully degraded, do they think, that all others too are bound to follow their example? Oh, what hard thoughts have theſe of Religion? do they look upon it only as on a bird of prey, that comes to peck out the eyes of men? Is this all the nobility, that it gives, that men by virtue of it muſt be beheaded preſently? do's it chop off the *intellectuals* at one blow? Let's hear awhile what are the offences of *Reaſon*; are they ſo heinous, and capital? what ha's it done? what laws ha's it violated? whoſe commands ha's it broken? what did it ever do againſt the Crown, and Dignity of Heaven, or againſt the peace, and tranquillity of men? Why are a weak, and perverſe Generation, ſo angry, and diſpleaſed with it? Is it becauſe this *Daughter of the morning* is fallen from her primitive glory? from her original vigour, and perfection? Far be it from me to extenuate that great, and fatal overthrow, which the ſons of men had in their firſt, and original Apoſtaſie from their God; that, under which the whole Creation ſighs, and groans: but, this we are ſure, it did not annihilate the ſoul, it did not deſtroy the eſſence, the powers, and faculties, nor the operations of the ſoul; though it did defile them, and diſorder them, and every way indiſpoſe them.

Well then, becauſe the eye of *Reaſon* is weakened, and vitiated, will they therefore pluck it out immediately? and muſt *Leah* be hated upon no other account, but becauſe ſhe is *blear-eyed?* The whole head is wounded, and akes, and is there no other way, but to cut it off? *The Candle of the Lord* do's not ſhine ſo clearly, as it was wont, muſt it therefore be extinguiſhed preſently? Is it not better to enjoy the faint, and languiſhing light of this *Candle of the Lord*, rather then to be in palpable, and diſconſolate darkneſs? There are indeed but a few ſeminal ſparks left in the aſhes, and muſt there be whole floods of water caſt on them to quench them? 'Tis but an old imperfect *Manuſcript*, with ſome broken periods, ſome letters worn out; muſt they therefore with an unmercifull indignation rend it, and tear it aſunder. 'Tis granted, that the picture ha's loſt its gloſs, and beauty, the oriency of its colous, the elegancy of its lineaments, the comelineſs of its proportion; muſt it therefore be totally defac'd? muſt it be made one great blot? and muſt the very frame of it be broken in pieces? Would you perſwade the Lutaniſt to cut all his ſtrings

in ſunder, becauſe they are out of Tune? And will you break the Bowe upon no other account, but becauſe it's unbended? becauſe men have not ſo much of *Reaſon* as they ſhould, will they therefore reſolve to have none at all? Will you throw away your Gold, becauſe it's mix'd with droſs? Thy very Being, that's imperfect too, thy graces, they are imperfect; wilt thou refuſe theſe alſo? And then conſider, that the very apprehending the weakneſs of *Reaſon*, even this in ſome meaſure comes from *Reaſon*. *Reaſon*, when awakened, it feels her own wounds, it hears her own jarrings, ſhe ſees the dimneſs of her own ſight. 'Tis a glaſs, that diſcovers its own ſpots, and muſt it therefore be broke in pieces? *Reaſon* her ſelf ha's made made many ſad complaints unto you; ſhe ha's told you often, and that with tears in her eyes, what a great ſhipwrack ſhe ha's ſuffered, what goods ſhe ha's loſt, how hardly ſhe eſcaped with a poor decayed Being; ſhe ha's ſhewn you often ſome broken reliques, as the ſad remembrancers of her former ruines; ſhe told you how that, when ſhe ſwam for her life, ſhe had nothing, but two, or three Jewels about her, two, or three *common notions*; and would you rob her of them alſo? Is this all your tenderneſs, and compaſſion? Is this your kindneſs to your friend? Will you trample upon her now ſhe is ſo low? Is this a ſufficient cauſe to give her a *Bill of Divorcement*, becauſe ſhe ha's loſt her former beauty, and fruitfulneſs?

2. Or is *Reaſon* thus offenſive to them, becauſe ſhe cannot graſp, and comprehend the things of God? Vain men, will they pluck out their eyes, becauſe they cannot look upon the Sun in his brightneſs, and glory? What, though *Reaſon* cannot reach to the depths, to the bottomes of the *Ocean*, may it not therefore ſwim, and hold up the head, as well as it can? What, though it cannot enter into the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, and pierce within the Veil; may it not, notwithſtanding, ly in the Porch, *at the gate of the Temple called* Beautifull, *and be a Door-keeper in the Houſe of its God?* Its wings are clipt indeed, it cannot flie ſo high, as it might have done; it cannot flie ſo ſwiftly, ſo ſtrongly, as once it could: will they not therefore allow it to move, to ſtir, to flutter up and down, as well as it can? The Turrets, and Pinnacles of the ſtately ſtracture are fallen: will they therefore demoliſh the whole Fabrick, and ſhake the very Foundations of it, and down with it to the ground? Though it be not a *Jacob's*

Ladder

Ladder to climbe up to Heaven by, yet may they not uſe it as a ſtaff to walk upon Earth withall? And then *Reaſon* it ſelf knows this alſo, and acknowledges, that 'tis dazled with the Majeſty, and Glory of God; that it cannot pierce into his myſterious, and unſearchable ways; it never was ſo vain, as to go about to meaſure immenſity by its own finite Compaſs, or to ſpan out abſolute Eternity by its own more imperfect duration. True *Reaſon* did never go about to comprize to the *Bible* in its own Nut-ſhel. And, if *Reaſon* be content with its own *Sphere*, why ſhould it not have the liberty of its proper motion?

Is it, becauſe it oppoſes the things of God, and wrangles a- 3.
gainſt the Myſteries of Salvation, is it therefore excluded? An heinous, and frequent accuſation indeed; but nothing more falſe, and injurious: and if it had been *an open Enemy*, that had done her this wrong, why then ſhe could have born it; but it's thou, her *friend*, and *companion*, ye have *took ſweet counſel together*, and have entred into the Houſe of God as friends, 'tis you, that have your dependance upon her; that cannot ſpeak one word to purpoſe againſt her, without her help, and aſſiſtance. What mean you thus to revile your moſt intimate, and inſeparable ſelf? why do you thus ſlander your own Beings? would you have all this to be true, which you ſay? Name but the time if you can, when ever right *Reaſon* did oppoſe one *jot*, or *apex* of the word of God. Certainly, theſe men ſpeak of diſtorted *Reaſon* all this while. Surely they do not ſpeak of the *Candle of the Lord*, but of ſome ſhadow, and appearance of it. But if they tell us, that all *Reaſon* is diſtorted, whether then is theirs ſo, in telling us ſo? if they ſay, that they do not know this by *Reaſon*, but by the Word of God, whether then is that their *Reaſon*, when it acknowledges the Word of God? whether is it then diſtorted, or no? Beſides, if there were no right *Reaſon* in the World, what difference between ſobriety, and madneſs, between theſe men, and wiſer ones? how then were the *Heathen left without excuſe*, who had nothing to ſee by, but this *Candle of the Lord?* and how do's this thruſt men below *ſenſitive* creatures; for better have no *Reaſon* at all, then ſuch, as do's perpetually deceive them, and delude them.

Or do's *Reaſon* thus diſpleaſe them, becauſe the blackeſt Er- 4.
rours ſometimes come under the fair diſguiſe of ſo beautifull a name, and have ſome tincture of *Reaſon* in them? But truly this is

ſo far from being a diſparagement to *Reaſon*, as that 'tis no ſmall commendation of it: for πρόσωπον χρὴ δόμεν πλανᾲσι, Men love to put a plauſible title, a winning frontiſpiece upon the fouleſt Errours. Thus Licentiouſneſs would fain be called by the name of Liberty; and all Diſſoluteneſs would fain be countenanced, and ſecured under the Patronage, and Protection of free-Grace. Thus wickedneſs would willingly forget its own name, and adopt it ſelf into the family of goodneſs. Thus *Arminianiſm* pleads for it ſelf under the ſpecious notion of *God's love to Mankind*. Thus that ſilly Errour of *Antinomianiſm* will needs ſtile it ſelf an *Evangelical Honey-comb*. Thus all irregularities, and anomalies in Church Affairs, muſt pride themſelves in thoſe glittering titles of a *New Light*, *A Goſpel-way*, *An Heaven upon Earth*. No wonder then that ſome alſo pretend to *Reaſon*, who yet run out of it, and beyond it, and beſides it; but muſt none therefore come near it? becauſe *Socinus* ha's burnt his wings at this *Candle of the Lord*, muſt none therefore make uſe of it?

May he not be conquer'd with his own weapons, and beat out of his own ſtrong holds; and may not the head of an *uncircumciſed Philiſtine* be cut off with his own ſword?

5. Or laſtly, are they thus afraid of *Reaſon*, becauſe by virtue of this, men of wit, and ſubtilty, will preſently argue, and diſpute them into an Errour, ſo as that they ſhall not be able to diſintangle a Truth, though in it ſelf it be never ſo plain, and unqueſtionable? But firſt, *Reaſon* it ſelf tells them, that it may be thus, and ſo prepares, and fortifies them againſt ſuch a tryal; and then, this only ſhews, that ſome mens *Reaſon* is not ſo well advanc'd, and improv'd, either as it might be, or as others is; a ſharper edge would quickly cut ſuch difficulties aſunder. Some have more refined and clarifi'd intellectuals, more vigorous and ſparkling eyes then others, and one ſoul differs from another in glory; and that reaſon, which can make ſome ſhift to maintain Errour, might with a great deal leſs ſweat, and pains, maintain a Truth.

There's no queſtion, but that *Bellarmine*, and the reſt of the learned *Papiſts* could have, if they had pleaſed, far more eaſily defended the *Proteſtant* Religion, then that of their own. Beſides, the vigour, and triumph of *Reaſon* is principally to be ſeen in thoſe firſt-born-beams, thoſe pure and unſpotted irradiations, that ſhine from it; I mean thoſe firſt bublings up of common Princi-

ples,

ples, that are own'd, and acknowledg'd by all; and thoſe evident, and kindly derivations, that flow from them. *Reaſon* ſhews her face more amiably and pleaſantly in a pure and clear ſtream, then in thoſe mudded and troubled waters, in which the Schole-men (that have leaſure enough) are always fiſhing. Nay, ſome of their works are like ſo many raging Seas, full of perpetual toſſings, and diſquietings, and foamings, and ſometimes caſting up mire, and dirt; and yet theſe vaſt and voluminous *Leviathans* love to ſport therein, and that, which is moſt intolerable, theſe grand σοφοὶ, that ſeem'd ſo zealous for *Reaſon*, at length in expreſs terms diſclaim it; and in a moſt blindfold, and confuſed manner, cry up their great *Diana*, their Idol of Tranſubſtantiation; and the *Lutherans* are very fierce againſt *Reaſon* too, much upon the ſame account, becauſe it would never allow of that other monſtrous and miſ-ſhapen lump of Conſubſtantiation.

But why have I all this while beaten the air, and ſpilt words upon the ground? why do I ſpeak to ſuch, as are incurable, and incapable? for if we ſpeak *Reaſon* to them, that's that, which they ſo much diſclaim: if we do not ſpeak *Reaſon* to them, that were to diſclaim it too.

But I ſpeak to men, to Chriſtians, to the friends of learning, to the profeſſours of *Reaſon*: to ſuch as put *this Candle of the Lord* into a golden Candleſtick, and pour continual Oil into it. Yet leſt any among you, *Athenians*, ſhould erect an Altar *to an unknown God*; leſt you ſhould ignorantly worſhip him, we will declare him to you.

And that, which we have now ſaid, may ſerve as a Porch, and Preamble, to what we ſhall ſpeak hereafter out of theſe words.

Where we ſhall ſee,

Firſt, How *The underſtanding of man is the Candle of the Lord.*

Secondly, What this *Candle of the Lord* diſcovers; where we ſhall finde,

Firſt, That all the Moral Law is founded in natural, and common light, in the light of *Reaſon.*

Secondly, That there's nothing in the myſteries of the Goſpel contrary to the light of *Reaſon*; nothing repugnant to this light, that ſhines from *the Candle of the Lord.*

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

The Explication of the Words.

NOw as for the *words* themselves, we cannot better judge of the fitness of this expression, then by considering *who* it was, that spoke it.

Now these *words* were spoken by him, that had a large portion of *Intellectuals*, one, that was ἔξοχος ἀνθρώπων κεφαλῇ, they were spoken by *Solomon*, in whom *the Candle of the Lord* did shine very clearly; one, that had ask'd this, as the choicest favour, that he could expect from the bounty of Heaven, to have a glorious lamp of knowledge shine in his soul for the enlightning of it. And, though the envious *Jews* would fain perswade the world, that he lighted his Candle at Hell it self; for they esteemed him no better, then a *Magician*, as they esteemed him also, that was greater then *Solomon*: yet we know very well, that *Solomon*'s was a purer Candle, then to be lighted at a *Lake of fire, and brimstone*; 'twas not of *Lucifer*'s setting up, but it came from *the Father of lights*, 'twas lighted with *Sun-beams* from Heaven.

And 'tis a modest, and humble expression in him to call his understanding *the Candle of the Lord*, when as the world look'd upon him as a Star of the *first magnitude*, nay, as a Sun shining in the Firmament, gilding the world with knowledge, scattering beams of light, sparkling out in wise and *Proverbial* sayings; so that the bordering Princes, and Nations are ready to adore such an orient Light, and the *Queen of the South* thinks it no small happiness to sit under the shadow of it. But yet to be sensible of his own narrow Sphere, of his own finite Compass, and influence, did not at all take from his lustre; but did rather set it off, and add to his Glory.

Thus that Wise man among the *Heathen*, *Socrates*, did so far complain of the weakness of his *Candle-light*, as that he tels us, his lamp would shew him nothing, but his own darkness. And, though a wiser then *Socrates* be here, yet he is much in the same measure

sensible

ſenſible of the dimneſs of his own *Intellectuals*. And yet he was one, that had made many diſcoveries with this *Candle of the Lord*, he had ſearch'd into the Mines, and ſeveral Veins of knowledge; he had ſearch'd into the *hid Treaſures* of wiſdome, he had ſearch'd into the depth of *State-affairs*, he had ſearch'd into the bowels of *Natural Cauſes*, into the *Magnalia & Myſteria* of Nature; as if, among many other Wives, he had eſpouſed *Nature* alſo to himſelf: he had ſearch'd into the ſeveral *Tempers*, and *Intellectual Complexions* of men; he had ſearch'd long enough with this *Candle of the Lord*, to ſee if he could finde any *good under the Sun*, he went with his *Candle* to finde out a *ſummum bonum*; he ſearch'd into all the corners of *Being*: and, at length, being ſufficiently wearied, you may ſee him ſitting down; you may hear him complaining, that he had but ſpent, and waſted *the Candle of the Lord* in vain: for ſo much is implyed in רעות רוח, this was but *depaſtio ſpiritûs*, as he himſelf calls it.

Yet he was one, that ſhewed others, how they might make better improvement of their *Intellectual Lamp*; and this was his wiſeſt advice, that he gave upon his moſt mature, and concocted thoughts, this was *tanquam mox emorituræ lucernæ ſupremus fulgor*; That men would only follow this *Candle of the Lord*, as it directs them in the ways of God, which are ways of ſweetneſs, and pleaſantneſs: for this was כל האדם the very end *why* God ſet up ſuch a light in the ſoul, that it might ſearch out its Creatour with it.

And as for the minde of the *words*, though one would think they were very clear, and ſhining with their own light, yet *Interpreters* are pleaſed to cloud them, to turn light it ſelf into a *Chaos*; and to caſt darkneſs upon the face of the *Text*; like ſome unskilful ones, while they go about to ſnuff the *Candle*, they put it out: but we'l try, whether it can be blown in again.

We ſhall reduce their ſeveral meanings to theſe three heads.

Firſt, Some would have it thus; *The Candle of the Lord is in the underſtanding of a man*: as if the words did run thus, בנשמת אדם נר יהוה *Lucerna Domini in mente hominis*, that is, *God with his Candle diſcovers the very thoughts, and intentions of men, he ſearches into every corner of the heart; he ha's* lucernam in corde, *he ſpies out every Atome, he perceives the firſt ſtarting of a motion, the firſt peeping out of a thought*. But this, though it be very

true, yet is nothing to the purpoſe here.

Secondly, Some *gloſs* upon the words thus; *The underſtanding of man, when 'tis enlightned with ſupernatural knowledg, is then* the Candle of the *Lord*. But theſe do rather dictate to *Solomon*, and tell him what they would have him ſay; they do rather frame, and faſhion a *Proverb* to themſelves, then explain his meaning: and theſe are they, that are afraid to give *natural light*, and *natural reaſon* their due. But,

Thirdly, I ſhall fully agree with them, that take this for the proper, and genuine meaning of the place, that *God hath breathed into all the ſons of men* Reaſonable *ſouls, which may ſerve, as ſo many* Candles, *to enlighten, and direct them in the ſearching out their Creatour, in the diſcovering of other* inferiour Beings, *and themſelves alſo*. And this is that, which is here implyed by נשמת אדם, that ſame *ſpiraculum vitæ*, nay, that ſame immortal breath, that ſame rational breath quickened by God himſelf, and flowing from him, as a pure derivation from his own *Being*, and thus the *Hebrew Doctours* do ſtill look upon this word נשמה as that, which does expreſs τὸν νῶν, *animam rationis participem*, and as (they obſerve) it ha's a plain vicinity with שמים, but to be ſure the *Being* is derived from thence, whether the word be, or no. So then נשמה it points out the ſupreme region, the very top, and flower of a *reaſonable* ſoul, τὸ τῆς ψυχῆς κορυφὴν· as נפש do's ſpeak nothing, but the dregs, and bottom of it, the *inferiour*, and *ſenſitive* ſoul. The *Apoſtle Paul*, in his learned Speech to the *Athenians*, mentions them both, and calls them very ſignificantly ζωὴν, καὶ πνοὴν, and ſo ſome alſo take that other place of the *Apoſtle* in that accurate Diſcourſe of his to the *Corinthians*, that, which he calls Ψυχικὸν ζῶσαν, they call it נפש חיה, and that, which he terms πνεῦμα ζωοποιοῦν, they render it נשמת חיים, though it be true alſo, that ſometimes they take the word נפש in a more *generical* ſenſe, for thus they tell us, there are in man three נשמות. 1) הצומחת the *vegetable* ſoul, a ſoul in the bud, the very bloſſom, and flower of life; (2) הבהמית *anima bruti*, a ſoul looking out at the window of *ſenſe*; (3) נפש החכמה a ſoul ſparkling, and glittering with *intellectuals*, a ſoul crowned with light, and this is the ſame with נשמה. Now, as for that other word רוח, though ſometimes the minde of man, his *intellectual* part, be expreſſed by it; yet the word, in its own nature, is a great

great deal more large, and comprehenſive; and as it extends to ſome *material Beings*, ſo it reaches to all *ſpirituals*, hence רוח יהוה רוח הקדש: and the *Angels* both *good*, and *bad*, frequently come under this name; but when tis put for the *minde*, and *ſpirit* of man, yet I finde it very well differenced from נשמת; for רוח doth properly import *impetum animi*, *motum mentis*, the *vigour*, and *energy of the ſoul*, ἡ θυμὸν, rather then ἡ νῶν, and the *Hebrew Doctours* are pleaſed to tell us the ſeveral ſituations of theſe, רוח they ſay is *in corde*, נשמת *in cerebro*, נפש *in hepate*. Now, though I know, that ſome places in the *New Teſtament*, which ſpeak of *ſoul*, and *ſpirit*, meet with this Interpretation, that *ſpirit* there is the *pureſt* eminency, the *moſt refined* part of the ſoul; yet this is not at all prejudicial to what we now ſpeak of: for firſt, they may take it for the *regenerate* part of the ſoul, that, which the *Apoſtle* calls the *New Creature*; or elſe, Secondly, ſuppoſe it be ſpoke of the ſoul in its *natural* condition, 'tis worth the conſidering then, whether it would not be better rendred by נשמת then רוח, as נשמת here is rendred *the ſpirit of a man*: but, Thirdly, grant, that רוח be more anſwerable to it, and that רוח ſhould have the worth, and precedency of נשמת, which yet will ſcarce ever be ſhewen, or explained; yet this is very ſure, and unqueſtionable, that נשמת do's very properly ſpeak a *reaſonable ſoul*, and that the more peculiarly, becauſe, when *Moſes* ſpeaks of that very moment, when 'twas created, and breathed into man, he calls it נשמת חים and the *Arabian Interpreter* keeps as cloſe to the words, as ſo vaſt a *Dialect* will give leave, and ſtiles it נסמה אלחיאה *halitus vitæ*. And 'tis ſomewhat worth the wond'ring at, that that *learned Interpreter* of *Geneſis*, who is ſo well verſed in *Rabbinical* Writings, ſhould yet expound that of the *ſenſitive*. But they run as far into the other extreme, that would underſtand נשמת of a ſoul advanc'd above it ſelf by *ſupernatural Principles*: and I think this ſenſe will ſcarce be owned by any, that can conſtrue *Hebrew*.

So then, theſe words are a brief commendation of *Natural Light*, of the Light of *Reaſon*. For the farther clearing of which, we muſt enquire; Firſt, What *Nature* is. Secondly, What the *Law of Nature* is. Thirdly, What the *Light of Nature* is.

CHAP. III.

What Nature *is.*

THE *words* being to be underſtood of *Lumen Naturale*, according to the minds of the beſt, and moſt *Interpreters*; it will be very needful to enquire what *Nature* is, and here we will be ſure not to ſpeak one word for *Nature*, which ſhall in the leaſt meaſure tend to the eclipſing of *Grace*; nay, nothing, but what ſhall make for the greater brightening, and amplifying of the *free Grace*, and *diſtinguiſhing goodneſs* of God in *Chriſt*; and nothing, but what an *Auguſtine*, or a *Bradwardine*, thoſe great Patrons of *Grace*, would willingly ſet their ſeals unto.

Well then, as for *Nature*, though it be not far from any one of us, though it be ſo intimate to our very *Beings*, though it be printed, and engraved upon our *eſſences*, and not upon ours onely, but upon the whole Creation, and though we put all the letters, and Characters of it together, as well as we can: yet we ſhall finde it hard enough, to ſpell it out, and read what it is. For, as it is in *corporeal viſion*, the too much approximation, and vicinity of an object, do's ſtop up, and hinder ſight: ſo 'tis alſo many times in *Intellectual Opticks*, we ſee ſome things better at a diſtance; the Soul cannot ſo eaſily ſee its own face, nor ſo fully explain its own nature. We need ſome *Scholiaſt*, or *Interpreter*, to *comment* upon our own *Beings*, and to acquaint us with our own *Idioms*: and I meet with many *Authours*, that ſpeak of the *Light of Nature*; but I can ſcarce finde one, that tells us *what* it is. Thoſe famous, and learned *Triumviri*; SELDEN, that ha's made it his work to write *De Jure Naturali*; and *Grotius*, that ha's ſaid ſomewhat of it in his Book *De Jure Belli & Pacis*; and *Salmaſius*, that ha's touch'd it in his late Treatiſe *De Coma*, and in his little *Dialogue* ſubordinate to it, in either of which, if he had pleaſed, he might have deſcribed it without a digreſſion:

yet

yet none of theſe (as far as I can finde) give us the leaſt adumbration of it; which notwithſtanding was the rather to be expected from them, becauſe the *Philoſophers* had left it in ſuch a cloudy, and obſcured manner, as if they had never ſeen *Nature* face to face, but onely through a glaſs darkly, and in a Riddle. And, as we read of a *Painter*, that repreſented *Nature* appearing to *Ariſtotle* with a Veil, and Maſk upon her face: ſo truly *Ariſtotle* himſelf painted her, as he ſaw her, with her Veil on; for he ſhews her onely wrapped up, and muffled in *matter*, and *form*; whereas, methinks, he, that could ſet *Intelligences* to the wheel to ſpin out *time*, and *motion*, ſhould have allowed them alſo ſome natural ability for performing ſo famous a task, and employment, which his head ſet them about. And truly why *Angelical Beings* ſhould be baniſhed from the *Common-wealth* of *Nature*; nay, why they ſhould not properly belong to *Phyſicks*, as well as other particular *Beings*; or why *Bodies* onely ſhould engroſs, and monopolize *Natural Philoſophy*, and why a *Soul* cannot be admitted into it, unleſs it bring a *Certificate*, and *Commendamus* from the *Body*; is a thing altogether unaccountable, unleſs it be reſolved into a meer Arbitrary Determination, and a *Philoſophical* kinde of *Tyranny*.

And yet *Ariſtotle*'s Deſcription of *Nature* ha's been held very ſacred, and ſome of the *Scholemen* do even dote upon it. *Aquinas* tells us in plain Terms; *Deridendi ſunt, qui volunt* Ariſtotelis *definitionem corrigere*. The truth is, I make no queſtion, but that *Ariſtotle*'s Definition is very commenſurate to what he meant by *Nature*; but, that he had the true, and *adæquate notion* of *Nature*, this I think *Aquinas* himſelf can ſcarce prove: and I would fain have him to explain what it is for a thing *innoteſcere lumine Naturæ*, if *Nature* be onely *principium motus & quietis*. Yet *Plutarch* alſo in this point ſeems to compromiſe with *Ariſtotle*, and after a good, ſpecious, and hopeful *Preface*, where he ſaith, that he muſt needs tell us what *Nature* is, after all this preparation he do's moſt palpably reſtrain it to *corporeal Beings*, and then votes it to be ἀρχὴ κινήσεως καὶ ἠρεμίας. And *Empedocles*, (as he is quoted by him) will needs exerciſe his *Poetry*, and make ſome *Verſes* upon *Nature*, and you would think, at the

firſt

firſt daſh, that they were in a good lofty ſtrain; for thus he ſings, —— φύσις ὑδενός ὄτιν ἐκάστ
Θνητῶν, ὑδέ τις ὑλομένη θανάτοιο φυγέθλη.

'Twas not of a *mortal, withering off-ſpring*, nor of *a fading Genealogy*; but yet truely his *Poetical raptures* were not ſo high, as to elevate him above a *body*, for he preſently ſinks into ὕλη, he falls down into *matter*, and makes *Nature* nothing elſe, but that, which is *ingenerable*, and *incorruptible* in *material Beings*; juſt as the *Peripateticks* ſpeak of their *Materia prima*. But *Plato*, who was more ſpiritual in his *Philoſophy*, chides ſome of his Contemporaries, and is extreamly diſpleaſed with them, and that very juſtly, for they were degenerated into a moſt ſtupid *Atheiſm*, and reſolved all *Beings* into one of theſe three *Originals*, that they were either διὰ φύσιν, διὰ τύχω, διὰ τέχνω. They were either the workmanſhip of *Nature*, or of *Fortune*, or of *Art*. Now as for the firſt, and chief *corporeal Beings*, they made them the productions of *Nature*, that is, (ſay they) they ſprung from eternity into *Being* by their own *impetus*, and by their own virtue, and efficacy, ἀπό τινος ἀϊδίας αὐτομάτης, like ſo many natural *automata*, they were the *Principles* of their own *Being*, and *Motion*: and this they lay down for one of their *Axioms*; Τὰ μὲν μέγιστα, καὶ κάλλιστα ἀπεργάζεσθαι φύσιν, καὶ τύχω· τὰ δὲ σμικρότερα τέχνω· *All the Maſter-pieces of* Being, *the moſt lovely, and beautiful Pictures were drawn by Nature, and Fortune; and Art onely could reach to ſome poor rudiments, to ſome ſhadows, and weaker imitations*: which you will be ſomewhat amazed at, when you hear by and by what theſe τὰ σμικρότερα were.

The foundation of *Being*, that they ſaid was *Natural*, the mutation, and diſpoſing of *Being*, that they made the employment of *Fortune*; and then they ſaid the work of *Art* was to finde out *Laws*, and *Morality*, and *Religion*, and a *Deity*; theſe were the τὰ σμικρότερα they ſpake of before.

But that *Divine Philoſopher* do's moſt admirably diſcover the prodigious folly of this opinion, and demonſtrate the impoſſibility of it in that excellent Diſcourſe of his, in his tenth Book *De Legibus*, where he do's moſt clearly, and convincingly ſhew, That thoſe things, which they ſay were framed by *Art*, were in duration infinitely before that, which they call *Nature*; That Ψυχὴ ὄτι πρεσβυτέρα σώματος· that *ſpirituals* have the ſeniority of *corporeals*.

als. This he makes to appear by their (1) πρωτοκινησία, (2) διτοκινησία, (3) ἀλλοκινησία. For these three, though they be not expresly mentioned in him, yet they may very easily be collected from him. *Souls* they move themselves, and they move *Bodies* too, and therefore must needs be *first* in motion, so that νῦς, καὶ τέχνη, καὶ νόμος, πρὸ σκληρῶν, καὶ μαλακῶν, καὶ βαρέων, καὶ κουφων προῆλθεν ἂν ὄντα. *Reason,* and *Religion, Laws,* and *Prudence* must needs be before *Density,* and *Rarity,* before *Gravity,* and *Levity,* before all *conditions,* and *dimensions* of *Bodies.* And *Laws,* and *Religion,* they are indeed τοῦ νοῦ γεννήματα· that is, the *contrivances,* and *productions* of that eternal νῦς, and λόγος, the *wisdom* of God himself.

So that all, that *Plato* will allow to *Nature,* amounts to no more, then this, that it is not δημιουργὸς, *opifex rerum,* but onely *Dei* δημιουργοῦντος *famula, & ministra. As the eyes of a Servant wait upon his Master, and as the eyes of an Handmaiden look up to her Mistress; so wait her eyes upon the Lord her God.* And he doth fully resolve, and determine, that *God* is the *soul* of the world, and *Nature* but the *body*; which must be took onely in *sensu florido,* in a flourishing, and *Rhetorical* sense: that *God* is the *fountain* of *Being,* and *Nature* but the *chanel*; that he is the *Kernel* of *Being,* and *Nature* but the *shell.* Yet herein *Plato* was defective, that he did not correct, and reform the abuse of this word *Nature*; that he did not screw it up to an higher, and more spiritual notion. For 'tis very agreeable to the *choicest,* and *supremest Being*; And the *Apostle* tells us of ἡ θεία φύσις. So that 'tis time at length to draw the veil from *Nature*'s face, and to look upon her beauty.

And first, 'tis the usual language of many, both *Philosophers,* and others, to put *Nature* for *God* himself, or at least for the *general Providence* of God; and this, in the *Scholemens* rough, and unpolish'd *Latin,* is stiled *Natura naturans*; thus *Nature* is took for that *constant,* and *Catholick Providence,* that spreads its wings over all *created Beings,* and shrouds them under its warm, and happy protection. Thus that elegant *Moralist, Plutarch,* speaks more like to himself, then in his former Description; Παντάχῃ γὰρ ἡ φύσις ἀκριβὴς, καὶ φιλότεχνος, ἀνελλιπὴς, καὶ ἀπερίττωτος· *Nature is in all things accurate, and punctual, 'tis not defective, nor parcimonious, nor yet sprouting, and luxuriant.* And consonant

to

to this is that sure Axiom; *Natura nihil facit frustrà.* Thus God set up the world, as a fair, and goodly Clock, to strike in time, and to move in an orderly manner; not by its own weights (as *Durand* would have it) but by fresh influence from himself, by that inward, and intimate spring of immediate concourse, that should supply it in a most uniform, and proportionable manner.

Thus God framed this great *Organ* of the world, he tuned it, yet not so, as that it could play upon it self, or make any Musick by virtue of this general composure, (as *Durand* fansies it) but that it might be fitted, and prepared for the finger of God himself, and at the presence of his powerful touch might sound forth the praise of its Creatour, in a most sweet, and harmonious manner.

And thus *Nature* is that *regular Line*, which the wisdom of God himself ha's drawn in *Being*: τάξις γὰρ, ἢ τάξεως ἔργον, ἡ φύσις, as he speaks; whereas that, which they miscall'd *Fortune*, was nothing but a *line* fuller of *windings*, and *varieties*. And, as *Nature* was a *fix'd*, and *ordinary* kinde of *Providence*; so *Fortune* was nothing, but a more *abstruse*, and *mysterious*, and *occult* kinde of *Providence*: and therefore *Fortune* was not blinde, as they falsely painted, and represented her; but they themselves were blinde, and could not see into her. And in this sense that speech of that grave *Moralist*, *Seneca*, is very remarkable; *Providentia, Fatum, Natura, Casus, Fortuna, sunt ejusdem Dei varia nomina.*

But then, secondly, *Nature*, as 'tis scattered, and distributed in *particular Beings*, so 'tis the very same with *Essence* it self; and therefore *Spirituals*, as they have their *Essence*, so they have their *Nature* to: and, if we gloried in names, it would be easie to e ap up a multitude of Testimonies, in which these two must ne eds be ἀποδυναμῶσα.

And thus *Nature* speaks these two things.

1) It points out *Originem entis*, 'tis the very *Genius* of *Entity*, 'tis present at the nativity of every *Being*, nay, 'tis *Being* it self. There is no moment, in which you can imagine a thing to be, and yet to be without its *Nature*.

2) It speaks *Operationem entis*, and 'tis a *Principle* of working. in *spirituals*, as well as *principium motûs & quietis* in *corporeals*.

All

All *Eſſence* bubbles out, flows forth, and *paraphraſes* upon it ſelf in *operations*. Hence it is, that ſuch workings, as are facilitated by *cuſtom*, are eſteemed *natural*. Hence that known ſpeech of *Galen*; Ἐπίσηται φύσεις τὰ ἤθη· *Cuſtoms are frequently adopted, and ingraffed into* Nature. Hence alſo our uſual *Idiom* calls a *good Diſpoſition* a *good Nature*. Thus the *Moraliſts* expreſs *Virtues*, or *Vices*, that are deeply rooted, by this term πεφυσιωμένα.

And ſo ſome, and *Grotius* amongſt the reſt, would underſtand that place of the Apoſtle, *Do's not even Nature it ſelf teach you*, of a *general cuſtom*: but that word Αὐτὴ ἡ φύσις do's plainly refuſe that interpretation; and the learned *Salmaſius* do's both grant, and evince, that it cannot be meant of *cuſtom* there. And thus, having ſeen what *Nature* is, 'twill be very eaſie, in the next place, to tell you what the *Law of Nature* is.

CHAP. IV.

Of the nature of a Law *in general.*

BEfore we can repreſent unto you the *Law of Nature*, you muſt firſt frame, and faſhion in your minds the juſt notion of a *Law* in *general*. And *Aquinas* gives us this ſhadowy repreſentation of it; *Lex eſt quædam regula, & menſura, ſecundum quam inducitur aliquis ad agendum, vel ab agendo retrahitur.* But *Suarez* is offended with the latitude of this *Definition*, and eſteems it too ſpreading, and comprehenſive, as that, which extends to all *Naturals*, I, and to *Artificials* to; for they have *regulas, & menſuras operationum.* Thus God ha's ſet a *Law* to the *Waves*, and a *Law* to the *Winds*; nay, thus *Clocks* have their *Laws*, and *Lutes* have their *Laws*, and whatſoever ha's the leaſt appearance of *motion*, ha's ſome *rule* proportionable to it. Whereas theſe workings were always reckoned to be at the moſt but *inclinationes, & pondera*, and not the fruits of a *legiſlative* power. But yet the *Apoſtle Paul*, to ſtain the pride of them, that gloried

in the *Law*, calls such things by the name of *Law*, as were most *odious*, and *anomalous*. Thus he tells us of Νόμος θανάτου, & Νόμος ἁμαρτίας, though *sin* be properly ἀνομία. Thus he mentions *Legem membrorum*, the same, which the *Scholemen* call *Legem fomitis*.

And yet this is sure, that a *rational Creature* is onely capable of a *Law*, which is a *moral restraint*, and so cannot reach to those things, that are *necessitated* to act *ad extremum virium*.

And therefore *Suarez* do's give us a more refined *Description*, when he tells us, that *Lex est mensurâ quadam actuum moralium, ità ut, per conformitatem ad illam, Rectitudinem moralem habeant, &, si ab illa discordent, obliqui sint.* "A Law is such a just, and "regular tuning of Actions, as that, by virtue of this, they may "conspire into a moral Musick, and become very pleasant, and "harmonious. Thus *Plato* speaks much of that Εὐρυθμία, & συμφωνία, that is in *Laws*, and in his second Book *De Legibus* he do's altogether discourse of Harmony, and do's infinitely prefer *mental*, and *intellectual Musick*, those powerful, and practical strains of goodness, that spring from a well-composed spirit, before those delicious blandishments, those soft, and transient touches, that comply with sense, and salute it in a more flattering manner: and he tells you of a *spiritual Dancing*, that is answerable to so sweet a *Musick*, to these τὰ θείαλα ἀναθήματα. Whilest the *Laws* play in *consort*, there is a *Chorus* of well-ordered affections, that are raised, and elevated by them.

And thus, as *Aristotle* well observes, some *Laws* were wont to be put in *Verse*, and to be sung, like so many pleasant *Odes*, that might even charm the people into obedience.

'Tis true, that learned *Philosopher* gives this reason of it, they were put into *Verse*, ὅπως μὴ ἐπιλάθωνται, *that they might remember them the better*: but why may not this reason also share with it, that they might come with a greater grace, and allurement, that they might hear them as pleasantly, as they would do the voice of a *Viol*, or an *Harp*, that ha's *Rhetorick* enough to still, and quiet the *evil spirit*? But yet this do's not sufficiently paint out the *being* of a Law, to say, that 'tis onely *regula, & mensura*, and *Suarez* himself is so ingenuous, as to tell us, that he cannot rest satisfied with this *Description*, which he drew but with a *Coal*, as a Rudiment rather, then a full Portraicture; and therefore we'll give him some

ſome time to perfect it, and to put it into more *orient Colours*.

And, in the mean time, we'll look upon that *ſpeculative* Law-giver, *Plato* I mean, who was always new-modelling of *Laws*, and rolling *Political Ideas* in his minde.

Now you may ſee him gradually aſcending, and climbing up to the Deſcription of a *Law* by theſe four ſeveral ſteps, and yet he do's not reach the top, and ἀκμὴ of it neither. Firſt, he tells us, that *Laws* are τὰ νομιζόμενα, *ſuch things, as are eſteemed fitting*; but becauſe this might extend to all kind of *Cuſtoms* too, his ſecond thoughts limit, and contract it more, and tell us, that a *Law* is Δόγμα πόλεως, *Decretum civitatis*; yet, becauſe the maſs, and bulk of people, the rude heap, and undigeſted lump of the multitude may ſeek to eſtabliſh τὸ Δόγμα πονηρὸν, as he calls it, therefore he bethinks himſelf how to *clarifie* a *Law*, how to purge out the *droſs* from it, and tells us in the next place, that it is τῦ ὄντος ἐξεύρεσις, *inventio ejus, quod verè eſt*, where it is very remarkable what this *Philoſopher* means by τὸ ὄν, by which he is wont uſually to point out a *Deity*, which is ſtiled by *Ariſtotle* ὂν ὄντων· but it is not capable of this ſenſe here; for thus *Laws* are not τῦ ὄντος ἐξευρήσεις, but rather τῦ ὄντ☉ ἐυρήματα. *Lex eſt inventio, vel donum Dei*, as the *Oratour* ſpeaks. Τὸ ὂν therefore in this place ſpeaks theſe two *Particulars*.

1. Τὸ ὄρθον, for all *rectitude* ha's a *Being*, and flows from the *fountain of Being*; whereas *obliquities*, and *irregularities* are meer *privations*, and *non-entities*; and 'tis a notable ſpeech of *Plato*, τὸ μὲν ὄρθον νόμος ἐστὶ Βασιλικὸς, the very ſame expreſſion, which the *Apoſtle* gives to the *Law of God*, when he calls it the *royal Law*.

2. Τὸ ὂν implies τὸ χρηστὸν, every thing, that is *profitable*, ha's a *being* in it; but you can gather no fruit from a *privation*: there is no ſweetneſs in an *obliquity*, and therefore a *Law* is an wholſome mixture of that, that is *juſt*, and *profitable*, and this is τέλ☉ τῦ νόμυ, as *Plutarch* ſpeaks. Whereas *turpe præceptum non eſt lex, ſed iniquitas*; for *obligation*, that's the very *form*, and *eſſence* of a *Law*: Now every Law *obligat in Nomine Dei*; but ſo glorious a name did never binde to any thing, that was wicked, and unequal. Πᾶν δίκαιον νῦν, & πᾶν δίκαιον ὠφέλιμον, and that onely is countenanced from heaven. The *golden Chain* of *Laws*, 'tis tied to the *chair* of *Jupiter*, and a command is onely vigorous, as it iſſues out, either immediately, or remotely, from the great *Sovereign*

uereign of the world. So that τὸ ὄν is the ſure bottome, and foundation of every Law.

But then, becauſe he had not yet expreſs'd, who were the competent ſearchers out of this τὸ ὄν, therefore he tells you in the laſt place, that *Laws* are πολιτικὰ συγγράμματα, which he clears by other things; for ἰατεικὰ συγγράμματα are ἰατεικοὶ νόμοι, & γεωμετεικὰ συγγράμματα are γεομετεικοὶ νόμοι. And he reſolves it into this, that in all true kinds of government there is ſome *ſupreme power*, derived from God himſelf, and fit to contrive *Laws*, and *Conſtitutions* agreeable to the welfare, and happineſs of thoſe, that are to be ſubject to them; and οἱ κρείττονες (as he ſpeaks) are the fitteſt makers of *Law*.

Yet you muſt take notice here of theſe two things.

(1) That he did not lay ſtreſs enough upon that *binding* virtue, which is the very *ſinew*, nay, the *life*, and *ſoul* of a *Law*.

(2) That theſe three *Deſcriptions*, τὰ νομιζόμενα, δόγμα πόλεως, πολιτικὰ συγγράμματα, intend onely *humane Laws*, and ſo are not boil'd up to the purer notion of a *Law* in *general*.

And, though that ſame other branch τῷ ὄντι ἐξεύρεσις may ſeem to reach farther yet, 'tis too obſcure, too much in the clouds, to give a clear manifeſtation of the nature of a *Law*. And yet *Ariſtotle* do's not in this ſupply *Plato's* defects, but ſeems rather to *paraphraſe* upon theſe Deſcriptions of *humane Laws*, and tells in more enlarged language, that, Ὁ νόμῳ δεῖν ὁ λόγῳ ὡρισμένῳ καθ' ὁμολογίαν κοινὴν πόλεως, μιμούμενον πῶς δεῖ πρᾶττειν ἔνιαχα. Where yet he cannot poſſibly mean, that every *individuum* ſhould give his ſuffrage; but certainly the *repreſentative* conſent of the whole will content him.

But I ſee theſe antient *Philoſophers* are not ſo well furniſh'd, but that we muſt return to the *Scholemen* again, who by this time have lick'd their former Deſcriptions into a more comely form. We will look upon *Aquinas* his, firſt.

Lex (ſaith he) *eſt ordinatio rationis ad bonum commune ab eo, qui curam habet Communitatis, promulgata.* "It is a rational Or-"dinance for the advancing of publick good, made known by "that power, which ha's care, and tuition of the publick.

And *Suarez* his picture of a Law, now that 'tis fully drawn, hath much the ſame aſpect. *Lex eſt commune præceptum, juſtum, ac ſtabile, ſufficienter promulgatum. A Law is a publick com-*

mand,

mand, a juſt, and immovable command, lifting up its voice like a Trumpet: and, in reſpect of the Law-giver, though it do *præſupponere actum intellectûs*, as all *acts* of the *Will* do; yet it do's *formally* conſiſt *in actu voluntatis*: not the *Underſtanding*, but the *Will* of a Law-giver makrs a Law. But in reſpect of him, that is ſubject to the Law, it do's conſiſt *in actu rationis*, 'tis required onely, that he ſhould know it; not *in actu voluntatis*, it do's not depend upon his obedience. The want of his Will is not enough to enervate, and invalidate a Law, when 'tis made; all Laws then would be abrogated every moment. His Will indeed is required to the execution, and fulfilling of the Law, not to the validity, and exiſtence of the Law: and thus all the Laws of God do not at all depend upon the will of man, but upon the power, and will of the Law-giver. Now in the framing of every Law there is to be

I. *Intentio boni communis*, and thus that Speech of *Carneades*, *Utilitas juſti prope mater, & æqui*, if it be took in this ſenſe, is very commendable: whereas in that other ſenſe (in which 'tis thought he meant it) it is not ſo much as tolerable. *Law-givers* ſhould ſend out Laws with *Olive-branches in their mouths*, they ſhould be *fruitful*, and *peaceable*; they ſhould drop ſweetneſs and fatneſs upon a Land. Let not then *Brambles* make Laws for *Trees*; leſt they ſcratch them, and tear them, and write their Laws in *blood*. But Law-givers are to ſend out Laws, as the Sun ſhoots forth his beams, *with healing under their wings*: and thus that elegant *Moraliſt*, *Plutarch*, ſpeaks. "God (ſaies he) is angry with them, that counterfeit his Thunder, and Lightning, "ὁ σκῆπτρον, ὁ κέραυνον, ὁ τρίαιναν, his *Scepter*, and his *Thunder-bolt*, and his *Trident*, he will not let them meddle with theſe. "He do's not love they ſhould imitate him in his abſolute dominion, and ſovereignty; but loves to ſee them darting out thoſe "warm, and amiable, and cherifhing ἀκτινοβολίας, thoſe *beamings out* of Juſtice, and Goodneſs, and Clemency. And as for Laws, they ſhould be like ſo many green, and pleaſant Paſtures, into which theſe ποιμένες λαῶν are to lead their *flocks*, where they may feed ſweetly, and ſecurely by thoſe refreſhing *ſtreams of Juſtice*, that *run down like Water, and Righteouſneſs like a mighty Torrent*. And this conſideration would ſweep down many *cobweb-Laws*, that argue onely the venome, and ſubtilty of them, that ſpin them;

them; this would ſweep down many an *Achitophel's* web, and many an *Haman's* web, many an *Herod's* web, every *Spider's* web, that ſpreads Laws onely for the catching, and entangling of weaker ones. Such Law-givers are fit to be *Domitian's* play-fellows, that made it his Royal ſport, and paſtime to catch *Flies*, and inſult over them, when he had done. Whereas a Law ſhould be a *ſtuff* for a Common-wealth to lean on, and not a *Reed* to pierce it through. Laws ſhould be *cords* of love, not *nets*, and *ſnares*. Hence it is, that thoſe Laws are moſt radical, and fundamental, that principally tend to the conſervation of the *vitals*, and *eſſentials* of a Kingdom; and thoſe come neareſt the Law of God himſelf, and are participations of that eternal Law, which is the ſpring, and original of all inferiour, and derivative Laws. Τῦ ἀρίςε ἕνεκα πάντα τὰ νόμιμα, as *Plato* ſpeaks; and there is no ſuch publick benefit, as that, which comes by *Laws*; for all have an equal intereſt in them, and privilege by them. And therefore, as *Ariſtotle* ſpeaks moſt excellently, Νόμῳ δεῖ τῆς ἄνευ ὀρέξεως. *A Law is a pure intellect*, not onely *without a ſenſitive appetite*, but without a *will*. 'Tis pure judgement without affections, a Law is impartial, and makes no factions; and a *Law* cannot be bribed, though a *Judge* may. And that great *Philoſopher* do's very well proſecute this; "If you were to take *Phyſick*, (ſaies he) then indeed "'tis ill being determined by a Book, 'tis dangerous taking a "printed *Recipe*, you had better leave it to the breaſt of the *Phy-* "*ſician*, to his skill, and advice, who mindes your health, and "welfare, as being moſt for his gain, and credit. But in point "of *Juſtice* the caſe is very different; you had better here de- "pend upon a *Rule*, then to leave it to the arbitrary power of a "*Judge*, who is uſually to decide a controverſie between two; "and, if left to himſelf, were apt to be ſwayed, and biaſſed by "ſeveral intereſts, and engagements, which might encline him to "one, more then another. Nay, now that there is a *fix'd Rule*, an *immoveable Law*, yet there is too much partiality in the application of it, how much more would there be, if there were no *Rule* at all?

But the truth is, the *Judge* ſhould onely follow the *ultimum & practicum dictamen legis*, his *Will*, like a *cæca potentia*, is to follow the *noviſſimum lumen intellectus* of this Νῦς, that is to rule, and guide him: and therefore *Juſtice* was painted *blinde*, though *ipſa*

lex

lex be *oculata*, for Νῦς ὁρᾷ, Νῦς ἀκούει, and the *Will* is to follow the *ultimum nutum capitis*, the meaning of the *Law* in all circumstances.

II. In a *Law-giver* there is to be *judicium, & prudentia Architectonica ad ferendas leges*, the *Egyptian Hieroglyphick* for *Legislative power* was *Oculus in sceptro*; and it had need be such an *eye*, that can see both πρόσω καὶ ὀπίσω. It had need have a full, and open prospect into publick affairs, and to put all advantages into one scale, and all inconveniences into another.

To be sure the Laws of God, they flow from a fountain of wisdom, and the Laws of men are to be lighted at this *Candle of the Lord*, which he ha's set up in them, and those Laws are most potent, and prevalent, that are founded in light; ἢ τῷ λογισμῷ ἀγωγὴ χρυσῆ, καὶ ἱερά. Other Laws are σκληροὶ, καὶ σιδηροῖ, they may have an *iron*, and *adamantine* necessity; but the others have a *soft*, and *downy* perswasion going along with them, and therefore, as he goes on, τῷ λογισμῷ καλῷ μὲν ὄντι Θ, πρᾴου δ, καὶ ἑκόντι, *Reason* is so beautiful, as that it wins, and allures, and thus constrains to obedience.

III. There is to be *sigillum legis*, I mean, *Electio, & Determinatio Legis*, after a sincere aim at publick good, and a clear discovery of the best means to promote it, there comes then a fix'd, and sacred resolution; *Volumus, & statuimus*, this speaks the *will* of the *Law-giver*, and breaths life into the Law, it adds vigour, and efficacy to it. But yet notwithstanding,

IV. There must be *vox tuba*, that is, *promulgatio, & insinuatio Legis*. The Law, 'tis for a publick good, and is to be made known in a publick manner: for as none can desire an unknown good, so none can obey an unknown Law; and therefore *invincible Ignorance* do's excuse; for else men should be bound to absolute impossibilities. But whether it be required to the publishing of a Law, that it should be in way of *Writing*, which is more fix'd, and durable, or whether the manifestation of it in a *Vocal*, and *Oral* manner will suffice, (which yet is more transient, and uncertain.) I leave the *Lawyers*, and *Scholemen* to dispute it. This I am sure, that all the Laws of God are proclaimed in a most sufficient, and *emphatical* manner.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Of the Eternal Law.

HAving thus look'd upon the *being* of a Law in *general*, we now come to the ſpring, and original of all Laws, to the *eternal Law*, that fountain of Law, out of which you may ſee the *Law of Nature* bubbling, and flowing forth to the ſons of men. For, as *Aquinas* do's very well tell us, the *Law of Nature* is nothing but *participatio Legis æternæ in Rationali creatura*, the *copying out* of the *eternal Law*, and the *imprinting* of it upon the breaſt of a *Rational Being*, that *eternal Law* was in a manner *incarnated* in the *Law of Nature*.

Now this *eternal Law*, it is not really diſtinguiſhed from God himſelf. For *Nil eſt ab æterno, niſi ipſe Deus*; ſo that 'tis much of the ſame nature with thoſe Decrees of his, and that Providence, which was awake from everlaſting. For, as God, from all eternity, by the hand of infinite wiſdom, did draw the ſeveral faces, and lineaments of *Being*, which he meant to ſhew in time: So he did then alſo contrive their ſeveral frames with ſuch limits, and compaſs, as he meant to ſet them; and ſaid to every thing, *Hither ſhalt thou go, and no farther.*

This the *Platoniſts* would call ἰδέαν τῶν νόμων, and would willingly heap ſuch honourable Titles as theſe upon it, ὁ νόμος ἀρχηγὸς, πραϒματεργὸς, αὐτοδίκαιος, αὐτόκαλος, αὐτοάγαθος, ὁ ὄντως νόμος, ὁ νόμος σπερματικός. And the greateſt happineſs the other Laws can arrive unto is this, that they be Νόμοι δουλεύοντες, καὶ ὑπηρετοῦντες, *miniſtring*, and *ſubſervient Laws*; waiting upon this their *Royal Law*. Σκιαὶ νόμων· Or, as they would chooſe to ſtile them, Νομοειδῆς, ſome *ſhadows*, and *appearances* of this bright, and glorious Law; Or, at the beſt, they would be eſteemed by them but Νόμοι ἔϒγονοι, the *noble off-ſpring*, and *progeny* of Laws; bleſſing *this womb, that bare them, and this breaſt, that gave them ſuck.*

And thus the *Law* of *Nature* would have a double portion, as being *Lex primogenita*, the *firſt-born* of this *eternal Law*, and *the beginning of its ſtrength.* Now, as God himſelf ſhews ſome-

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what of his face in the glaſs of *Creatures*; ſo the beauty of this Law gives ſome repreſentations of it ſelf in thoſe pure derivations of *inferiour* Laws, that ſtream from it. And, as we aſcend to the *firſt*, and *ſupreme Being* by the ſteps of *Second Cauſes*; ſo we may climb up to a ſight of this *eternal Law* by thoſe fruitful branches of *ſecondary Laws*, which ſeem to have their root in earth, when as indeed it is in Heaven; and that I may vary a little that of the *Apoſtle* to the *Romanes*, *The inviſible Law of God, long before the creation of the World, is now clearly ſeen, being underſtood by thoſe Laws, which do appear*; ſo that τὸ γνωστὸν τῦ νόμυ is manifeſted in them, God having ſhewn it to them. Thus, as the *Scholemen* ſay very well, *Omnis lex participata ſupponit legem per eſſentiam.* Every *impreſſion* ſuppoſes a *Seal*, from whence it came; every *ray* of *light* puts you in minde of a *Sun*, from which it ſhines. Wiſdom, and Power, theſe are the chief Ingredients into a Law; now where do's Wiſdom dwell, but in the head of a Deity? and where do's Power triumph, but in the arm of Omnipotency?

A Law is born *ex cerebro Jovis*, and it is not *brachium ſæculare*, but *cœleſte*, that muſt maintain it, even *humane Laws* have their virtue *radicaliter, & remotè* (as the *Scholes* ſpeak) from this *eternal Law*. Thus that famous, and moſt renowned *Oratour*, and *Patriot* (*Tully* I mean) do's moſt admirably expreſs the linage, and deſcent of Laws in this golden manner. *Hanc video Sapientiſſimorum fuiſſe ſententiam, Legem neque hominum ingeniis excogitatam, neque ſcitum aliquod eſſe Populorum; ſed æternum quiddam, quod univerſum mundum regeret, imperandi, prohibendique ſapientiâ. Ità principem illam Legem, & ultimam mentem, dicebant omnia ratione aut cogentis, aut vetantis Dei.* Which I ſhall thus render; *Wiſe men did ever look upon a Law, not as on a ſpark ſtruck from humane Intellectuals, not blown up, or kindled with popular breath; but they thought it an eternal light ſhining from God himſelf, irradiating, guiding, and ruling the whole Univerſe; moſt ſweetly, and powerfully diſcovering what ways were to be choſen, and what to be refuſed.* And the *minde of God* himſelf is the *centre* of Laws, *from* which they were drawn, and *into* which they muſt return.

Thus alſo that florid *Moraliſt*, *Plutarch*, reſolves all Law, and Juſtice, into that Primitive, and eternal Law, even God himſelf;

for even thus he tells us. *Juſtice* (ſaies he) *do's not onely ſit like a* Queen *at the right hand of* Jupiter, *when he is upon his Throne; but ſhe is always in his boſom, and one with himſelf*; and he cloſes it up with this, That *God himſelf is* πρεσβύτατος, καὶ τελειότατος. As he is the *moſt Antient of Days*, ſo alſo he is the moſt *antient of Laws*; as he is the *perfection* of *Beings*, ſo is he alſo the *Rule* of *operations*.

Nor muſt I let ſlip that Paſſage of *Plato*, where he calls a Law Ζῆνος σκῆπτρον, the *golden Scepter*, by which *God* himſelf rules, and commands; for, as all true Government ha's a bright *ſtamp* of divine *Sovereignty*, ſo every true Law ha's a plain *ſuperſcription* of his *Juſtice*. Laws are anointed by God himſelf, and moſt precious Oil drops down upon them to the *skirts* of a Nation; and the *Law of Nature* had *the Oil of gladneſs poured out upon it above its fellows*.

So then, that there is ſuch a prime, and ſupreme Law is clear, and unqueſtionable; but who is worthy to unſeal, and open this Law? and who can ſufficiently diſplay the glory of it? We had need of a *Moſes*, that could aſcend up into the *Mount*, and converſe with God himſelf, and yet when he came down, he would be fain to put a *veil* upon his *face*, and upon his *expreſſions* too, leſt otherwiſe he might too much dazle inferiour underſtandings: but, if the *Scholemen* will ſatisfie you, (and you know ſome of them are ſtiled *Angelical*, and *Seraphical*) you ſhall hear, if you will, what they'l ſay to it.

Now this Law, according to them, is *Æterna quadam ratio practica totius diſpoſitionis, & gubernationis Univerſi.* 'Tis *an eternal Ordinance made in the depth of God's infinite wiſdom, and counſel, for regulating, and governing of the whole World*; which yet had not its binding virtue in reſpect of God himſelf, who ha's always the full, and unreſtrained liberty of his own *eſſence*, which is ſo infinite, as that it cannot binde it ſelf, and which needs no Law; all goodneſs, and perfection being ſo *intrinſecal*, and *eſſential* to it: but it was a binding determination in reference to the Creature, which yet, in reſpect of all *irrational Beings*, did onely *fortiter inclinare*; but, in reſpect of *Rationals*, it do's *formaliter obligare*.

By this great, and glorious Law every *good* action was commanded, and all *evil* was diſcountenanc'd, and forbidden from everlaſting. According to this righteous Law all rewards, and

puniſhments were diſtributed in the eternal thoughts of God. At the command of this Law all *created Beings* took their ſeveral ranks, and ſtations, and put themſelves in ſuch operations, as were beſt agreeable, and conformable to their *Beings*. By this Law all *eſſences* were ordained to their ends by moſt happy, and convenient means. The life, and vigour of this Law ſprang from the Will of God himſelf, from the voluntary decree of that eternal Law-giver, minding the publick Welfare of *Being*; who, when there were heaps of varieties, and poſſibilities in his own moſt glorious thoughts, when he could have made ſuch, or ſuch Worlds, in this, or that manner, in this, or that time, with ſuch, and ſuch *ſpecies*, that ſhould have had more, or fewer *individuals*, as he pleaſed, with ſuch operations, as he would allow unto them; he did then ſelect, and pitch upon this way, and method, in which we ſee things now conſtituted, and did binde all things, according to their ſeveral capacities, to an exact, and accurate obſervation of it.

So that by this you ſee how thoſe *eternal Ideas* in the minde of God, and this *eternal Law* do differ. I ſpeak now of *Ideas* not in a *Platonical* ſence, but in a *Scholaſtical*, (unleſs they both agree, as ſome would have them.) For *Idea eſt poſſibilium, Lex tantùm futurorum*. God had before him the picture of every *poſſibility*, yet he did not intend to binde a *poſſibility*, but onely a *futurity*. Beſides, *Ideas*, they were ſituated onely in the *underſtanding* of God; whereas a Law ha's force, and efficacy from his *will*; according to that much commended Saying, *In Cœleſti & Angelica curia voluntas Dei Lex eſt*. And then an *Idea* do's *magis reſpicere artificem*, it ſtays there where firſt it was; but a Law do's *potiùs reſpicere ſubditum*, it calls for the obedience of another: as *Suarez* do's very well difference them.

Neither yet is this *eternal Law* the ſame with the *Providence* of God, though that be eternal alſo. But, as *Aquinas* ſpeaks, *Lex ſe habet ad Providentiam, ſicut principium generale ad particulares concluſiones*; or, if you will, *Sicut principia prima practica ad prudentiam*: his meaning is this, that Providence is a more punctual, and particular application of this binding rule, and is not the *Law it ſelf*, but the *ſuperintending* power, which looks to the *execution*, and accompliſhment of it; or, as the moſt acute *Suarez* ha's it, *Lex dicit jus in communi conſtitutum: Providentia di-*

sit curam, quæ de ſingulis actibus haberi debet.

Beſides, a *Law*, in its ſtrict, and peculiar notion, do's onely reach to *rational Beings*; whereas *Providence* do's extend, and ſpread it ſelf over all. But that, which vexes the *Scholemen* moſt, is this, that they, having required *promulgation* as a neceſſary condition to the *exiſtence* of a *Law*, yet they cannot very eaſily ſhew how this *eternal Law* ſhould be publiſh'd from everlaſting. But the moſt ſatisfactory account, that can be given to that, is this, that other Law-givers being very voluble, and mutable before their *minde*, and *will* be fully, and openly declared, they may have a purpoſe indeed, but it cannot be eſteem'd a *Law*. But, *in God there being no variableneſs, nor ſhadow of turning*, this his Law ha's a binding virtue, as ſoon as it ha's a *Being*, yet ſo as that it do's not *actually*, and *formally* oblige a Creature, till it be made known unto it, either by ſome *revelation* from God himſelf, which is poſſible onely, and extraordinary; or elſe by the mediation of ſome other Law, of the *Law of Nature*, which is the uſual, and conſtant way, that God takes for the promulgation of this his *eternal Law*. For that νόμος γεγραπτὸς, that ſacred *Manuſcript*, which is writ by the *finger* of God himſelf in the heart of man, is a plain *tranſcript* of this original Law, ſo far as it concerns man's welfare. And this you ſee do's moſt directly bring me to ſearch out the *Law of Nature*.

CHAP. VI.

Of the Law of Nature *in general, its ſubject, and nature.*

THE *Law of Nature* is that Law, which is *intrinſecal*, and *eſſential* to a *rational* Creature; and ſuch a Law is as neceſſary as ſuch a Creature: for ſuch a Creature, as a *Creature*, ha's a ſuperiour, to whoſe Providence, and diſpoſing it muſt be ſubject: and then, as an *Intellectual Creature*, 'tis capable of a *moral* government, ſo that 'tis very ſuitable, and *connatural* to it

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to be regulated by a Law; to be guided, and commanded by one, that is infinitely more wiſe, and intelligent, then it ſelf is, and that mindes its welfare more, then it ſelf can. Inſomuch that the moſt bright, and eminent Creatures, even *Angelical Beings*, and *glorified Souls* are ſubject to a *Law*, though with ſuch an happy privilege, as that they cannot violate, and tranſgreſs it; whereas the very dregs of *entity*, the moſt ignoble *Beings* are moſt incapable of a *Law*, for you know *inanimate Beings* are carried on onely with the vehemency, and neceſſity of *natural inclinations*; nay, *ſenſitive Beings* cannot reach, or aſpire to ſo great a perfection, as to be wrought upon in ſuch an *illuminative* way, as a *Law* is: they are not *drawn with theſe cords of men*, with theſe *moral* Engagements, but in a more *impulſive* manner driven, and ſpurred on with ſuch impetuous propenſions, as are founded in *matter*; which yet are directed by the wiſe, and vigilant eye, and by the powerful hand of a *Providence*, to a more beautiful, and amiable end, then they themſelves were acquainted with. But yet the *Lawyers*, the *Civilians*, would fain enlarge the *Law of Nature*, and would willingly perſwade us, that all *ſenſitive* Creatures muſt be brought within the compaſs of it; for this they tell us, *Jus naturale eſt, quod Natura omnia animalia docuit: nam jus illud non ſolùm Humani Generis eſt proprium, ſed omnium animalium, quæ in terra marique naſcuntur, Avium quoque commune eſt.* Nay, they are ſo confident of it, as that they inſtance in ſeveral particulars; *Maris & fœminæ conjunctio, Liberorum procreatio, educatio, conſervatio, Plurima in tutelam propriam facta, Apium reſpublica, Columbarum conjugia.* But not onely the *Criticks*, but the *Schelemen* alſo do ſufficiently correct the *Lawyers* for this their vanity; for certainly theſe men mean to bring *Beaſts*, *Birds*, and *Fiſhes* into their *Courts*, and to have ſome *fees* out of them. Perhaps they expect alſo that the *Doves* ſhould take *Licences* before they marry: it may be they require of the *Beaſts* ſome *penitential*, or (which will ſuffice them) ſome *pecuniary* ſatisfaction for all their *adulteries*; or it may be the *Pope* will be ſo favourable, as to give his fellow-*Beaſts* ſome *Diſpenſation* for all their irregular, and incongruous mixtures.

But yet, notwithſtanding, they proſecute this their *Notion*, and go on to frame this difference between νομικὸν ἐθνικὸν, and νομικὸν φυσικὸν, *Jus Gentium*, and *Jus Naturale*. *The Law of Nature*

(ſay they) *is that, which is common with men to* irrational *Creatures alſo; but the* Law of Nations *is onely between men*: but this *Diſtinction* is built upon a very ſandy bottom; what the *true difference* is we ſhall ſee hereafter. Now all, that can be pleaded in the behalf of the *Lawyers*, is this, that they err more in the *word*, then in the *reality*. They cannot ſufficiently clear this *Title* of a Law; for that there are ſome clear, and viſible ſtamps, and impreſſions of *Nature* upon *ſenſitive Beings*, will be eaſily granted them by all, and thoſe inſtances, which they bring, are ſo many *ocular demonſtrations* of it; but that there ſhould a formal obligation ly upon *Brutes*; that they ſhould be bound to the performance of *natural* commands in a *legal* manner; that there ſhould be a Νόμῳ γεγραμμένῳ upon them, ὥστε εἶναι ἀναπολογήτους, *ſo as that they ſhould be left without excuſe*, and ly under palpable guilt, and be obnoxious to puniſhment for the violation of it; this they cannot poſſible finde out, unleſs they could ſet up this *Candle of the Lord* in *ſenſitive* Creatures alſo; whereas there are in them onely ſome μιμήματα τῆς ἀνθρωπίνης ζωῆς, as the *Philoſopher* calls them, which the *Oratour* renders *virtutum ſimulacra*, ſome *apiſh* imitations of *Reaſon*, ſome ſhadows of *Morality*, ſome counterfeit *Ethicks*, ſome wilde *Oeconomicks*; ſome faint repreſentations of *Politicks* amongſt ſome of them. Yet all this while they are as far diſtant from the truth of a *Law*, as they are from the ſtrength of *Reaſon*. There you may ſee ſome ſparks of the divine Power, and Goodneſs; but you cannot ſee *the Candle of the Lord*. Now theſe men might have conſidered, if they had pleaſed; that as for the prints, and foot-ſteps of *Nature*, ſome of them may be ſeen in every *Being*. For *Nature* ha's ſtampt all *entity* with the ſame *ſeal*: ſome ſofter *Beings* took the impreſſion very *kindly*, and *clearly*; ſome harder ones took it more *obſcurely*.

Nature plaid ſo harmoniouſly, and melodiouſly upon her *Harp*, as that her Muſick prov'd not onely like that of *Orpheus*, which ſet onely the *ſenſitive Creatures* on dancing; but, like that of *Amphion*, *inanimate Beings* were elevated by it, even the very *ſtones* did knit, and unite themſelves to the building of the *Univerſe*.

Shew me any *Being*, if you can, that do's not love its own welfare, that do's not ſeek its own reſt, its centre, its happineſs, that do's not deſire its own good, ἕ πάντα ἐφίεται, as he ſpeaks;

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pick out an *Entity*, if you can tell where, that do's not long for the continuation, and amplification, for the diffusion, and spreading of its own *Being*. Yet surely the *Lawyers* themselves cannot imagine, that there is a Law given to all *inanimate Beings*, or that they are accountable for the violation.

Let them also *demurr* awhile upon that *Argument*, which *Suarez* urges against them, that these *sensitive* Creatures are totally defective in the most principal branches of the *Law of Nature*; as in the *acknowledging* of a *Deity*, in the *adoring* of a *Deity*: where is there the least adumbration of *Divine Worship* in *sensitive Beings*? What do they more then the *Heavens*, which *declare the glory of God*; or the *Firmament*, which *shews his handy-work*? Unless, perhaps, the *Lawyers* can finde not onely a *Commonwealth*, but a *Church* also among the *Bees*, some *Canonical Obedience*, some laudable *Ceremonies*, some *decency*, and *conformity* amongst them. We'll onely set some of the *Poets* to laugh the *Lawyers* out of this opinion. Old *Hesiod* tells them his minde very freely;

Τὰν δὲ γὸ ἀνθρώποισι νόμον διέταξε Κρονίων,
Ἰχθύσι γὸ, κὴ θηρσὶ, κὴ οἰωνοῖς πετεηνοῖς,
Ἔσθεμεν ἀλλήλους, ἐπεὶ ὲ δίκη ὄϛι μέσ' ἀνθρ.
Ἀνθρώποισι δ' ἔδωκε δίκην, ἣ πολλὸν ἀρίϛη.

What are those *Laws*, that are observed by a rending, and tearing *Lion*, by a devouring *Leviathan*? do's the *wolf* oppress the *Lamb* by a Law? Can Birds of prey shew any *Commission* for their *plundering*, and violence? Thus also that *amorous Poet* shews, that these *sensitive* Creatures, in respect of Lust, are absolute *Antinomians*. For thus he brings in a *Wanton* pleading,

——— *Coëunt animalia nullo*
Cætera delicto, nec habetur turpe juvencæ
Ferre patrem tergo; fit equo sua filia conjux;
Quásque creavit init pecudes caper; ipsáque, cujus
Semine concepta est, ex illo concipit ales.

And what though you meet with some ἄπαξ λεγόμενα, some rare patterns of *sensitive Temperance*? a few scattered, and uncertain *Stories* will never evince, that the whole heap, and generality of *Brutes* act according to a Law. You have heard it may be of a *chaste Turtle*; and did you never hear of a *wanton Sparrow*? It may be you have read some *Story* of a *modest Elephant*;

phant; but what ſay you in the m[illegible]n time to whole flocks of *laſcivious Goats*? Yet grant that [illegible]veral multitudes, all the *ſpecies* of theſe *irrational* Creatur[illegible]re all without ſpot, and blemiſh, in reſpect of their *ſenſitive* converſation, can any therefore fancy, that they dreſs themſelves by the *glaſs* of a Law? Is it not rather a faithfulneſs to their own *natural* inclinations? which yet may very juſtly condemn ſome of the *Sons of men*, who though they have *the Candle of the Lord*, and the *Lamp* of his *Law*, yet they degenerate more, then theſe *inferiour Beings*, which have onely ſome *general Dictates* of *Nature*.

This is that Motive, with which the *Satyriſt* quicken'd, and awaken'd ſome of his time;

Senſum è cœlesti demiſsum traximus arce,
Cujus egent prona, & terram ſpectantia; Mundi
Principio indulſit communis Conditor illis
Tantùm animas, nobis animum quoque.——

A Law, 'tis founded in *Intellectuals*, in נשמה, not in ובנ: it ſuppoſes a noble, and free-born Creature; for where there is no *Liberty*, there's no *Law*, a *Law* being nothing elſe, but a *Rational reſtraint, and limitation of abſolute Liberty*. Now all Liberty is *Radicaliter in Intellectu*; and ſuch Creatures, as have no *light*, have no choice, no *Moral* variety.

The *firſt*, and *ſupreme Being* ha's ſo full, and infinite a liberty, as cannot be bounded by a Law; and theſe *low*, and *ſlaviſh Beings* have not ſo much liberty, as to make them capable of being bound. *Inter Bruta ſilent leges.* There is no *Turpe*, nor *Honeſtum* amongſt them: no *duty*, nor *obedience* to be expected from them; no *praiſe*, or *diſpraiſe* due to them; no *puniſhment*, nor *reward* to be diſtributed amongſt them.

But, as the learned *Grotius* do's very well obſerve; *Quoniam in beſtias propriè delictum non cadit, ubi beſtia occiditur, ut in lege* Moſis, *ob concubitum cum homine, non ea verè pœna eſt, ſed uſus dominii humani in beſtiam.* For *Puniſhment*, in its *formal notion*, is ἀμαρτήματος ἐκδίκησις (as the *Greek Lawyers* ſpeak) or, as the fore-mentioned *Authour* deſcribes it, 'tis *malum Paſſionis, quod infligitur ob malum Actionis.* In all *puniſhment* there is to be ſome ἀντάλλαγμα, and ἀμοιβή, ſo that every *Damnum*, or *Incommodum* is not to be eſteem'd a *puniſhment*, unleſs it be *in vindictam culpæ*. So as for thoſe *Laws* given to the *Jews*, where ſometimes

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the *Beaſt* alſo was to be put to death: the moſt renowned *Selden* gives a very full, and ſatisfactory accompt of it out of the *Jewiſh Writings*, and do's clearly evidence, that the meaning was not this; that the *Beaſt* was guilty of a *crime*, and had *violated* a *Law*, and therefore was to be condemned, and put to death; but it was in order to the happineſs, and welfare of men: for *Beſtia cum homine concumbens* was to be *ſton'd*; partly becauſe it was the occaſion of ſo foul a fact, and ſo fatal a puniſhment unto man; and partly that the ſight, and preſence of the object might not repeat ſo prodigious a crime in the thoughts of men, nor renew the memory of it, nor continue the diſgrace of him, that died for it. But there was another different reaſon *in Bove cornu-peta*; for there, as *Maimonides* tells us, in his *Moreh Nebuchim*, 'twas *ad pœnam exigendam à Domino*: the putting of that to death was a puniſhment to the Owner for not looking to it better; for I cannot at all conſent to the *fancy* of the *Jews*, which *Joſephus* mentions; Μηδ' εἰς τροφὴν ἴυχρης ἔναι καλὴ ξιωμένης. Although the forenamed *Critick* give a better ſenſe of it, then 'tis likely the *Authour* ever intended; *Non in alimentum ſumi debuit, unde ſcilicet in Domini commodum cederet*: but how ſuch an Interpretation can be extracted out of ἴυχρης εἰς τροφὴν, is not eaſily to be imagined; for thoſe words of *Joſephus* plainly imply, that the *Jews* thought ſuch an *Ox* could not yield *wholeſome nouriſhment*; or, at the beſt, they look'd upon it as an *unclean Beaſt*, which was not to be eaten: which indeed was a fond, and weak conceit of them, but they had many ſuch, which yet the learned *Authour* loves to excuſe, out of his great favour, and indulgence to them. Yet, which is very remarkable, if the *Ox* had kill'd a *Gentile*, they did not put it to death. It ſeems it would yield *wholeſome nouriſhment* for all that. But this we are ſure of, that as God do's not *take care for Oxen*, (which the acute *Suarez* do's very well underſtand of *Cura Legislativa*; for otherwiſe God hath a *Providential care* even of them) ſo neither do's he take care for the puniſhment of *Oxen*, but 'tis written for his *Iſrael*'s ſake, to whom he ha's *ſubjected* theſe Creatures, and *put them under their feet*.

Neither yet can the proper end of a *Puniſhment* agree to *ſenſitive Creatures*; for all Puniſhment is ἕνεκα τοῦ ἀγαθοῦ, as *Plato* ſpeaks οὐκ ἕνεκα τοῦ κακουργῆσαι, ὃ δὲ τὸ γεγονὸς ἀγένητον ἔναι ποτε. 'Tis

not in the power of Puniſhment to *recal* what is paſt, but to *prevent* what's poſſible. And that wiſe *Moraliſt*, *Seneca*, do's almoſt tranſlate *Plato verbatim*; *Nemo prudens punit, quia peccatum eſt, ſed nè peccetur: Revocari enim præterita non poſſunt, futura prohibentur.*

So that the end of all Puniſhment is either *in compenſationem*, which is κακῦ ἀνταπόδοσις εἰς τὸ τῦ πωρῆν]Θ συμφέρον ἀναφερομένη, 'tis *in utilitatem ejus, contra quem peccatum eſt*: or elſe 'tis *in emendationem*, and ſo *in utilitatem peccantis*; in reſpect of which that elegant *Moraliſt*, *Plutarch*, ſtiles *puniſhment* ἰατρείαν ψυχῆς, and *Hierocles* calls it ἰατεικὴν πονηρίας· or elſe it is *in exemplum, in utilitatem aliorum*; ἵνα ἄλλοι πρόνοιοι ποιῶνται. χ) φοβῶνται, as the *Greek Oratour* ſpeaks; the ſame, which God ſpeaks by *Moſes*, *that* Iſrael *may hear, and fear*: and thus Puniſhment do's παραδειγματίζειν.

But now none of theſe ends are applyable to *ſenſitive Creatures*; for there is no more *ſatisfaction* to *Juſtice* in inflicting an evil upon them, then there is in the ruining of *inanimate Beings*, in demoliſhing of *Cities*, or *Temples* for *Idolatry*; which is onely for the good of them, that can take notice of it: for otherwiſe, as that grave *Moraliſt*, *Seneca*, ha's it, *Quàm ſtultum eſt his iraſci, quæ iram noſtram nec meruerunt, nec ſentiunt*: No ſatisfaction is to be had from ſuch things, as are not apprehenſive of Puniſhment. And therefore *Annihilation*, though a great evil, yet wants this ſting, and aggravation of a Puniſhment; for a *Creature* is not ſenſible of it.

Much leſs can you think, that a Puniſhment ha's any power to *mend*, or meliorate *ſenſitive Beings*, or to give *example* to others amongſt them.

By all this you ſee, that amongſt all *irrational Beings* there is no ἀνομία, and therefore no ἁμαρτία, and therefore no πωρεία: from whence it alſo flows, that the *Law of Nature* is built upon Reaſon.

There is ſome good ſo proportionable, and nutrimental to the *Being* of man, and ſome evil ſo venemous, and deſtructive to his *Nature*, as that the God of *Nature* do's ſufficiently *antidote*, and fortify him againſt the one, and do's maintain, and ſweeten his *Eſsence* with the other. There is ſo much Harmony in ſome actions, as that the Soul muſt needs dance at them: and there is

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ſuch an harſh diſcord, and jarring in others, as that the Soul cannot endure them.

Therefore the learned *Grotius* do's thus deſcribe the *Law of Nature*; *Jus Naturale eſt dictatum Rectæ Rationis, indicans, actui alicui, ex ejus convenientia, vel diſconvenientia cum ipſa natura Rationali, ineſſe Moralem turpitudinem, aut neceſſitatem Moralem; & conſequenter ab Authore Naturæ, ipſo Deo, talem actum aut vetari, aut præcipi.* Which I ſhall thus render; "*The Law of* "*Nature* is a ſtreaming out of Light from *the Candle of the Lord*, "powerfully diſcovering ſuch a deformity in ſome evil, as that "an intellectual eye muſt needs abhor it; and ſuch a command-"ing beauty in ſome good, as that a *rational Being* muſt needs be "enamour'd with it; and ſo plainly ſhewing, that God ſtamp'd, "and ſeal'd the one with his command, and branded the other "with his diſliking.

Chryſoſtome makes mention of this νόμῳ φυσικὸς, and do's very *Rhetorically* enlarge himſelf upon it in his twelfth, and thirteenth *Orations* Περὶ Ἀνδριάντων· where he tells us, that it is αὐτοδίδακτος ἡ γνῶσις τῶν καλῶν, καὶ τῆς ἐ τοιούτων· a Radical, and fundamental knowledge, planted in the *Being* of man, budding, and bloſſoming in *firſt Principles*, flouriſhing, and bringing forth fruit, ſpreading it ſelf into all the fair, and goodly branches of *Morality*, under the ſhadow of which the Soul may ſit with much complacency, and delight. And, as he pours out himſelf very fluently, Οὐ χρεία τῶν λόγων, ἐ τῆς διδασκάλων, ἐ τῆς πόνων, ἐ καμάτων· There's no need of *Oratory* to allure men to it, you need not heap up *Arguments* to convince them of it: No need of an *Interpreter* to aequaint them with it: No need of the mind's *ſpinning*, or *toyling*, or *ſweating* for the attaining of it; it grows *ſpontaneouſly*, it bubbles up *freely*, it ſhines out *chearfully*, and *pleaſantly*; it was ſo viſible, as that the moſt *infant-age* of the World could *ſpell* it out, and read it without a *Teacher*: ἐ Μωϋσῆς, ἐ προφῆται, ἐ δικασταί, as he goes on: 'twas long extant before *Moſes* was born, long before *Aaron* rung his *golden Bells*, before there was a *Prophet*, or a *Judg* in *Iſrael*. Men knew it οἰκόθεν παρὰ τῆς συνειδήσεως διδαχθέντες. They had a *Bible* of God's own *printing*, they had this *Scripture* of God *within* them. By this *Candle of the Lord*, *Adam*, and *Eve* diſcovered their own folly, and nakedneſs; this *Candle* flamed in *Cain*'s conſcience, and

this *Law* was proclaimed in his heart with as much terrour, as 'twas publiſh'd from *Mount Sinai*, which fill'd him with thoſe furious reflexions for his *unnatural murder*. *Enoch*, when he *walk'd with God*, walk'd by this *light*, by this *rule*. *Noah*, the *Preacher of Righteouſneſs*, took this *Law* for his *Text*. Nay, you may ſee ſome print of this *Law* upon the *hard heart* of a *Pharaoh*, when he cries out, *The LORD is righteous, but I, and my people have ſinned*. Hence it was, that God, when he gave his Law afreſh, gave it in ſuch a compendious *Brachygraphy*; he wrote it as 'twere in *Characters*, Οὐ φονεύσεις, Οὐ μοιχεύσεις, Οὐ κλέψεις, without any explication, or amplification at all. He onely enjoyned it with an *Imperatorious brevity*, he knows there was enough in the Breaſts of men to convince them of it, and to *comment* upon it, onely in the *Second Command* there is added an *enforcement*; becauſe his people were exceſſively prone to the violation of it; and in that of the *Sabbath* there is given an *expoſition* of it, becauſe in all its circumſtances it was not founded in *Natural Light*. So that in *Plutarch*'s language the *Decalogue* would be call'd νόμος σφυρήλατος. *Gold in the lump*; whereas other *Lawgivers* uſe to beat it *thinner*. Of this *Law*, as 'tis *printed* by *Nature*, *Philo* ſpeaks very excellently; Νόμος δ' ἀψευδὴς ὁ ὀρθὸς λόγος, οὐκ ὑπὸ τῆς δεινὸς, ἢ τῇ δεινὸς ἀνητῇ φθαρτὸς ἐν χαρτιδίοις, ἢ σήλαις ἀψύχοις, ἀλλ' ὑπ' ἀθανάτε φύσεως ἀρτιαφὴς ἐν ἀθανάτῳ διανοίᾳ τυπωθείς. "*Right reaſon* (ſaith he) is that fix'd, and un-"ſhaken Law, not writ in periſhing Paper by the Hand, or Pen "of a Creature, nor graven like a dead letter upon liveleſs, and "decaying Pillars; but written with the point of a Diamond, "nay, with the finger of God himſelf in the heart of man. A *Deity* gave it an *Imprimatur*; and an *eternal Spirit* grav'd it in an *immortal minde*. So as, that I may borrow the expreſſion of the *Apoſtle*, the *minde of man* is στύλος, καὶ ἑδραίωμα τ ἀληθείας ταύτης. And I take it in the very ſame ſenſe, as 'tis to be took of the *Church*; 'Tis a *Pillar* of this Truth, not to *ſupport* it, but to *hold* it *forth*. Neither muſt I let ſlip a Paſſage in *Plutarch*; which is very near of kin to this of *Philo*; Ὁ Νόμος οὐκ ἐν βιβλίοις ἔξω γεγραμμένος, ὑσὶ ποι ξύλοις, ἀλλ' ἔμψυχος ὢν ἑαυτῷ λόγος ἀεὶ συνοικῶν, καὶ παφυλάττων, καὶ μηδέποτε τοῖς ψυχοῖς ἐῶν ἔρημον ἡγεμονίας. You may take it thus: "This Royal *Law of Na-"ture* was never ſhut up in a Paper-priſon, was never confin'd,

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" or limited to any outward ſurface; but it was bravely ſituated " in the *Centre* of a *Rational Being*, always keeping the Soul com- " pany, guarding it, and guiding it; ruling all its Subjects, (eve- " ry *obedient Action*) with a *Scepter* of *Gold*, and cruſhing in " pieces all its enemies (breaking every *rebellious Action*) with a *Rod* of *Iron*. You may hear the *Lyrick* ſinging out the praiſes of this *Law* in a very lofty ſtrain; Νόμος ὁ πάντων βασιλεὺς θνατῶν τε, καὶ ἀθανάτων, ἄγει βιαίως τὸ δικαιότατον ὑπερτάτα χειρί " This Law, which is the Queen of *Angelical*, and *Humane* " *Beings*, do's ſo rule, and diſpoſe of them, as to bring about " *Juſtice* with a moſt *high*, and *powerful*, and yet with a moſt *ſoft*, " and *delicate* hand.

You may hear *Plato* excellently diſcourſing of it, whileſt he brings in a *Sophiſter* diſputing againſt *Socrates*, and ſuch an one, as would needs undertake to maintain this *Principle*, Τἄυτα ἐναντία ἀλλήλοις εἶναι, φύσις, καὶ ὁ νόμος· That there was an *untunable antipathy* between *Nature*, and *Law*; That *Laws* were nothing but *hominum infirmiorum commenta*; That this was τὸ λαμπρότατον τῆ φύσεως δίκαιον, *the moſt bright, and eminent Juſtice of Nature*, for men to rule according to Power, and according to no other Law; That ὁ ἡττόμενος was ὁ χείρων, and ὁ βελτίων· That all other Laws were παρὰ φύσιν ἅπαντες· Nay, he calls them *cheatings*, and *bewitchings*, ἐπῳδαὶ, ἀλλ' ἐπῳδαὶ, *they come* (ſaies he) *like pleaſant Songs, when as they are meer Charms*, and *Incantations*. But *Socrates*, after he had ſtung this ſame *Callicles* with a few quick *Interrogations*, pours out preſently a great deal of honey, and ſweetneſs, and plentifully ſhews that moſt pleaſant, and conſpiring Harmony, that is between *Nature*, and *Law*; That there's nothing more κατὰ φύσιν then a *Law*; That *Law* is founded in *Nature*; That it is for the maintaining, and ennobling, and perfecting of *Nature*. Nay, as *Plato* tells us elſewhere, There's no way for men to happineſs, unleſs they follow τὰ ἴχνη τοῦ λόγου, theſe *ſteps of Reaſon*, theſe *foot-ſteps of Nature*. This ſame Law *Ariſtotle* do's more then once acknowledge, when he tells us of Νόμος ἴδιος, & Νόμος κοινός· a *Poſitive Law* with him is a more *private* Law, καθ' ὃν πεπολίτευνται· but *Nature's Law* is a more *publick*, and *Catholick* Law, ὅσα ἄγραφα παρὰ πᾶσιν ὁμολογεῖσθαι δοκεῖ, which he proves to be a very Sovereign, and commanding Law; for thus he ſaies, ὁ νόμος ἀναγκάζει τὴν ἰσχὺν δύναμιν, λόγος

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ὢν ὑπό τινος φρονήσεως, καὶ νοῦ. *The Law, that is moſt filled with Reaſon, muſt needs be moſt victorious, and triumphant.*

The ſame *Philoſopher*, in his tenth Book *De Republica*, ha's another *diſtinction* of *Laws*; one branch whereof do's plainly reach to the *Law of Nature*.

There are, ſaies he, Νόμοι καὶ γράμματα, which are the ſame with thoſe, which he call'd Νόμοι ἴδιοι before; *and then there are* Νόμοι καὶ τὰ ἔθνη, which are all one with that he ſtil'd before Νόμος κοινός. Now, as he ſpeaks, theſe Νόμοι καὶ τὰ ἔθνη are κυριώτεροι, Laws of the *firſt Magnitude*, of a *Nobler Sphere*, of a *vaſter*, and *purer Influence*. Where you ſee alſo, that he calls the *Law of Nature* the *Moral Law*; and the ſame, which the *Apoſtle* calls Νόμος γεγραπτὸς, he, with the reſt of the *Heathen*, calls it Ἄγραφα νόμιμα, couching the ſame ſenſe in a ſeeming contradiction.

The *Oratour* ha's it expreſly; *Non ſcripta, ſed nata Lex.*

And amongſt all the *Heathen* I can meet with none, that draws ſuch a lively portraicture of the *Law of Nature*, as that *Noble Oratour* do's.

You may hear him thus pleading for it: *Nec, ſi, regnante* Tarquinio, *nulla erat ſcripta Lex de Stupris, &c.* "Grant, (*ſaies he*) "that *Rome* were not for the preſent furniſh'd with a *Poſitive* "*Law* able to check the luſt, and violence of a *Tarquin*; yet there "was a *Virgin-Law* of *Nature*, which he had alſo raviſh'd, and "deflour'd: there was the beaming out of an *eternal Law*, e-"nough to revive a modeſt *Lucretia*, and to ſtrike terrour into "the heart of ſo licentious a *Prince*: for, as he goes on, *Eſt quidem vera Lex Recta Ratio, Naturæ congruens, diffuſa in omnes, conſtans, ſempiterna; quæ vocet ad officium jubendo, vetando à fraude deterreat; quæ tamen probos, neque fruſtrà, jubet, aut vetat, nec improbos jubendo, aut vetando movet. Hinc Legi nec propagari fas eſt; neque derogari ex hac aliquid licet; neque tota abrogari poteſt; nec verò aut per Senatum, aut per Populum ſolvi hâc Lege poſſumus; neque eſt quærendus explanator, aut interpres ejus alius. Non erat alia* Romæ, *alia* Athenis; *Alia nunc, alia poſthac: ſed & omnes gentes, omni tempore, Una Lex, & ſempiterna, & immutabilis continebit, unúsque erit quaſi communis Magiſter, & Legislator omnium Deus: Ille Legis hujus Inventor, Diſceptator, Lator; cui qui non parebit, ipſe ſe fugiet, & Naturam*

ram hominis aſpernabitur. Hoc ipſo licet maximas pœnas, etiamſi cætera, quæ putantur, effugerit.

His meaning is not much different from this:

"*Right Reaſon* is a beautiful Law; a Law of a pure complexi-
"on, of a natural colour, of a vaſt extent, and diffuſion;
"its colour never fades, never dies. It encourages men
"in obedience with a ſmile, it chides them, and frowns
"them out of wickedneſs. Good men hear the leaſt whi-
"ſpering of its pleaſant voice, they obſerve the leaſt
"glance of its lovely eye; but wicked men ſometimes will not
"hear it, though it come to them in Thunder, nor take the leaſt
"notice of it, though it ſhould flaſh out in Lightning. None muſt
"enlarge the *Phylacteries* of this Law, nor muſt any dare to prune
"off the leaſt branch of it. Nay, the malice of man cannot total-
"ly deface ſo indelible a beauty. No *Pope*, nor *Prince*, nor
"*Parliament*, nor *People*, nor *Angel*, nor *Creature* can abſolve
"you from it. This *Law* never *paints* its face, it never changes
"its colour, it do's not put on one Aſpect at *Athens*, and another
"face at *Rome*; but looks upon all Nations, and Perſons with an
"impartial eye, it ſhines upon all Ages, and Times, and Condi-
"tions with a perpetual light, *it is yeſterday, and to day, the*
"*ſame for ever*. There is but one Law-giver, one Lord, and ſu-
"preme Judge of this Law, *God bleſſed for ever more*. He was
"the Contriver of it, the Commander of it, the Publiſher of it,
"and none can be exempted from it, unleſs he will be baniſh'd
"from his own *eſsence*, and be excommunicated from *Humane*
"*Nature*. This Puniſhment would have ſting enough, if he
"ſhould avoid a thouſand more, that are due to ſo foul a trans-
"greſſion.

Thus you ſee, that the *Heathen* not onely had this Νόμος γεγραμμένος upon them; but alſo they themſelves took *ſpecial* notice of it, and the more *refined* ſort amongſt them could diſcourſe very admirably about it, which muſt needs leave them the more *inexcuſable* for the violation of it.

We come now to ſee where the ſtrength of the *Law of Nature* lies, where its *nerves* are, whence it hath ſuch an efficacious influence, ſuch a binding virtue.

And I finde *Vaſquez* ſomewhat ſingular, and withall erroneous in his opinion, whileſt he goes about to ſhew, that the *formality*

lity of this *Law* conſiſts onely in that *harmony*, and *proportion*, or elſe that *diſcord*, and *diſconvenience*, which ſuch and ſuch an *object*, and ſuch and ſuch an *action* ha's with a *Rational Nature*; for (*ſaies he*) every *Eſſence* is *Menſura Boni & Mali* in reſpect of it ſelf.

Which, as he thinks, is plainly manifeſted, and diſcovered alſo in *corporeal Beings*, which uſe to flie onely from ſuch things, as are *deſtructive* to their own *forms*, and to embrace all ſuch *neighbourly*, and *friendly Beings*, as will cloſe, and comply with them. But he might eaſily have known, that as theſe *material Beings* were never yet ſo honoured, as to be judg'd capable of a *Law*; ſo neither can any *naked Eſſence*, though never ſo pure, and noble, lay a *Moral* engagement upon it ſelf, or binde its own *Being*: for this would make the very ſame *Being ſuperiour* to it ſelf, as it gives a Law, and *inferiour* to it ſelf, as it muſt *obey* it.

So that the *moſt high*, and *ſovereign Being*, even God himſelf, do's not ſubject himſelf to any Law; though there be ſome Actions alſo moſt agreeable to his *Nature*, and others plainly inconſiſtent with it, yet they cannot amount to ſuch a power, as to lay any obligation upon him, which ſhould in the leaſt Notion differ from the liberty of his own *eſſence*.

Thus alſo in the *Common-wealth* of *Humane Nature* that proportion, which Actions bear to *Reaſon*, is indeed a ſufficient foundation for a Law to build upon; but it is not the *Law* it ſelf, nor a *formal obligation*.

Yet ſome of the *Scholemen* are extreme bold, and vain in their *Suppoſitions*; ſo bold, as that I am ready to queſtion whether it be beſt to repeat them; yet thus they ſay,

Si Deus non eſſet, vel ſi non uteretur Ratione, vel ſi non rectè judicaret de rebus; ſi tamen in homine idem eſſet dictamen Rectæ Rationis, quod nunc eſt, haberet etiam eandem Rationem Legis, quam nunc habet.

But what are the *goodly ſpoils*, that theſe men expect, if they could break through ſuch a croud of *Repugnancies*, and *Impoſſibilities*? The whole reſult, and product of it will prove but a meer *Cipher*; for Reaſon, as 'tis now, do's not binde in its *own* name, but in the name of its *ſupreme Lord*, and *Sovereign*, by whom Reaſon *lives, and moves, and ha's its being*.

For, if onely a *Creature* ſhould binde it ſelf to the obſervation

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of this Law, it must also inflict upon it self such a *punishment*, as is answerable to the violation of it: but no such *Being* would be *willing*, or *able* to punish it self in so high a measure, as such a *transgression* would *meritoriously* require; so that it must be accountable to some other *Legislative Power*, which will vindicate its own commands, and will by this means engage a *Creature* to be more mindful of its own happiness, then otherwise it would be.

For though some of the Gallanter *Heathen* can brave it out sometimes in an expression; that the very *turpitude* of such an *Action* is *punishment* enough, and the very *beauty* of *Goodness* is an abundant *reward*, and *compensation*; yet we see, that all this, and more then this, did not efficaciously prevail with them for their due conformity, and full obedience to *Nature's Law*; such a *single cord*, as this, will be easily broken.

Yet there is some *truth* in what they say; for thus much is visible, and apparent, that there is such a *Magnetical power* in some good, as must needs allure, and attract a *Rational Being*; there is such a *native fairness*, such an *intrinsecal loveliness* in some *objects*, as do's not depend upon an *external* command, but by its own worth must needs win upon the *Soul*: and there is such an inseparable *deformity*, and *malignity* in some evil, as that *Reason* must needs loath it, and abominate it.

Insomuch as that, if there were no *Law*, or *Command*; yet a *Rational Being*, of its own accord, out of meer love, would espouse it self to such an *amiable* good, 'twould clasp, and twine about such a precious *object*, and, if there were not the least *check*, or *prohibition*, yet, in order to its own welfare, 'twould abhor, and flie from some *black evils*, that spit out so much venome against its *Nature*.

This is that, which the *Scholemen* mean, when they tell us, *Quædam sunt mala, quia prohibentur; sed alia prohibentur, quia sunt mala*: that is, in *Positive Laws*, whether *Divine*, or *Humane*, Acts are to be esteem'd *evil* upon this account, because they are *forbidden*; but in the *Law of Nature* such an *evil* was *intimately*, and *inevitably* an *evil*, though it should not be *forbidden*.

Now that there are such *Bona per se*, and *Mala per se*, (as the *Schools* speak) I shall thus demonstrate: *Quod non est malum per se, potuit non prohiberi*; for there is no reason imaginable, why

there ſhould not be a *poſsibility* of not prohibiting that, which is not *abſolutely* evil, which is in its own nature *indifferent*.

But now there are ſome *evils* ſo *exceſsively evil*, ſo *intolerably* bad, as that they cannot but be *forbidden*; I ſhall onely name this one, *Odium Dei*; for a *Being* to hate the *Creatour*, and *Cauſe* of its *Being*, if it were poſſible for this not to be *forbidden*, it were poſſible for it to be *lawful*; for *Ubi nulla Lex, ibi nulla prævaricatio*: Where there's no *Law*, there's no *Anomia*: where there's no *Rule*, there's no *Anomaly*; if there were no *prohibition* of this, 'twould not be *ſin* to do it. But that to *hate God* ſhould not be *ſin*, do's involve a whole heap of *contradictions*; ſo that this *evil* is ſo *full* of evil, as that it cannot but be *forbidden*; and therefore is an evil in order of *Nature* before the *Prohibition* of it. Beſides, as the *Philoſophers* love to ſpeak, *Eſſentiæ rerum ſunt immutabiles*; *Eſſences* neither *ebb*, nor *flow*; but have in themſelves a *perpetual Unity*, and *Identity*: and all ſuch *Properties*, as flow, and bubble up from *Beings*, are conſtant, and unvariable; but, if they could be ſtop'd in their *motion*, yet that ſtate would be *violent*, and not at all *connatural* to ſuch a ſubject.

So that grant onely the *Being* of man, and you cannot but grant this alſo; that there is ſuch a conſtant *Conveniency*, and *Analogy*, which *ſome Objects* have with its *Eſſence*, as that it cannot but encline to them; and that there is ſuch an irreconcileable *Diſconvenience*, ſuch an *Eternal Antipathy* between it, and *other Objects*, as that it muſt ceaſe to be what it is, before it can come near them.

This *Suarez* terms a *Natural Obligation*, and *a juſt foundation for a Law*. But now, before all this can riſe up to the height, and perfection of a *Law*: there muſt come a Command from ſome *Superiour Powers*, from whence will ſpring a *Moral Obligation* alſo, and make up the *formality* of a *Law*.

Therefore God himſelf, for the brightening of his own *Glory*, for the better regulating, and tuning of the *World*; for the maintaining of ſuch a choice piece of his workmanſhip, as *Man* is, ha's publiſh'd this his *Royal Command*, and proclaim'd it by that *Principle* of *Reaſon*, which he ha's planted in the *Being* of *Man*: which do's fully convince him of the *righteouſneſs*, and *goodneſs*, and *neceſsity* of this Law, for the *materials* of it; and of the *validity*, and *authority* of this Law, as it comes from the Minde, and Will of his *Creatour*.

Creatour. Neither is it any *eclipſe*, or *diminution* of the Liberty of that *firſt Being*, to ſay, that there is ſome *evil* ſo foul, and ill-favour'd, as that it cannot but be *forbidden* by him; and that there is ſome *good* ſo fair, and eminent, as that he cannot but *command* it.

For, as the *Scholemen* obſerve, *Divina voluntas, licèt ſimpliciter libera ſit ad extrà, ex ſuppoſitione tamen unius Actûs liberi, poteſt neceſsitari ad alium.*

Though the *Will* of God be compleatly *free* in reſpect of all his looks, and glances towards the *Creature*, yet notwithſtanding, upon the voluntary, and free precedency of *one Act*, we may juſtly conceive him neceſſitated to *another*, by virtue of that indiſſoluble connexion, and concatenation between theſe *two Acts*, which do's in a manner knit, and unite them into one.

Thus God ha's an *abſolute* liberty, and choice, whether he will make a *promiſe*, or no; but, if he ha's made it, he cannot but *fulfil* it. Thus he is perfectly *free*, whether he will reveal his minde, or no; but, if he will reveal it, he cannot but ſpeak *truth*, and manifeſt it as it is.

God had the very ſame liberty, whether he would *create* a *world*, or no; but, if he will *create* it, and keep it in its comelineſs, and proportion, he muſt then have a *vigilant*, and *providential eye* over it; and, if he will provide for it, he cannot but have a perfect, and indefective *Providence* agreeable to his own *wiſdom*, and *goodneſs*, and *Being*: ſo that, if he will create ſuch a *Being*, as *Man*, ſuch a *Rational Creature*, furniſh'd with ſufficient knowledge to diſcern between ſome *good*, and *evil*; and, if he will ſupply it with a proportionable concourſe in its *operations*; he cannot then but prohibit ſuch *acts*, as are *intrinſecally prejudicial*, and detrimental to the *Being* of it; neither can he but command ſuch *acts*, as are neceſſary to its *preſervation*, and *welfare*.

God therefore, when from all *eternity* in his own glorious Thoughts he contriv'd the *Being* of man, he did alſo with his piercing eye ſee into all *conveniences*, and *diſconveniences*, which would be in reference to ſuch a *Being*; and by his *eternal Law* did reſtrain, and determine it to ſuch *acts*, as ſhould be advantageous to it, which in his wiſe *Oeconomy*, and diſpenſation, he publiſh'd to man by the voice of *Reaſon*, by the mediation of this *Natural Law*.

Whence it is, that every *violation* of this Law is not onely an injury to man's *Being*; but *ultra nativam rei malitiam*, (as the *Scholes* speak) 'tis also a *virtual*, and *interpretative* contempt of that *supreme Law-giver*; who, out of so much *wisdom*, *love*, and *goodness* did thus binde man to his own happiness.

So much then, as man do's start aside, and *apostatize* from this Law; to so much *misery*, and *punishment* do's he expose himself.

Though it be not necessary, that the *Candle* of *Nature* should discover the full extent, and measure of that Punishment, which is due to the breakers of this Law; for to the nature of Punishment *non requiritur, ut præcognita sit pœna, sed ut fiat actus dignus tali pœnâ*. The *Lawyers*, and the *Scholemen* both will acknowledge this *Principle*.

For, as *Suarez* ha's it, *Sequitur reatus ex intrinseca conditione culpæ; ità ut, licèt pœna per Legem non sit determinata, arbitrio tamen competentis Judicis puniri possit.* Yet the *Light of Nature* will reveal, and disclose thus much; That a *Being* totally dependent upon another, *essentially* subordinate, and subject to it, must also be *accountable* to it for every *provocation*, and *rebellion*; And, for the violation of so *good a Law*, which he ha's set it, and for the sinning against such admirable *Providence*, and *Justice*, as shines out upon it, must be lyable to such a *Punishment*, as that glorious *Law-giver* shall judge fit for such an offence; who is so full of *Justice*, as that he cannot, and so great in *Goodness*, as that he will not punish a *Creature* above its desert.

CHAP. VII.

The Extent of the Law of Nature.

THere are stamp'd, and printed upon the *Being* of Man, some clear, and undelible *Principles*, some *first*, and *Alphabetical Notions*; by putting together of which it can spell out the *Law of Nature*.

There's scatter'd in the *Soul* of Man some seeds of *Light*, which fill

fill it with a vigorous pregnancy, with a multiplying fruitfulneſs, ſo that it brings forth a numerous, and ſparkling poſterity of *ſecondary Notions*, which make for the crowning, and encompaſſing of the *Soul* with happineſs.

All the freſh Springs of *Common*, and *Fountain-Notions* are in the *Soul* of Man, for the watering of his *Eſſence*, for the refreſhing of this heavenly *Plant*, this *Arbor inverſa*, this *encloſed Being*, this *Garden* of God.

And, though the wickedneſs of man may ſtop the pleaſant *Motion*, the clear, and *Chryſtalline* progreſs of the *Fountain*; yet they cannot hinder the *firſt riſings*, the *bubbling* endeavours of it. They may pull off *Nature*'s *leaves*, and pluck off her *fruit*, and chop off her *branches*; but yet the *root* of it is *eternal*, the foundation of it is *inviolable*.

Now theſe *firſt*, and *Radical Principles* are wounded up in ſome ſuch ſhort bottoms as theſe: *Bonum eſt appetendum, malum eſt fugiendum*; *Beatitudo eſt quærenda*; *Quod tibi fieri non vis, alteri n⁹ feceris*. And *Reaſon* thus ὠοτόκησε τὸν νόμον, *incubando ſuper hæc ova*, by warming, and brooding upon theſe *firſt*, and *oval Principles* of her own laying, it being it ſelf quicken'd with an heavenly vigour, do's thus *hatch* the *Law of Nature*.

For, you muſt not, nor cannot think that *Nature*'s *Law* is confin'd, and contracted within the compaſs of two, or three *common Notions*; but Reaſon, as with one foot it fixes a *Centre*, ſo with the other it meaſures, and ſpreads out a *Circumference*, it draws ſeveral *Concluſions*, which do all meet, and croud into theſe *firſt*, and *Central Principles*. As in thoſe Noble *Mathematical Sciences* there are not onely ſome firſt διτήματα, which are *granted* as ſoon as they are *ask'd*, if not before; but there are alſo whole heaps of firm, and immoveable *Demonſtrations*, that are built upon them: in the very ſame manner, *Nature* ha's ſome *Poſtulata*, ſome προλήψεις, (which *Seneca* renders *Præſumptiones*, which others call *Anticipationes Animi*,) which ſhe knows a *Rational Being* will preſently, and willingly yield unto; and therefore, by virtue of theſe, it do's engage, and oblige it to all ſuch commands, as ſhall by juſt reſult, by genuine production, by kindly, and evident derivation flow from theſe.

For men muſt not onely look upon the *Capital Letters* of this Νόμος γεγραμμένος, but they muſt read the whole *contexture*, and *coherence*

rence of it; they muſt look to every *jot*, and *Apex* of it; for *Heaven, and Earth ſhall ſooner paſs away, then one Jot, or Title of* this *Law ſhall vaniſh.*

They muſt not onely gaze upon two, or three *Principles* of the *firſt Magnitude*; but they muſt take notice of the leſſer *Celeſtial Sporades*: for theſe alſo have their *light*, and *influence.*

They muſt not onely *skim* off the *Cream* of *firſt Principles*; but whatſoever *ſweetneſs* comes ſtreaming from the *Dug* of *Nature*, they muſt feed upon it, they may be nouriſh'd with it.

Reaſon do's not onely crop off the *tops* of *firſt Notions*; but do's ſo gather all the *Flowers* in *Nature's Garden*, as that it can binde them together in a pleaſant *Poſie*, for the refreſhment of it ſelf, and others.

Thus, as a *Noble Authour* of our own do's well obſerve, *Tota ferè Ethica eſt Notitia communis*: *All* Morality *is nothing, but a collection, and bundling up of Natural Precepts.* The *Moraliſts* did but πλατύνειν φυλακτήρια, *enlarge the fringes* of *Nature's* Garment; they are ſo many *Commentatours*, and *Expoſitours* upon *Nature's* Law. This was his meaning, that ſtil'd *Moral Philoſophy*, ἡ περὶ τὰ ἀνθρώπινα φιλοσοφία, *that Philoſophy, which is for the maintaining, and edifying of Humane Nature.* Thus *Nature's Law* is frequently call'd the *Moral Law.* But the *Scholemen* in their *rougher Language* make theſe ſeveral ranks, and diſtributions of *Natural Precepts.* Τὰ πρῶτα καὶ κατὰ φύσιν. Firſt, there come in the front *Principia Generalia*, (as ſome call them) *per ſe nota*; *ut, Honeſtum eſt faciendum*; *Pravum vitandum.* Then follow next *Principia Particularia, & magis determinata*; *ut, Juſtitia eſt ſervanda*; *Deus eſt colendus*; *Vivendum eſt temperatè.* At length come up in the rear *Concluſiones evidenter illatæ, quæ tamen cognoſci nequeunt niſi per diſcurſum*; *ut, Mendacium, Furtum, & ſimilia prava eſſe.*

Theſe, though they may ſeem ſomewhat *more remote*, yet being fetch'd from clear, and unqueſtionable *Premiſſes*, they have *Nature's Seal* upon them; and are thus far *ſacred*, ſo as to have the uſual *privilege* of a *Concluſion*, to be untouch'd, and undeniable.

For, though that *learned Authour*, whom I mention'd not long before, do juſtly take notice of this, that *Diſcourſe* is the uſual *inlet* to *Errour*, and too often gives an open admiſſion, and courteous entertainment to ſuch *falſities*, as come diſguis'd in a *Syllogiſtical*

logistical form, which by their *sequacious windings*, and *gradual insinuations*, twine about some weak understandings: yet, in the *nature* of the thing it self, 'tis as impossible to collect an *Errour* out of a *Truth*, as 'tis to gather the *blackest Night* out of the *faireſt Sunshine*, or the foulest *wickedness* out of the pureſt *goodness*. A *Conclusion* therefore, that's built upon the *Sand*, you may very well expect its *fall*; but that, which is built upon the *Rock*, is *impregnable*, and *immovable*: for, if the *Law of Nature* should not extend it self so far, as to oblige men to an accurate observation of that, which is a remove, or two distant from *first Principles*, 'twould then prove extremely defective in some such *Precepts*, as do most *intimately*, and *intensely* conduce to the welfare, and advantage of an *Intellectual Being*.

And these *first Notions* would be most *barren, inefficacious Speculations*, unless they did thus encrease, and multiply, and bring forth fruit with the blessing of Heaven upon them.

So that there is a *necessary connexion*, and *concatenation* between *first Principles*, and such *Conclusions*. For, as *Suarez* ha's it, *Veritas Principii continetur in Conclusione*: so that he, that questions the *Conclusion*, must needs also strike at the *Principle*. Nay, if we look to the *notion* of a *Law*, there is more of that to be seen in these more *particular Determinations*, then in those more *universal Notions*; for *Lex est proxima Regula operationum*. But now *Particulars* are nearer to *existence*, and *operation*, then *Universals*: and in this respect do more immediately stear, and direct the *motions* of such a *Being*. The one is the *bending* of the *Bow*; but the other is the *shooting* of the *Arrow*.

Suarez do's fully determine this in such words as these, *Hæc omnia Præcepta* (he means both *Principles*, and *Conclusions*) *prodeunt à Deo, Auctore Naturæ, & tendunt ad eundem finem, nimirum ad debitam Conservationem, & Naturalem perfectionem, seu felicitatem Humanæ Naturæ.*

This *Law of Nature*, as it is thus branch'd forth, do's binde *in foro Conscientiæ*: for as that *Noble Authour*, (whom I more then once commended before) speaks very well in this: *Natural Conscience*, 'tis *Centrum Notitiarum Communium*, and 'tis a kinde of *Sensus communis* in respect of the *inward Faculties*, as that other is in respect of the *outward Senses*. 'Tis a competent *Judge* of this *Law of Nature*: 'tis the *natural Pulse* of the *Soul*, by

by the beating, and motion of which the ſtate, and temper of men is diſcernable. The *Apoſtle Paul* thus felt the *Heathens Pulſe*, and found their Conſciences ſometimes *accuſing* them, ſometimes making *Apology* for them. Yet there's a great deal of difference between *Natural Conſcience*, and the *Law of Nature*; for (as the *Schoolemen* ſpeak) *Conſcience*, 'tis *Dictatum Practicum in particulari*; 'tis a proſecution, and application of this *Natural Law*, as *Providence* is of that *eternal Law*.

Nay, *Conſcience* ſometimes do's embrace onely the *ſhadow* of a *Law*, and do's engage men, though erroneouſly, to the obſervation of that, which was never dictated by any juſt *Legislative* power. Nor is it content to glance onely at what's to come, but, *Janus*-like, it ha's a double aſpect, and ſo looks back to what's paſt, as to call men to a ſtrict accompt for every *violation* of this *Law*.

Which *Law* is ſo accurate, as to oblige men not onely *ad actum*, but *ad modum* alſo: it looks as well to the *inward form*, and *manner*, as to the *materiality*, and *bulk* of *outward Actions*: for every *Being* ows thus much kindneſs, and courteſie to it ſelf, not onely to put forth ſuch *acts*, as are *eſſential*, and *intrinſecal* to its own welfare; but alſo to delight in them, and to fulfil them with all poſſible *freeneſs*, and *alacrity*, with the greateſt *intenſneſs*, and *complacency*. *Self-love* alone might eaſily conſtrain men to this *natural* obedience. *Humane Laws* indeed reſt ſatisfied with a *viſible*, and *external obedience*; but *Nature's Law* darts it ſelf into the moſt *intimate Eſſentials*, and looks for entertainment there.

You know, that amongſt the *Moraliſts* onely ſuch *acts* are eſteem'd *Actus Humani*, that are *Actus Voluntarii*. When *Nature* ha's tun'd a *Rational Being*, ſhe expects, that every *String*, every *Faculty* ſhould ſpontaneouſly, and chearfully ſound forth his praiſe.

And the God of *Nature*, that ha's not *chain'd*, nor *fetter'd*, nor *enſlav'd* ſuch a Creature; but ha's given it a competent liberty, and enlargement, the free diffuſion, and amplification of its own *Eſſence*, he looks withall, that it ſhould willingly conſent to its own *happineſs*, and to all ſuch *means*, as are neceſſary for the accompliſhment of its *choiceſt end*: and that it ſhould totally abhorr whatſoever is *deſtructive*, and *prejudicial* to its own *Being*;

which

which if it do, 'twill presently embrace the *Law of Nature*, if it either love its God, or it self; the *command* of its God, or the *welfare* of it self.

Nay, the *Precepts* of this *Natural Law* are so potent, and triumphant, as that some *acts*, which rebel against it, become not onely *Illiciti*, but *Irriti*, as both the *Scholemen*, and *Lawyers* observe; they are not onely *irregularities*, but meer *nullities*: and that either *ob defectum Poteſtatis, & Incapacitatem Materiæ*; as if one should go about to give the *same* thing to *two* several *Persons*, the *second Donation* is a *Moral Non-entity*: or else *Propter perpetuam rei Indecentiam, & Turpitudinem durantem*; as in some *anomalous*, and *inceſtuous Marriages*. And this *Law of Nature* is so exact, as that 'tis not capable of an ἐπιεικεία, which the *Lawyers* call *Emendatio Legis*: but there is no mending of *Eſsences*, nor of *Eſſential Laws*; both which consist *in Puncto, in Indiviſibili*, and so cannot *Recipere magis, & minus*: nor is there any need of it; for in this *Law* there's no *Rigour* at all, 'tis *pure Equity*, and so nothing is to be abated of it. Neither do's it depend onely *à mente Legis-latoris*, which is the usual Rise of *Mitigation*; but 'tis conversant about such *acts*, as are *Per se tales*, most *intrinsecally*, and *inseparably*.

Yet notwithstanding this Law do's not refuse an *Interpretation*; but *Nature* her self do's *gloss* upon her own *Law*, as in what *circumstances* such an *Act* is to be esteem'd *Murder*, and when *not*; and so in many other Branches of *Nature's Law*, if there be any appearance of *intricacy*, any seeming *knot*, and *difficulty*, *Nature* ha's given *edge* enough to cut it asunder.

There is another *Law* bordering upon this *Law of Nature*, *Jus Gentium*, *Juri Naturali propinquum, & conſanguineum*; and 'tis *Medium quoddam inter Jus Naturale, & Jus Civile*. Now this *Jus Gentium* is either *per ſimilitudinem, & concomitantiam*, when several *Nations*, in their distinct conditions, have yet some of the same *positive Laws*: or else (which indeed is most properly Νομικὸν ἐθνικὸν) *per communicationem, & ſocietatem*, which, as the learned *Grotius* describes, *Ab omnium, vel multarum gentiũ voluntate vim obligandi accepit*: that is, when *all*, or *many* of the most *refined Nations*, bunching, and clustering together, do binde themselves by *general compact*, to the observation of such *Laws*, as they judge to be for the good of them all; as the Honourable entertainment of an *Embaſſadour*, or such like.

So that 'tis *Jus humanum non scriptum.* 'Tis ἔνδημα βίου, καὶ χεῖρον. For, as *Justinian* tells us, *Usu exigente, & Humanis necessitatibus, Gentes humanæ quædam sibi jura constituerunt.* Whereas other *Humane Laws* have a *narrower Sphere*, and *compass*, and are *limited* to such a state, which the *Oratour* stiles *Leges populares*, the *Hebrews* call their *Positive Laws* חקים, sometimes משפטים, though the one do more properly point at *Ceremonials*, the other at *Judicials.* The *Septuagint* render them ἐντολαὶ, some others call them τὰ δ' δευτερώσεως, as they call *Natural Laws* מצות, which the *Hellenists* render δικαιώματα. But, according to the *Greek Idiom*, these are termed τὰ ἐν φύσει, and the others τὰ ἐν τάξει.

Now, though the *formality* of *Humane Laws* do flow *immediately* from the power of some *particular* men; yet the *strength*, and *sinew* of these *Laws* is founded in the *Law of Nature*: for *Nature* do's *permissively* give them leave to make such Laws, as are for their greater convenience; and, when they are made, and whilest they are in their force, and vigour, it do's oblige, and command them not to break, or violate them: for they are to esteem their own *consent*, as a *Sacred* thing; they are not to contradict their own *Acts*, nor to oppose such *Commands*, as *ex Pacto* were fram'd, and constituted by themselves.

Thus much for the *Law of Nature* in *general.* We must look in the next place to that *Lumen Naturæ*, that *Candle of the Lord*, by which this *Law of Nature* is manifested, and discovered.

CHAP. VIII.

How the Law of Nature *is discovered; not by Tradition.*

GOD, having contrived such an *admirable*, and *harmonious Law* for the guiding, and governing of his *Creature*, you cannot doubt, but that he will also provide sufficient means for the *discovery*, and *publishing* of it; *Promulgation* being pre-requir'd, as a *necessary condition*, before a *Law* can be valid, and

vigorous.

vigorous. To this end therefore he ha's ſet up an *Intellectual Lamp* in the Soul, by the *light* of which it can read this νόμος γεγραμμένος, and can follow the *Commands* of its *Creatour.*

The *Schölemen*, with full, and general conſent, underſtand that place of the *Pſalmiſt* of this *Lumen Naturale*, and many other *Authours* follow them in this too ſecurely. Nay, ſome *Critical* Writers quote them, and yet never chide them for it. The words are theſe, נסה עלינו אור פניך *Eleva ſuper nos lumen vultûs tui*: but yet they, very ignorantly, though very confidently, render them, *Signatum eſt ſuper nos lumen vultûs tui*: and they do as erroneously interpret it of the *light* of *Reaſon*, which (ſay they) is *Signaculum quoddam, & impreſſio increata lucis in Anima.* So much indeed is true; but it is far from being an *Expoſition* of this place. Yet perhaps the *Septuagint* mis-led them, who thus tranſlate it; Ἐσημειώθη ἐφ' ἡμᾶς τὸ φῶς τῆς ὄψεως σου· but *Aquila*, that had a *quicker eye* here, renders it Ἔπαρσον, and *Symmachus* Ἐπίσημον ποίησον.

The *words* are plainly put up in the *form* of a *Petition* to Heaven, for ſome *ſmiles* of *love*, for ſome propitious, and favourable *glances*, for God's gracious *preſence*, and *acceptance.* And they amount to this ſenſe; *If one Sun do but ſhine upon me, I ſhall have more joy, then worldlings have, when all their Stars appear.*

But to let theſe paſs with the *Errours* of their *Vulgar Latine*; I meet with one more remarkable, and of larger influence: I mean that of the *Jews*, who (as that worthy *Authour* of our own, in his learned Book *De Jure Naturali ſecundùm Hebræos*, makes the report) do imagine, and ſuppoſe, that the *light* of *Nature* ſhines onely upon themſelves *originally*, and *principally*, and upon the *Gentiles* onely by way of *participation*, and dependance upon them; they all muſt light their *Candles* at the *Jewiſh Lamp.* Thus they ſtrive, as much as they can, to *engroſs*, and *monopolize* this *Natural Light* to themſelves; onely it may be ſometimes, out of their great liberality, they will diſtribute ſome *broken Beams* of it to the *Gentiles.* As if theſe מצות בני נוח theſe *Præcepta Noachidarum* had been *lock'd up*, and *cabinetted* in *Noah's Ark*, and afterwards kept from the *prophane* touch of a *Gentile*: as if they had been part of that *Bread*, which our *Saviour* ſaid was not to be caſt unto *Dogs*; and therefore they would make them be glad to *eat* of the *Crumbs*, *that fall from their Ma-*

ſter's Table: as if they onely enjoyed a *Goſhen* of *Natural light*, and all the reſt of the world were *benighted* in moſt palpable, and unavoidable *Darkneſs:* as if this *Sun* ſhin'd onely upon *Canaan:* as if *Canaan* onely flow'd with this *Milk*, and *Honey:* as if no *drops of Heaven* could fall upon a *Wilderneſs*, unleſs an *Iſraelite* be there: as if they had the *whole impreſſion* of *Nature's Law:* as if God had *not dealt thus with every Nation:* as if the *Heathen* alſo had not the *knowledge of this Law.* 'Tis true, they had the firſt *Beauty* of the *riſing Sun*, the firſt *peepings* out of the *Day*; the the firſt *dawnings* of *Natural Light*; for there were no other, that it could then ſhine upon: but do they mean to check the *Sun* in its motion, to ſtop this *Giant* in his *race*, to hinder him from ſcattering *rays* of *Light* in the world? Do they think, that *Nature's Fountain* is enclos'd, that her *Well* is ſeal'd up, that a *Jew* muſt onely drink of it, and a *Gentile* muſt die for Thirſt? O! but they tell you they are עם סגלה, λαὸς περιούσιος, a *Darling*, and *peculiar Nation.*

We ſhall fully acknowledge with the *Hebrew* of *Hebrews*, Πολὺ τὸ περισσὸν τοῦ Ἰουδαίου, though not in reſpect of *Natural Light*, which, doubtleſs, is planted by *Nature* in the heart both of *Jew*, and *Gentile*, and ſhines upon both with an *equal*, and *impartial Beam.* And yet this muſt not be denied, that the *Jews* had even theſe *Natural Notions* much clarified, and refined from thoſe *clouds*, and *miſts*, which יצר הרע *Original ſin* had brought upon them, and this by means of that pure, and powerful *Beam* of heavenly Truth, which ſhined more *peculiarly* upon them. Thoſe *Laws*, which *Nature* had engraven ἐν πλαξὶ φρενῶν, *upon the Tables of their Hearts*, Sin, like a *Moth*, had eaten, and defaced (as in all other men it had done) but in them thoſe *fugitive Letters* were call'd home again, and thoſe many *Lacunæ* were *ſupplyed*, and *made good* again by comparing it with that other *Copy* (of God's *own writing* too) which *Moſes* received in the *Mount*; and beſides, they had a great number of *revealed Truths* diſcovered to them, which were *engraffed* indeed upon the *ſtock* of *Nature*, but would never have grown out of it: ſo that this *ſecond Edition* was *Auctior* alſo, as well as *Emendatior*; but yet, for all this, they have no greater a portion *of the Light of Nature*, then all men have. Thus *Chriſtians* alſo are עם סגלה. and yet, in reſpect of their *natural condition*, have no more then others.

Now,

Now, if the *Jews* have so many *privileges*, why are not they *content?* Why do not they rest *satisfied* with them? Why will they thus be *claiming*, and *arrogating* more then their due?

Are they the *first-born*, and have they *a double portion*, and do they envy their *younger Brethren* their *Birth*, and *Being?* Have they a bright, and eminent *Sun-shine*; and do they envy a *Gentile* the *Candle of the Lord?*

No (as that *learned Authour* tells us) they will grant, that the *Gentiles* had their *Candle*, and their *Torch*; but it was lighted at the *Jews Sun*. They may have some *Bottles* of *Water* to *quench* their *thirst*; but they must be fill'd at their *Streams*, ἐκ τῶν Ἑβραϊκῶν ῥευμάτων, *ex fluentis Hebraicis*.

But truly, if they were at their disposing, there be some, that will question, whether they would let them *sip* at their *Fountain*, or no; whether they would let them *light* a *Candle* with them, or no. Yes (may some say) *Pythagoras* lighted *his Candle* there, and *Plato* lighted his *Candle* at theirs.

But what did they borrow *common Notions* of them? Did they borrow any *Copies* of *Nature's Law* from them? Was this Νόμος γεγραμμὸς onely some *Jewish Manuscript*, which they translated into *Greek?* Can *Pythagoras* know nothing, unless by a present μετεμψύχωσις a *Jews* Soul come, and *inform* him? That *Pythagoras* should be *circumcis'd*, by the perswasion of the *Jews*, is not impossible; but that he could not know how to forbid *Blasphemy*, without the *Jews* Teachings, deserves a good *Argument* to prove it.

If they will but attend to *Pythagoras* himself, they shall hear him resolving these *first Notions* of his, and others, into *Nature's* bounty, and not into the *Jews* courtesie; for thus he sings;

——— Θεῖον γὰρ δὴ βροτοῖσι,
Ὅις ἱερὰ προφέρουσα φύσις δείκνυσιν ἕκαστα.

And *Hierocles*, in his *Comment* (which is as *golden* as *Pythagoras* his *Verses*) do's thus *paraphrase* upon his meaning: Πάντες ἀφορμὰς ἔχοντες ἐν συμφύτοις πρὸς ἐπίγνωσιν τῶν ἑαυτῶν ἀρετῶν. And these *Principles*, which he do's call here τὰ σύμφυτα, he do's not long after stile τὰς φυσικὰς ἐννοίας.

Then as for *Plato*, to be sure he'll tell them, that he ha's *connate Species* of his own; for which he was never beholding to the *Jews*. He'll tell them, that he ha's many *Spermatical Notions*, that

that were never of their *ſowing*, many vigilant *ſparks*, that were never of their *ſtriking*, or *kindling*. He'll but ſet his *Reminiſcence* on work, and will viſit his *old acquaintance*, recal many *antient Truths*, that are now ſlipt out of his *Memory*, and have been too long abſent.

And ſurely *Ariſtotle* never thought, that his *Raſa Tabula* could have nothing *printed* upon it, till a *Jew* gave it an *Imprimatur*; he little imagin'd, that the *Motion* of his *Soul* depended upon theſe *Oriental Intelligences*.

Therefore, if they pleaſe, they may ſpare that pretty *Story* of theirs, which that *learned Authour*, whom I have ſo often commended, do's acquaint us with, but yet withall eſteems it *fabulous*, of *Simeon the Juſt*, the *High Prieſt*, reading of *Lectures* to *Ariſtotle*, a little before his death, of the *Immortality* of the *Soul*, and the *reward*, and *puniſhment*, which are reſerved for *another life*: and that ſo powerfully, as that he *convinced* him, and *converted* him.

But certainly that *brave Philoſopher* could eaſily ſpy out *Immortality* ſtamp'd upon his own Soul, though ſuch a *Monitour* had been abſent, and did know long before that time by the improvement of his own *Intellectuals*, that he muſt give an account of his *Being*, and *Operations* to his Ὄν ὄντων.

What means then that voice of the *Oracle*,

Μῶνοι Χαλδαῖοι σοφίαν λάχον, ἠδ' ἀρ' Ἑβραῖοι
Αὐτογένεθλον ἄνακτα σεβαζόμενοι Θεὸν ἀγνῶς;

Truly the *Oracle* here is not ſo *obſcure*, but that you may eaſily perceive that by Σοφία it did not mean *Intelligentia*, which is ἡ γνῶσις τῶν πρώτων στοιχείων, but onely *Sapientia*, which is ἡ γνῶσις τῶν τιμιωτάτων. Now, why they had more of this, the *Apoſtle* will give you the beſt account of it; Ὅτι ἐπιστεύθησαν τὰ λόγια τοῦ Θεοῦ, becauſe they had a *better Oracle* to conſult withal, then this was.

Yet ſurely neither *Jew*, nor *Gentile* need go to an *Oracle* to enquire of *common Notions*. But, in reſpect of theſe, that *Anonymous Authour* of the *Life* of *Pythagoras* ſpeaks an unqueſtionable *Truth*; Οὐκ ἐπίσακτον, ὡς εἰπεῖν, ἡ παιδεία ἐν ταῖς Ἀθήναις, ἀλλ' ἐκ φύσεως ὑπάρχουσα· that is, *The* Athenians *had not an adventitious, and precarious kinde of knowledge*; but *that Nature*, which gave them a *Being*, gave them *Education* alſo: As her *womb bare* them,

them, ſo her *Breaſts* gave them *ſuck*: As they were Αὐτόχθονες, ſo likewiſe Αὐτοδίδακτοι.

But you ſhall hear a *bragging*, and *doting Egyptian* telling you, Ἕλληνας ἀεὶ παῖδας εἶναι. *The Greeks were always Boys in knowledge.* Grant that they were *Children*; yet cannot they *ſuck* at *Nature's Dug*? Cannot they read *Nature's Alphabet*, unleſs a *Jew* come with his *feſcue*, and *teach* them?

Howe're, the *Egyptian* ha's little Reaſon to triumph; for, to be ſure, if there be any *light* in *Egypt* more then this of *Nature*, they may thank *Iſraelites* for it: if there be any corn in *Egypt*, they may thank a *Joſeph* for providing of it. Theſe, if any, lighted their *Candles* at the *Iſraelites*, and receiv'd more *precious Jewels* from them, then ever they were robb'd of by them.

This indeed muſt be granted, that the whole generality of the *Heathen* went a *gleaning* in the *Jewiſh* fields. They had ſome of their *grapes*, ſome *ears* of *corn*, that dropp'd from them. *Pythagoras*, and *Plato* eſpecially, were ſuch notable *gleaners*, as that they *ſtole* out of the very *ſheaves*, out of thoſe Truths, that are bound up in the *Sacred volume*. Yet all this while they ne're ſtole *firſt Principles*, nor *Demonſtrations*; but they had them οἰκόθεν, and needed not to take ſuch a *long journey* for them.

Give then unto the *Jew* the things of the *Jews*, and to the *Gentile* the things, that are the *Gentiles*; and that, which *God* ha's made *common*, call not thou *peculiar*. The *Apoſtle Paul's Queſtion* is here very ſeaſonable; Ἢ Ἰουδαίων ὁ Θεὸς μόνον; οὐχὶ καὶ ἐθνῶν, ναὶ, καὶ ἐθνῶν.

There was never any *partition-wall* between the *Eſſence* of *Jew*, and *Gentile*. Now the *Law of Nature*, 'tis founded in *Eſſentials*. And that, which is diſconvenient to that *Rational Nature*, which is in a *Jew*, is as oppoſite, and diſagreeable to the ſame *Nature* in a *Gentile*; as that *good*, which is ſuitable, and proportionable to a *Jew* in his *Rational Being*, is every way as *intrinſecal* to the welfare of a *Gentile*, that do's not differ *eſſentially* from him. So likewiſe for the *Promulgation* of this *Law*, being it do's equally *concern* them both, and equally *oblige* them both; it is alſo by *Nature* equally *publiſh'd*, and *manifeſted* to them both. So that what the *Apoſtle* ſpeaks in reſpect of the freeneſs of *Evangelical Light*, we may ſay the very ſame in reſpect of the commoneſs of *Natural Light*; Οὐκ ἔστι Ἕλλην καὶ Ἰουδαῖος, περιτομὴ καὶ ἀκροβυστία, βάρβαρος,

Σάββατα, Σκῆνας, Νέλας, ἐλευσεις· but all these are *one*, in respect of *Nature*, and *Nature's Law*, and *Nature's Light*.

CHAP. IX.

The Light of Reason.

THis *Law of Nature*, having a firm, and unshaken Foundation in the *necessity*, and *conveniency* of its *materials*, becomes *formally* valid, and vigorous by the minde, and command of the *Supreme Law-giver*. So, as that all the *strength*, and *nerves*, and *binding* virtue of this *Law* are rooted, and fasten'd partly in the *excellency*, and *equity* of the commands themselves: but they principally depend upon the Sovereignty, and Authority of *God* himself, thus contriving, and commanding the *welfare* of his *Creature*, and advancing a *Rational Nature* to the just perfection of its *Being*. This is the rise, and original of all that *obligation*, which is in the *Law of Nature*. But the *publishing*, and *manifestation* of this Law, which must give notice of all this, do's flow from that *heavenly Beam*, which God ha's *darted* into the *Soul* of man; from *the Candle of the Lord*, which God ha's *lighted up* for the discovery of his own *Laws*; from that *intellectual eye*, which God ha's fram'd, and made exactly proportionable to this *Light*.

Therefore we shall easily grant, that the obligation of this *Law* do's not come from this *Candle of the Lord*; and others, I suppose, will deny, that the *Manifestation* of this *Law* do's come from this *Candle of the Lord*, that the *Promulgation* of this *Law* is made by the voice of *Reason*.

In order of *Nature*, this *Law*, as all others, must be *made*, before it can be *made known*, *Entity* being the just root, and bottom of *Intelligibility*. So that *Reason* do's not *facere*, or *ferre legem*; but onely *invenire*: as a *Candle* do's not *produce* an *object*; but onely *present* it to the *eye*, and make it *visible*. All *Verity*, 'tis but the *gloss* of *Entity*: there's a loving *Union*, and *Communion* between them; as soon as *Being* is, it may be *known*.

So

So that *Reaſon* is the *Pen*, by which *Nature* writes this *Law* of her own compoſing. This *Law*, 'tis *publiſh'd by Authority* from Heaven, and *Reaſon* is the *Printer*. This *eye* of the *Soul*, 'tis ſpy out all *dangers*, and all *advantages*, all *conveniences*, and *diſconveniences* in reference to ſuch a *Being*, and to warn the *Soul* in the Name of its *Creatour*, to fly from ſuch *irregularities*, as have an *intrinſecal*, and *implacable malice* in them, and are *prejudicial*, and *deſtructive* to its *Nature*; but to *comply* with, and *embrace* all ſuch *acts*, and *objects*, as have a *native comelineſs*, and *amiableneſs*, and are for the *heightning*, and *ennobling* of its *Being*.

Hierocles do's moſt excellently ſet forth this, whileſt he brings that *golden Verſe* of *Pythagoras* to the *Touch-ſtone*;

Μηδ' ἀλογίσως σ αυτὸν ἔχειν πειὰ μηδὲν ἐνίκη,

and do's thus *brighten* it, and *diſplay* it in its *full glory*, Ὡς γὰρ φῶς κεγόνασι τὰς ὑσίας ἡμῶν ἐπιβλέποντες, τὸ θεῖον ἐν πᾶσιν ἐνειδόκομεν, καὶ τὸν ὀρθὸν λόγον, συμφώνως τῇ ἑαυτῶν ὑσίᾳ διαζῶντες. His meaning is this: "There is a kinde of a *Canon-Law* in the *eſſences* of men, and a "*Rational Tuning* all their *faculties* according to thoſe *Leſſons*, "which *Nature* ha's ſet; it do's ζῆν συμφώνως, with a *moſt grateful*, "and *harmonious life*, pleaſes both it ſelf, and others. So, whileſt he weighs that other *golden Verſe* in the *Balance*, he ſpeaks very high,

Βελτίων ἢ πρὸ ἔργε ὅπως μὴ μῶρα πίλητα·

he gives us this *learned accompt* of it; Λόγῳ δ' ὀρθῷ πείθεσθαι, καὶ θεῷ ταυτὸν ὄντι. τὸ γὰρ λογικὸν γένος, ἐυμοιρήσαν τ οἰκείας ἐλλάμψεως, ταῦτα βέλεται, ἃ ὁ θεῖος ἐείζ νόμος· καὶ γίνεται σύμφωνος θεῷ ἡ κατ' θεὸν διακειμένη ψυχή· καὶ πρὸς τὸ θεῖον, καὶ τὸ λαμπρὸν ἀποβλέπουσα φάσπερ ἃ ἄν πρέπῃ. ἥδε ἐναντίως διακειμένη πρὸς τὸ ἄθεον, καὶ σκοτεινὸν, εἰκῇ, καὶ, ὡς ἔτυχε, φερομένη, ἅτε τ μόνης τῆς καλῆς εὐθυμίας, νῦν, καὶ θεῖς ἀποπεσοῦσα. Which I may thus render; *To obey* right Reaſon, *'tis to be perſwaded by* God *himſelf*; *who ha's furniſh'd, and adorn'd a* Rational Nature *with this intrinſecal, and eſſential Lamp, that ſhines upon it, and guides it in the ways of God*; *ſo, as that the Soul, and its Creatour become perfect* Uniſons, *and being bleſs'd with the light of his countenance, it ſtears all its motions, and actions, with much ſecurity, and happineſs. But, if this Lamp of* Reaſon *be darkned, and obſcured, the Soul preſently embraces a Cloud, and courts a Shadow; the blackeſt, and moſt palpable* Atheiſm, *and Wickedneſs muſt needs cover the face of that Soul, that ſtarts back, and*

apostatizes from its God, *and its* Reason. Where you cannot but take notice, that he calls the *light* of *Reason* Οἰκεία ἔλλαμψις, which is an *expression* very parallel to this of *Solomon*, *The Candle of the Lord.*

That *wise Heathen*, *Socrates*, was of the very same minde, in whose mouth that *Speech* was so frequent, and usual, Οὐδενὶ χρὴ πείθεσθαι πλὴν τῷ ὀρθῷ λόγῳ· *'Tis in vain to trust any thing, but that, which* Reason *tells you ha's the Seal of God upon it.* Thus that *Heathen Oratour*, very fully, and emphatically; *Nos Legem bonam à mala, nullâ aliâ, nisi Naturali norma, dividere possumus. Nec solum Jus, & Injuria à Natura dijudicantur, sed omnino omnia Honesta, & Turpia. Nam & communis Intelligentia nobis Res notas efficit, ea, quæ in animis nostris inchoavit, ut Honesta in virtute ponantur, in vitiis Turpia.* That is; *Nature ha's distinguish'd Good from Evil by these indelible stamps, and impressions, which she ha's graven upon both; and ha's set* Reason, *as a competent Judge, to decide all* Moral *Controversies: which by her first seeds of Light plainly discovers an honourable Beauty in Goodness, and an inseparable Blot in Wickedness.* Hence these three Ζῆν κατὰ φύσιν, ζῆν κατὰ λόγον, ζῆν κατὰ Θεὸν, are esteem'd equivalencies by that *Emperour*, and *Philosopher*, *Marcus Antoninus.* But yet the *Jews* will by no means yield, that there is *light* enough in the *dictates* of *Reason*, to display *Common Notions*; for they look upon it, as a various, and unsatisfactory *light*, mix'd with much *Shadow*, and *Darkness*, labouring with perpetual *inconstancy*, and *uncertainty*. What are *first Principles* become so *mutable*, and *treacherous*? Are *Demonstrations* such *fortuitous*, and *contingent* things? Had I met with this in a fluctuating *Academick*, in a rowling *Sceptick*, in a *Sextus Empiricus*, in some famous *Professour of Doubts*, I should then have look'd upon it, as a tolerable expression of their *trembling*, and *shivering opinion.* But how come I to finde it among those *Divers* into the *depths* of *Knowledge*, who grant a *certainty*, and yet will not grant it to *Reason*? I would they would tell us then, where we might hope to finde it. Surely not in an *Oriental Tradition*, in a *Rabbinical Dream*, in a dusty *Manuscript*, in a *Remnant* of *Antiquity*, in a *Bundle* of *Testimonies*; and yet this is all you are like to get of them: for they tell you this *Story*, that these *Natural* Precepts, *tum in ipsis rerum initiis, tum in ea, quæ fuit post Diluvium, instauratione, Humano*

mano generi ipsa sanctissimâ Numinis voce fuisse imperata, atque ad Posteros per Traditionem solùm indè manasse; that is, that "These "*Commands* were *proclaim'd* by the voice of God himself, first "to *Adam* in the *first setting out* of the World; and then they "were *repeated* to *Noah*, when there was to be a *reprinting*, and "*new Edition* of the World after the *Deluge*; and thus were in "way of *Tradition* to be *propagated* to all Posterity. O rare, and admirable foundation of *Plerophory*! O incomparable method, and contrivance to finde out *certainty*; to raise out *first Principles*, to pluck down *Demonstrations*, to demolish the whole structure, and fabrick of *Reason*, and to build upon the word of two, or three *Hebrew Doctours*, that tell you of a *voice*, and that as confidently, as if they had heard it, and *they* are *entrusted* with this voice, *they* must *report*, and *spread* it unto others, though they do it, like *unfaithful Ecchoes*, with *false*, and *imperfect* rebound!

This is to tell you, that *Men* have no *Candle of the Lord* within them; but onely there must be *Traditio Lampadis*, a *general*, and *publick Light*, that must go from *one hand* to *another*. This is to *blot out* the Νόμος γενικὸς, to leave out *Canonical Scripture*, and to give you *Apocrypha* in the room of it. 'Tis to set a *few* in the *chair*, dictating the *Law of Nature*, with the very same *Infallibility*, that the *Pope* promises himself in determining all points of *Religion*. Therefore some it may be will have recourse to such an *Intellectus Agens*, as must clear up all things.

Now this is another *Oriental Invention*; for those *Arabian* Writers, *Averroes*, and *Avicen*, did not look upon the *spirit of a man*, as *the Candle of the Lord*; but must needs have an *Angel* to hold the *Candle* to enlighten men in their *choicest operations*. Nay, *Averroes* will allow but *one Angel* to superintend, and prompt the whole *Species* of *Mankind*; yet *Zabarel* questions, whether his bounty will not extend to *two*, the one for an *Intellectus Agens*, the other for an *Intellectus Patiens*.

To be sure, *Averroes* fancied *Man*, as the most *imperfect*, and *contemptible Being*, that could be, *totally dependant* upon an *Angel* in his most *essential workings*; the whole *Sphere* of his *Being* was to be mov'd by an *Intelligence*. He fancied him a *Ship* steer'd onely by an *Angel*; he fancied him a *Lute*, that made no *Musick*, but by the touch of an *Angel*. It had been well, if his *Genius* would have *tun'd* him a little better. It had been well, if his *Pilot*

would have kept him from making *ſhipwrack* of *Reaſon*; if his *Intelligence* would but have mov'd his *Head* a little more *harmoniouſly*. But by this, if he had pleas'd, he might have perceiv'd, that there were *pluralities*, and *differences* of *Underſtandings*; becauſe there were *ſo few* of his minde. Yet *Plotinus*, and *Themiſtius*, that were his *Seniours*, had more then a tincture of this *Errour*; and look'd upon this Νῦς ποιητικὸς, as if it had been *Sol quidam incorporeus, nulli oriens, aut occidens, ſed ſemper, & ubique omnibus præſens.*

Which Notion *Cardan* proſecutes ſo far, as that he falls into this moſt prodigious Conceit, that this *Intellectus Agens* do's offer its *light*, and *aſſiſtance* to *ſenſitive Beings* alſo; but that the churliſhneſs of the *matter* will not welcome, and entertain ſuch *pure irradiations*: for thus he ſpeaks; *Eundem Intellectum etiam belluis imminere, easque ambire: at ipſi non patere Aditum, propter materiæ ineptitudinem; igitur hominem intùs irradiare, circùm belluas extrinſecùs collucere. Neque alia re hominis Intellectum ab Intellectu differre bellnarum. Idcirco belluas ea omnia habere inchoata, quæ in homine perfecta ſunt.* But *Scaliger* ha's ſufficiently corrected him for this *brutiſh Tenet*; ſo that I ſhall need onely to add this: *Cardan*'s *Intellectus Agens* was ſo *familiar*, as that ſome queſtion, whether he were a *good Angel*, or no. Nay, ſome tell us, that he was left him for an *Inheritance*, ſhut up in a *Ring*, enclos'd in a *golden Circle*, a *goodly Sphere* for an *Intelligence* to move in. But there were many others alſo enamour'd with this Opinion of an *Intellectus Agens*; the *Platoniſts* were exceſſively inclinable to it, and were always ſo much converſant with *Spirits*, which made their *Philoſophy* ever queſtion'd for a touch of *Magick*. Nay, *Scaliger* tells us of ſome others, that will have this *Intellectus Agens* to be *caput, & Author conſiliorum omnium*, the *contriver* of the *rareſt*, and *wittieſt Inventions*; the *Authour* of *Guns*, of *Clocks*, of *Printing*, of the *Pyxis Nautica*: *Materiolem verò Intellectum eſſe quaſi Uſufructuarium, & Beneficiarium illius.*

The *Jews* eſpecially admire, and adore the *Influence* of an *Intellectus Agens*: and, not forgetful of their *Primogeniture*, and *Privileges*, but being always a *conceited*, and a *bragging generation*, they would fain perſwade us, that God himſelf is their *Intellectus Agens*; but to the *Gentiles* he

ſends

ſends onely an *Angel* to *illuminate* them.

The *Jews* indeed ſometimes call every *faculty* an *Angel*, as one of the *beſt* amongſt them, *Maimonides* tells us, but yet here they properly mean an *Angelical Being*, diſtinct, and ſeparate from the *Soul*, and juſt according to *Averroes's Determination*, the *loweſt Intelligence*, *Ultimus Motor Cœleſtium*. Their own *Intellectus Agens* they call שכינה, and רוח הקדש, the *preſence*, and *power* of *God* dwelling in the *underſtanding*; the *influence* of it they term שפע, as the forementioned *Maimonides* obſerves, that is, *a copious, and abundant ſupply of light ſhining upon the Minde*. According to which they underſtand that place of the *Pſalmiſt*, באורך נראה אור *In lumine tuo videbimus lumen*: which the *Scholemen* more truly expound of the *Lumen Gloriæ* in the *Beatifical Viſion*, though it may reach alſo to that *joy*, and *delight*, which *Saints* have in *communion* with God here.

Amongſt freſher, and more *modern* Writers, *Zabarel* is very intenſe, and zealous for this, that God himſelf is the *Intellectus Agens* of the *Soul*: but, being a moſt humble, and devoted ſervant of *Ariſtotle*, he can by no means quiet, and content himſelf, unleſs he can ſhew the world, that his *Maſter* was of the ſame judgement.

This makes him to ſuborn two, or three *Teſtimonies*, or, at leaſt, to tamper with a place, or two; and then bravely to conclude, that, without doubt, 'twas the minde of the *Philoſopher*: which is not onely againſt the whole ſtream of other *Interpreters*, but againſt the known, and *Orthodox Principles* of him, that was *wiſer*, then to countenance ſuch a vanity.

It ſhould ſeem by that *eminent Writer* of our own, that *Fryer Bacon* was of the ſame minde too, for whoſe words theſe are quoted, amongſt many others, out of an *Oxford*-Manuſcript; *Deus reſpectu animæ eſt ſicut Sol reſpectu Oculi temporalis, & Angeli ſicut Stellæ*. Now what *Angels* they were, that this *Roger Bacon* fix'd his eye upon, whether they were not *fallen Stars*, let others examine. I ſhould think, that *Cardan's Intellectus Agens*, and his were both much of the *ſame colour*.

But this you may perceive in him, and the reſt of the great *Pleaders* for an *Intellectus Agens*, that they found all their *Arguments* in a pretty *Similitude* of an *Eye*, and *Light*, and *Colours*; as if this were ſome *inconquerable Demonſtration*: whereas that great

great *Maſter of Subtleties*, whom I have more then once nam'd before, ha's made it appear, that the whole *Notion* of an *Intellectus Agens* is a meer *fancy*, and *ſuperfluity*.

Yet this may be granted to all the foremention'd *Authours*, and this is the onely *ſpark* of *Truth*, that lies almoſt buried in that heap of *Errours*; That God himſelf, as he do's ſupply every *Being*, the *Motion* of every *Creature* with an *intimate*, and *immediate concourſe* every way anſwerable to the meaſure, and degree of its *Entity*; ſo he do's in the ſame manner conſtantly aſſiſt the *Underſtanding* with a proportionable *Co-operation*. But then as for any ſuch *Irradiations* upon the *Soul*, in which that ſhall be meerly *patient*; God indeed, if he be pleas'd to reveal himſelf in a *ſpecial*, and *extraordinary* manner, he may thus *ſhine* out upon it, either *immediately* by his *own light*, or elſe drop *Angelical Influence* upon it: but that this ſhould be the *natural*, and *ordinary* way, neceſſarily required to *Intellectual* workings, is extremely prejudicial to ſuch a *noble Being*, as the *Soul* of *Man* is; to which God gave ſuch *bright participations* of himſelf, and ſtamp'd his *Image* upon it, and left it to its own workings, as much as any other *created Being* whatſoever. Nay, as *Scaliger* do's moſt confidently object it to *Cardan*, you will not have one *Argument* left, by which you can evince the *Immortality* of the *Soul*, if you ſhall reſolve all the excellency of its *Being*, and *Operations* into an *Intellectus Agens* really diſtinct from it.

But then to make this νῦς ποιητικὸς, and παθητικὸς, onely the *various Aſpects*, and *different relations* of the *ſame Soul*, is but a weak, and needleſs device; and, if 'twere *Ariſtotle's*, to be ſure 'twas none of his *Maſter-pieces*; for 'tis built upon, I know not what, *Phantaſms*, and *falſe Appearances*.

Whereas thoſe *Species*, and *Colours*, thoſe *Pictures*, and *Repreſentations* of *Being*, that are ſet before an *Intellectual Eye*, carry ſuch a light, and beauty in themſelves, as may juſtly *engratiate* them with the *Underſtanding*. And though ſome tell us, that they have too much *droſs*, and *impurity*, that they are too *muddy*, and *feculent*, not proportionable to the *purity* of a *reaſonable Soul*; yet let them but think of thoſe *many ſtrainers* they have gone through, thoſe *double refinings*, and *clarifyings*, that they have had from ſo many *percolations*: and withall they may know, that the *Underſtanding* can drink in the *moſt pure*, and *flowring* part of the

Species,

Species, and can leave the *dregs* at the bottom. Have you not thus often seen a *Seal* ſtamping it ſelf upon the *Wax*, and yet not communicating the leaſt particle of *matter*, but onely leaving a *form*, and *impreſſion* upon it?

However, there is as much proportion between theſe *Species*, and an *Intellectus Patiens*, as between theſe, and an *Intellectus Agens*. Nay, there is more proportion between theſe *Species*, and the *Underſtanding*, then between the *Soul*, and *Body*, which yet are *joyned*, and *married* together in a moſt loving, and *conjugal Union*.

CHAP. X.

Of the conſent of Nations.

THough *Nature's Law* be principally proclaim'd by the voice of *Reaſon*; though it be ſufficiently diſcover'd by *the Candle of the Lord*; yet there is alſo a *ſecondary*, and *additional* way, which contributes no ſmal light to the manifeſtation of it: I mean the *Harmony*, and *joynt conſent* of *Nations*; who, though there be no κοινωνία, nor συνδικη, no *communion*, nor *commerce*, nor *compact* between them, yet they do *tacitly*, and *ſpontaneouſly* conſpire in a dutiful obſervation of the moſt *radical*, and *fundamental Laws* of *Nature*.

So that, by this *pleaſant conſort* of theirs, you may know, that the ſame *Nature* did *tune* them all. When you ſee the *ſame prints*, and *impreſſions* upon ſo many *ſeveral Nations*, you eaſily perceive, that they were ſtamp'd *eodem communi Sigillo*, with the ſame *publick Seal*. When you ſee the very *ſame ſeeds* thrown in ſuch *different ſoils*; yet all *encreaſing*, and *multiplying*, *budding*, and *bloſſoming*, *branching out*, and *enlarging* themſelves into ſome fruitful expreſſions; you know then, that 'twas *Nature's* hand, her *bountiful*, and *ſucceſsful* Hand, that ſcatter'd ſuch *Seminal Principles* amongſt them; you preſently know, that 'tis no *encloſed way*, 'tis a *Via Regia*, in which you meet with *ſo many Travellers*, ſuch a *concourſe*, and *confluence* of People.

Amongſt

Amongſt many others, the learned *Grotius* is full, and expreſs for ſearching out the *Law of Nature* in this manner.

You ſhall hear his own words, which he ſpeaks in that excellent work of his *De Jure Belli & Pacis. Eſſe aliquid juris Naturalis probari ſolet tum ab eo, quod prius eſt; tum ab eo, quod poſterius: quarum probandi Rationum illa ſubtilior eſt; hæc popularior. A priori, ſi oſtendatur Rei alicujus convenientia, aut diſconvenientia, neceſſaria cum Natura Rationali, ac Sociali. A poſteriori verò, ſi non certiſſima fide, certè probabiliter admodum, juris Naturalis eſſe colligitur id, quod apud Gentes omnes, aut moraliores omnes, tale eſſe creditur.* And he do's annex this reaſon of it; *Univerſalis effectus Univerſalem requirit cauſam.* When you ſee ſuch *freſh ſprings*, and *ſtreams* of *Juſtice* watering ſeveral *Kingdoms*, and *Nations*, you know, that they are *participations* of ſome rich *Fountain*, of a vaſt *Ocean*. When you ſee ſo many *Rays* of the ſame *Light*, ſhooting themſelves into the *ſeveral corners* of the world, you preſently look up to the *Sun*; as the *glorious original* of them all.

Let me then a little vary that place in the *Acts of the Apoſtles*: *You may hear every man in his own Language, in his own* Dialect, *and* Idiom, *ſpeaking the ſame works of Nature*; Parthians, *and* Medes, *and* Elamites, *and the Dwellers in* Meſopotamia, *and in* Judea, *and* Cappadocia, *in* Pontus, *in* Aſia, Phrygia, *and* Pamphylia, *in* Egypt, *and in the parts of* Libya *about* Cyrene, *and Strangers of* Rome, Jews, *and* Proſelytes, Cretes, *and* Arabians; *you may hear them ſpeak in their Tongues the wonderful works of* God, *and* Nature.

For whatſoever is *Natural*, and *Eſſential*, is alſo *Univerſal* in order to ſuch a *Species*. The *Philoſopher* ſpeaks to this very pertinently; Τὸ ὡς φύσει ἀκίνητον, καὶ πανταχοῦ τὴν αὐτὴν ἔχει δύναμιν, ὥσπερ τὸ πῦρ καὶ ἐνθάδε, καὶ ἐν Πέρσαις καίει. That is, "Whatſoever is "*Natural* is *immoveable*, and in the ſame manner perpetually *e*-"*nergetical*: as *fire* do's not put on one colour amongſt the "*Grecians*, and *paint* its face otherwiſe amongſt the *Perſians*; but "it ha's always the ſame *ruddineſs*, and *purity*, the ſame *zeal*, "and *vehemency*.

As *Nature* ſhews choice *variety*, and *Needle-work* in this, in that ſhe works every *Individuum* with *ſeveral flouriſhes*, with ſome *ſingular*, and *diſtinguiſhing notes*: So likewiſe ſhe plainly aſpires

to

to *concord*, and *unity*, whileſt ſhe knits all together in a *common*, and *ſpecifical Identity*. Not onely in the *faces* of men, but in their *Beings* alſo, there is much of *Identity*, and yet much of *Variety*.

You do not doubt, but that in *all Nations* there is an exact likeneſs, and agreement, in the *fabrick*, and *compoſure* of mens *Bodies* in reſpect of *Integrals*; excepting a few *Monſters*, and *Heteroclites* in *Nature*: nor can you doubt, but that there is the very ſame frame, and conſtitution of mens *ſpirits*, in reſpect of *Intrinſecals*; unleſs in ſome *prodigious ones*, that in the *Philoſopher's* Language are ἀμαρτήματα φύσεως. *As face anſwers face, ſo do's the heart of one man the heart of another*; even the Heart of an *Athenian* the Heart of an *Indian*.

Wherefore the *Votes*, and *Suffrages* of *Nature* are no *contemptible* things. Φήμη δ' ὕτις πάμπαν ἀπόλλυται, ἥντινα λαοὶ πολλοὶ φημίζωσι· as the *Poet* ſings. This was the minde of that grave *Moraliſt*, *Seneca*: as appears by that *ſpeech* of his; *Apud nos veritatis argumentum eſt aliquid omnibus videri.* But the *Oratour* is higher, and fuller in his expreſſion; *Omni autem in re, Conſenſio omnium Gentium, Lex Naturæ putanda eſt.* And that other *Oratour*, *Quintilian*, do's not much differ from him in this; *Pro certis habemus ea, in quæ communi opinione conceſſum eſt.* Or, if the judgment of a *Philoſopher* be more potent, and prevalent with you, you may hear *Ariſtotle* telling you; κρῖνον πάντας ἀνθρώπους φαίνεσθαι συνομολογοῦντας τοῖς ῥηθησομένοις. You may hear *Heraclitus* determining, that ὁ λόγος ξυνὸς is an excellent κριτήριον of *Truth*; and therefore he was wont to lay down this for a *Maxime*, τὰ κοινῇ φαινόμενα πιστά· which may be rendred *Vox Populi, Vox Dei*; yet, upon this condition, that it be took with its due *reſtraints*, and *limitations*. If you would have a *ſacred Authour* ſet his *ſeal* to all this, *Tertullian* ha's done it, *Quod apud multos unum invenitur, non eſt erratum, ſed traditum.*

Surely, that muſt needs be a clear *convincing light*, that can command *reſpect*, and *adoration* from all beholders; it muſt be an *Orient Pearl* indeed, if none will *trample* upon it. It muſt be a *conquering*, and *triumphant Truth*, that can *ſtop* the *mouths* of *gain-ſayers*, and paſs the world without *contradiction*: ſurely that's *pure Gold*, that ha's been examin'd by ſo many ſeveral *Touch-ſtones*, and ha's had *approbation* from them all: certainly, 'tis ſome *tranſcendent Beauty*, that ſo many *Nations* are enamour'd withall.

'Tis ſome *powerful Muſick*, that ſets the *whole* world a *Dancing*. 'Tis ſome *pure*, and *delicious Reliſh*, that can content, and ſatisfie *every Palate*. 'Tis ſome *accurate piece*, that paſſes ſo many *Criticks* without any *Animadverſions*, without any *Variæ Lectiones*. 'Tis an *elegant Picture*, that neither the *eye* of an *Artiſt*, nor yet a *popular eye* can finde fault withall. Think but upon the *ſeveral tempers*, and *diſpoſitions* of men; how *curious* are ſome? how *cenſorious* are others? how *envious*, and *malicious* are ſome? how *various*, and *mutable* are others? how do ſome love to be *ſingular*? others to be *contentious*? how *doubtful*, and *wavering* is one? how *jealous*, and *ſuſpicious* is another? and then tell me, whether it muſt not be ſome *Authentical*, and *unqueſtionable Truth*, that can at all times have a *Certificate*, and *Commendamus* from them all.

Then look upon the *diverſities* of *Nations*, and there you will ſee a rough, and barbarous *Scythian*, a wilde *American*, an unpoliſh'd *Indian*, a ſuperſtitious *Egyptian*, a ſubtile *Ethiopian*, a cunning *Arabian*, a luxurious *Perſian*, a treacherous *Carthaginian*, a lying *Cretian*, an elegant *Athenian*, a wanton *Corinthian*, a deſperate *Italian*, a fighting *German*, and many other heaps of *Nations*, whoſe *titles* I ſhall now ſpare: and tell me, whether it muſt not be ſome admirable, and efficacious *Truth*, that ſhall ſo *overpower* them all, as to paſs *currant* amongſt them, and be *owned*, and *acknowledg'd* by them.

Yet, notwithſtanding, as we told you before, that the *obligation* of *Nature's Law* did not ſpring from *Reaſon*; ſo much leſs do's it ariſe from the *conſent* of *Nations*. That *Law* indeed, which is peculiarly term'd Νόμιον ἐθνικὸν, *Jus Gentium*, ha's its *vigour*, and *validity* from thoſe *mutual*, and *reciprocal compacts*, which they have made amongſt themſelves: but the meeting of *ſeveral Nations* in the obſervation of *Nature's Law*, ha's no *binding*, or *engaging virtue* in it any otherwiſe, then in an *exemplary* way; but yet it ha's a *confirming*, and *evidencing power*, that ſhews, that they were all obliged to this by ſome *ſupreme Authority*, which had ſuch an *ample influence* upon them all. Thus you know the *ſweetneſs* of *Honey*, both by your *own taſt*, and by the *conſent* of *Palates* too: yet neither the one, nor the other do's drop any *ſweetneſs*, or *luſciouſneſs* into the *Honey-comb*. Thus you ſee the *beauty*, and *glory* of *Light*, and you may call moſt men in the World

World to be *eye-witneſſes* of it; yet thoſe ſeveral eyes add no *gloſs*, or *luſtre* to it, but onely take notice of it.

Man being ζῶον πολιτικὸν, and ζῶον ἥμερον, as the *Philoſopher* ſtiles him, a *ſociable*, and *peaceable Creature*; ἀγελαστικὸν, καὶ σύννομον ζῶον, as that *ſacred Oratour* terms him, a *congregating Creature, that loves to keep company*, he muſt needs take much delight, and complacency in that, in which he ſees the whole *Tribe*, and *Species* of *Mankinde* agreeing with him.

Why then do the *Jews* look upon the גוים with ſuch a diſdaining, and ſcornful eye, as if all the *Nations*, in compariſon of them, were *no more then* (what the *Prophet* ſaies they are in reſpect of *God*,) *as the drop of a Bucket, as the duſt of the Balance*, that cannot encline them one way, or other?

Do but hear a while how that *learned*, and *much-honoured Authour* of our own do's repreſent their minde unto you. *Gentium* (ſaies he) *ſive omnium, ſive complurium opiniones, mores, conſtitutiones, menſuræ apud* Hebræos, *in eo decernendo, quod jus eſſe velint Naturale, ſeu Univerſale, locum habent nullum.* Theſe are the *Contents* of that *Chapter*, which he begins thus; *Quemadmodum ex aliorum animantium actibus, aut uſu, jus aliquod Naturale diſci, aut deſignari nolunt* Hebræi; *ità neque ex aliarum, ſive omnium, ſive plurimarum Gentium uſu, ac moribus, de Jure Naturali, ſeu hominum Univerſali decerni volunt.* It ſeems the *Jews* look upon the *Gentiles*, as if they differ'd *ſpecifically* from them: as they do not ſearch for the *Law of Nature* amongſt *ſenſitive Beings*; ſo neither amongſt other *Nations*.

But I had thought, that the *Jewiſh Writers* had promis'd the *Heathens* an *Angel*, an *Intelligence*, to *irradiate*, and *illuminate* them, and do's he *ſhine* upon them no clearer? do's he perform his *office* no better? The *Jews* told us, that they themſelves were to *enform* them, and *inſtruct* them, and have they taught them their *Leſſons* no better? They mention'd a voice, that came to *Adam*, and to *Noah*, and have they *whiſper*'d it onely in one another's *ear*? Why have they not *proclaim'd* it to the reſt of the world? How ſad were the condition of the *Gentiles*, if they were to live upon the *Jews courteſie*, and *benevolence*, that would *ſtrip* them of *Nature*, *plunder* them of their *Eſſences*, rob them of their *firſt Principles*, and *Common Notions*? But *God* ha's not left them, like *Orphans*, to ſuch unmerciful *Guardians*. He himſelf

ha's took *care* of them, and ha's made *better proviſion* for them.

Now theſe *ſeveral Nations* are to be conſider'd either in the *common bulk*, and *heap* of them; or elſe in the *major part* of them, or in the *nobleſt*, and *moſt refined* ſort amongſt them; either οἱ πάντες and οἱ πολλοὶ, or οἱ εὐγενέστεροι and φρονιμώτεροι.

If we take them in the fulleſt *univerſality* of them, then that *worthy Authour* of our own ſaies truely; *Nec olim, nec hactenùs, aut qualesnam, aut quot ſint, fuerintve, eſt ab aliquo ſatis exploratum.* Nor indeed is it at all material in reſpect of this, whether we know them, or no; but, having the *formal conſent* of ſo many, and knowing, that there is *Par Ratio reliquorum*, being that they have the ſame *natural engagements*, and *obligations* upon them, we cannot juſtly diſtruſt, but that, if there ſhould *new Nations*, nay, if there ſhould *new Worlds* appear, that every *Rational Nature* amongſt them would comply with, and embrace the *ſeveral Branches* of this *Law*: and as they would not differ in thoſe things, that are ſo *intrinſecal* to *Senſe*; ſo neither in thoſe, that are *eſſential* to the *Underſtanding*. As their *Corporal eye* would be able to diſtinguiſh between *Beauty*, and *Deformity*: ſo their *Intellectual eye* would as eaſily diſcern ſome *goodneſs* from ſome kinde of *wickedneſs*.

But are there not many *Nations* of them, that live in the *perpetual violation* of *Nature's Law*? If you ſpeak of the more *Capital Letters* of this νόμῳ γεγραμμένῳ, you finde no *Nation* ſo *barbarous*, but that it can read them, and obſerve them. I never heard of a *Nation apoſtatizing* from *Common Notions*, from theſe *firſt Principles*. But, if you mean the whole *context*, and *coherence* of *Nature's Law*, if you ſpeak of thoſe *Demonſtrations*, that may be built upon theſe *fundamental Principles*, of thoſe kindly *Derivations*, and *Concluſions*, that flow from theſe *fountain-Notions*, then this indeed muſt be granted, that 'tis the *condemning ſin* of the *Heathen*; That ſo many of them *impriſon* this *Natural Light*, and *extinguiſh* this *Candle of the Lord*.

There are many *wilde*, and *Anomalous Individuums* amongſt them, οἱ πάμπαν βάρβαροι, θηριώδεις, ἀλόγιστοι, as *Ariſtotle* calls them; οἱ διεφθαρμένοι, as others term them: but are there not ſuch alſo even amongſt *Jews*? nay, amongſt ſuch, as call themſelves *Chriſtians*, that are *laps'd*, and fallen *below* themſelves? many *Natural Precepts* are *violated* even amongſt them. Have you *Weeds*,

and

and *Bryers*, and *Thorns*, in a *Garden*? no wonder then, that you meet with more in a *Wilderneſs*. Are there ſome *Prodigies* in *Europe*? you may very well look for more *Monſters* in *Africa*. Do *Chriſtians blur*, and *blot* the *Law of Nature*? no wonder then, that an *American* ſeeks quite to *raſe* it out. Do's an *Iſraelite* put *Truth* ſometimes in *Priſon*? no wonder then, that an *Egyptian* puts it in a *Dungeon*. Yet, notwithſtanding, amongſt all thoſe, that have had ſo much *Culture*, and *Morality*, as to *knit*, and *embody*, and *compact* themſelves into a *Common-Wealth*, to become τοῖς νόμοις ὑποκείμενοι, to be *regulated by a Legal Government*, you will ſcarce finde any *Nation*, that did *generally*, and *expreſsly*, and *for long continuance*, either *violate*, or *countenance* the *violation* of any *Precept*, clearly *Natural*.

This is that, in which the learned *Grotius* ſatisfies himſelf, that *Omnes Gentes*, *Moraliores*, & *Illuſtriores*, gave due obedience, and conformity to *Nature's Law*; ſo that all *Teſtimonies*, fetch'd from them, are to have an *high price*, and *eſteem* put upon them.

But the famous *Salmaſius*, in his late Tractate *De Coma*, goes a far different way; and tells us, that he had rather ſearch for *Nature's Law* in a naked *Indian*, then in a ſpruce *Athenian*; in a rude *American*, rather then in a gallant *Roman*; in a meer *Pagan*, rather then in a *Jew*, or *Chriſtian*. His words are theſe; *Quantò magis Barbari, tantò felicius, faciliùsque Naturam Ducem ſequi putantur. Eam deterquent, aut ab ea magis recedunt politiores Gentes.*

Thoſe *Nations*, that have more of *Art*, and *emprovement* amongſt them, have ſo *painted Nature's* face, have hung ſo many *Jewels* in her *Ear*, have put ſo many *Bracelets* upon her *Hand*, they have *cloth'd* her in ſuch *ſoft*, and *ſilken rayment*; as that you cannot gueſs at her ſo well, as you might have done, if ſhe had nothing, but her own *ſimple*, and *neglected Beauty*: you cannot taſte the *Wine* ſo well, becauſe they have put *Sugar* into it, and have *brib'd* your *Palate*.

So that the learned *Salmaſius* will ſcarce go about to fetch the *Law of Nature* from the *Jews* principally: you ſee he chooſes to fetch it rather from a *Scythian*, from a *Barbarian*; there he ſhall ſee it without any *Gloſſes*, without any *Superſtructures*, without any *carving*, and *gilding*, a Νόμος γεγραμμένος *plainly* written,

ten, without any *flouriſhes*, and *amplifications*. Yet the *Authour*, whom I but now commended (*Salmaſius* I mean) neither could, nor would go about to vindicate all thoſe *Nations* from ſome *notorious Rebellions* againſt *Nature*'s *Law*; but he would rather chooſe (as much as he could) to abſtract their *Intellectuals* from their *Practicals*, and would look to their *Opinions*, and *Laws*, rather then to their *Life*, and *Converſation*.

Indeed *Ariſtotle* tells us; Πολλὰ δ' ἐθνῶν πρὸς τὸ κλέπτειν, καὶ ἀνθρωποφαγίαν εὐχερῶς ἔχει. That ſame *Phraſe*, εὐχερῶς ἔχει, do's onely ſpeak a *propenſity*, and *inclination* in their *vile affections* to *ſuch wickedneſſes*, as theſe were; which ſometimes alſo they acted in a *moſt violent*, and *impetuous* manner. Though, to be ſure, they could not be long a *Nation*, if they did thus *kill*, and *eat up*, and *devour* one another.

But, let us ſuppoſe, that they dealt thus with their *enemies*, yet, can it be ſhewn us, that they eſtabliſh'd *Anthropophagy* by a *Law*? That their *Natural Conſcience* did not check them for it? Or, if their *Reaſon* did *connive* at them; yet how comes it to paſs, that their *Angel* did not *jog* them all this while; that their *Intellectus Agens* did not *reſtrain* them?

But, out of what *Antiquity* doth it appear, that any *Nation* did favour *Atheiſm* by a *Law*? that any *Kingdom* did licence *Blaſphemy* by a *Statute*; or countenance *Murder* by a *Law*? Out of what *Authour* can they ſhew us a *Nation*, that ever did *allow* the *breaches* of *ſolemn Compacts*, the *diſhonouring* of *Parents*; that ever made a *Law* for this, that there ſhould be no *Law*, or *Juſtice* amongſt them?

Till all this can appear, let the *Teſtimonies* of *Gentiles* be eſteem'd ſomewhat more then the *barking* of *Dogs*. Methinks, if they were meer *Cyphers*, yet the *Jews* going *before* them, they might *amount* to ſomewhat. Let the *prints* of *Nature* in them be accounted *ſacred*: a *Pearl* in the *head* of an *Heathen*, ſome *Jewels* hid in the *rubbiſh* of *Nations*; let them be eſteemed *precious*. Whatſoever *remains* of *God*'s *Image* upon them; let it be lov'd, and acknowledg'd. Their *darkneſs*, and *miſery* is great enough; let not us *aggravate* it, and make it *more*. To mix the light of their *Candle* with that *light*, which comes *ſhining* from the *Candle* of an *Heathen*, is no diſparagement to *Jew*, nor *Chriſtian*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

The Light of Reaſon *is a Derivative Light.*

NOw the *Spirit of man* is the *Candle of the Lord.*

Firſt, as *Lumen derivatum*, φῶς ἐκ φωτός. Surely there's none can think, that *Light* is *primitively*, and *originally* in the *Candle*; but they muſt look upon that onely as a *weak participation* of ſomething, that is more *bright*, and *glorious*. All *created excellency* ſhines with *borrowed Beams*; ſo that *Reaſon* is but *Scintilla divinæ lucis*, 'tis but *Divinæ particula auræ*. This was the very *end*, why God framed *intellectual Creatures*, that he might communicate more of himſelf to them, then he could to other more *droſſie*, and *inferiour Beings*, and that they might, in a more compleat, and circular manner, *redire in principium ſuum* (as the *Scholemen* ſpeak) that they might return into the boſom of the *firſt*, and *ſupreme Cauſe*, by ſuch *operations*, as ſhould in ſome meaſure imitate, and repreſent the working of God himſelf; who, being a moſt *free*, and *Intellectual Agent*, would have ſome *Creature* alſo, that ſhould not onely take notice of theſe his *perfections*, ſo as to *adore*, and *admire* them, but ſhould alſo *partake* of them, and ſhould follow the *Creatour* in his *diſpenſations*, and *workings*, though ſtill at an infinite *diſtance*, and *diſproportion*.

This moved him to *ſtamp* upon ſome *Creatures Underſtanding*, and *Will*, which in themſelves make up one ſimple, and entire *print*, and *ſignature* of *Reaſon*, though we break the *Seal* for the better opening of them, and part them into two ſeveral *Notions*. To this end he fill'd the *higheſt part* of the *World* with thoſe *Stars* of the *firſt Magnitude*, I mean thoſe *Orient*, and *Angelical Beings*, that dwell ſo near the *fountain* of *light*, and continually drink in the *Beams* of *glory*; that are exactly conformable to their *Creatour* in all his *motions*: for the ſame end he furniſhed, and beautified this *lower part* of the *World* with *Intellectual Lamps*, that ſhould ſhine forth to the *praiſe*, and *honour* of his *Name*, which totally have their *dependance* upon him, both for

their

their *Being*, and for their *perpetual continuation* of them in their *Being*. 'Twas he, that *lighted up* theſe *Lamps* at *firſt*; 'tis he, that *drops* הורב the *golden oil* into them. Look then a while but upon the *parentage*, and *original* of the *Soul*, and of *Reaſon*, and you'll preſently perceive, that it was *the Candle of the Lord*. And if you have a minde to believe *Plato*, he'll tell you ſuch a *feigned Story* as this; That there were a goodly company of *Lamps*, a multitude of *Candles*, a ſet number of *Souls* lighted up altogether, and afterwards ſent into *Bodies*, as into ſo many *Dark-Lanthorns*. This *ſtock*, and *treaſure* of *Souls* was reſerved and *cabinetted* in, I know not what, *Stars*; perhaps, that they might the better *calculate* their own *Incarnation*, the time, when they were to deſcend into *Bodies*, and, when they came there, they preſently ſunk into ὕλη, they ſlip'd into λήθη, which he terms ἀπόπνοιαν ἀποβολὴν, the *putting off of knowledg for a while*, the *clouding*, and *burying* of many *ſparkling*, and *twinkling Notions*, till by a *waking Reminiſcence*, as by a joyful *reſurrection*, they riſe outof their *graves* again. *Plato*, it ſeems, look'd upon the *Body* as the *blot* of *Nature*, invented for the *defacing* of this Νόμου χαπλὸς, or at the beſt, as an impertinent tedious *Parentheſis*, that *check'd*, and interrupted the *Soul* in her former *Notions*, that *eclipſed*, and obſcured her *antient glory*, which ſprung from his ignorance of the *Reſurrection*; for, had he but known what a *glory* the *Body* was capable of, he would have entertained *more honourable* thoughts of it.

Yet *Origen* was much taken with this *Platonical Notion*, it being indeed a pretty piece of *Philoſophy* for him to pick *Allegories* out of. And, though he do a little vary from *Plato* in a *circumſtance*, or two; yet, in recompenſe of that, he gives you this addition, and enlargment, That, according to the carriage, and behaviour of theſe *naked Spirits* before they were *embodied*, there were prepared *anſwerable manſions* for them: That ſuch a *Soul*, as had *walk'd with God acceptably*, was put into a *fairer Priſon*, was clothed with an *amiable*, and *elegant Body*; but that *Soul*, which had *diſpleaſed*, and *provoked* its *Creatour*, was put into a *darker Dungeon*, into a more *obſcure*, and *uncomely Body*: That *Candle*, which had *ſhined clearly*, was honoured with a *golden Candleſtick*; That, which had ſoiled it *Light*, was condemned to a *Dark-Lanthorn*. One would think by this, that *Origen* had

ſcarce

ſcarce read *Geneſis*; he doth in this ſo contradict the *Sacred Hiſtory* of the *Creation*. Nor is this the juſt product of *Plato's Opinion*, but 'tis pregnant with much more *folly*, he returns him his *own* with *uſury*, gives him this, as the juſt τόκος, and *improvement* of it.

Aquinas doth *claſh in pieces* all theſe *Platonical fictions* in his two Books *Contra Gentiles*; yet upon this ſinking, and putrid *foundation* was built the tottering *Superſtructure* of *connate Species*. For, when *Plato* had laid down this *Errour* for a *Maxime*, Πεὶν γενέδζ ἡμᾶς, ἦν ἡμῶν ἡ ψυχὴ, that "The *Souls* of men were long "extant before they were born; then, that other *Phanſie* did preſently ſtep in, Ἡσυχάμιδα ἢ πεὶν γενέδζ, that "The Soul was very "ſpeculative, and contemplative, before it was immers'd in the Body; which made way for the next *Conceit*, that "The Soul "brought many of its old Notions along with it into the Body: many *faithful Attendants* that would bear the *Soul company* in her moſt *withering condition*, when other more *volatile*, and *fugitive Notions* took *wing* to themſelves, and flew *away*: many a precious *Pearl ſunk* to the *bottom* of *Lethe*, but ſome *reliques* of *Notions floated* upon the *top* of the Waters, and in the *general Deluge* of *Notions* there was an *Ark* prepared for ſome *ſelect Principles*, ſome *præcepta Noachidarum*, which were to *encreaſe*, and *multiply*, and *ſupply the wants* of an *Intellectual World*.

This makes the *Platoniſts* look upon the *Spirit of man* as *the Candle of the Lord* for illuminating, and irradiating of *objects*, and darting *more light* upon them, then it receives *from* them. But *Plato*, as he failed in *corporeal Viſion*, whileſt he thought, that it was *per extramiſſionem radiorum*: ſo he did not *ab errore ſuo recedere* in his *intellectual Opticks*; but, in the very ſame manner, tells us, that *ſpiritual Viſion* alſo is *per emiſſionem radiorum*. And, truely, he might as well phanſie ſuch *implanted Ideas*, ſuch *ſeeds* of *Light* in his *external* Eye, as ſuch *ſeminal Principles* in the Eye of the *minde*. Therefore *Ariſtotle* (who did better *clarifie* both theſe kindes of *Viſions*) pluck'd theſe *Motes* out of the *ſenſitive* Eye, and thoſe *Beams* out of the *intellectual*. He did not *antedate* his own *knowledge*, nor remember the ſeveral *poſtures* of his *Soul*, and the famous *exploits* of his *Minde*, before he was born; but plainly profeſs'd, that his *Underſtanding* came *naked* into the World. He ſhews you an ἄγραφον χαμαιλεῖον, an *abraſa*

tabula, a *Virgin-ſoul* eſpouſing it ſelf to the *Body*, in a moſt *entire*, *affectionate*, and *conjugal Union*, and, by the bleſſing of Heaven upon this loving *pair*, he did not doubt of a *Notional off-ſpring*, and *poſterity*. This makes him ſet open the *windows* of *ſenſe*, to welcome, and entertain the *firſt Dawnings*, the *early glimmerings* of *morning light*.

——— *Clarum Mane feneſtras*
Intrat, & anguſtas extendit lumine rimas.

Many *ſparks*, and *appearances* fly from variety of *Objects* to the *Underſtanding*; the *Minde*, that *catches* them all, and *cheriſhes* them, and *blows* them; and thus the *Candle of Knowledg* is lighted. As he could perceive no *connate Colours*, no *Pictures*, or *Portraictures* in his *external* Eye: ſo neither could he finde any *ſignatures* in his *Minde*, till ſome *outward Objects* had made ſome *impreſſion* upon his νοῦς ἐν δυνάμει, his *ſoft*, and *ptiable Underſtanding*, impartially prepared for every *Seal*. That this is the true *method* of *Knowledg* he doth appeal to their own *Eyes*, to their own *Underſtandings*. Do but *analyſe* your own *thoughts*; do but *conſult* with your *own Breaſts*; tell us, whence it was, that the *Light* firſt ſprang in upon you. Had you ſuch *Notions*, as theſe, when you firſt peep'd into *Being*? at the *firſt opening* of the *Soul's eye*? in the *firſt exordium* of *Infancy*? had you theſe *connate Species* in the *Cradle*? and were they *rock'd aſleep* with you? or did you then *meditate* upon theſe *Principles*; *Totum eſt majus parte*, and *Nihil poteſt eſſe & non eſſe ſimul*. Ne're tell us, that you wanted *Organical Diſpoſitions*; for you plainly have recourſe to the *ſenſitive powers*, and muſt needs ſubſcribe to this, that all knowledg comes flouriſhing in at theſe *Lattices*. Why elſe ſhould not your *Candle enlighten* you before? who was it, that *chained* up, and *fettered* your *Common Notions*? Who was it, that *reſtrained*, and *impriſoned* your *connate Ideas*? Me thinks, the working of a *Platoniſt's Soul* ſhould not at all depend on ὕλη: and why had you no *connate Demonſtrations*, as well as *connate Principles*? Let us but ſee a *catalogue* of all theſe *Truths* you brought with you into the World. If you ſpeak of the *Principles* of the *Laws of Nature*, you ſhall hear the *Schoolmen* determining: *Infans pro illo ſtatu non obligatur legi Naturali; quia non habet uſum Rationis, & Libertatis.* And a more *Sacred Authour* ſaies as much, *Lex Naturæ eſt lex Intelligentiæ, quam tamen*

ignorat

ignorat Pueritia, nescit Infantia. There's some time to be allowed for the *promulgation* of *Nature's Law* by the voice of *Reason.* They must have some time to *spell* the νόμῳ γεγραμμὸς, that was of *Reason's writing.* The *Minde*, having such *gradual*, and *climbing accomplishments*, doth strongly evince, that the *true rise* of *knowledge* is from the *observing*, and *comparing* of *Objects*, and from thence extracting the *Quintessence* of some such *Principles*, as are *worthy of all acceptation*; that have so much of *certainty* in them, that they are near to a *Tautology*, and *Identity*: for this *first Principles* are.

These are the *true*, and *genuine* κοιναὶ ἔννοιαι· these are the λόγοι σπερματικοί· these are the *props* of *Reason's* contriving, upon which you may see her *leaning*, about which you may see her *turning*, and *spreading*, and *enlarging* her self. That *learned Knight*, in his *Discourse concerning the Soul*, doth at large shew the manner how the *Minde* thus goes a *gathering* of *Knowledge*; how, like a *Bee*, it goes from *flower* to *flower*, from one *entity* to another; how it *sucks* the *purest*, and *sweetest* of all; how it *refuses* all, that is *distastful* to it, and makes a *pleasant composition* of the rest; and thus prepares *Honey-combs* for it self to feed on.

But, if it were at all to be granted, that the *Soul* had any *stamps*, and *characters* upon it, that it had any *implanted*, and *ingraffed Species*; 'twere chiefly to be granted, that it hath the *connate notion* of a *Deity*, that *pure*, and *infinitely-refined Entity*, abstracted from all appearance of *Matter.* But mark, how the *great Doctour* of the *Gentiles* convinces them of the τὸ γνωστὸν τῦ Θεῦ· he doth not set them a searching their *connate Species*; but bids them look into the *glass* of the *Creatures.* O, but! (might some *Platonist* say) why? he is all *Spirit*, and an *invisible Being*, what shall we finde of him amongst *material objects?* Yes, (saies the *Apostle*) τὰ ἀόρατα τῦ Θεῦ, *the invisible things of God are made known by the things, that do appear*; for a *Being*, endowed with such a *Soul*, as *Man* is, can easily in a *discoursive* way, by such eminent steps of *Second Causes*, ascend to some knowledge of a *prime*, and *supreme* Being; which doth fully explain, that he means by his νόμῳ γεγραμμὸς those *clear dictates* of *Reason*, fetched from the several workings of the *Understanding*, that have *sealed*, and *printed* such a truth upon the *Soul*; so that no other

innate light, but onely the *power*, and *principle* of *knowing*, and *reaſoning* is the *Candle of the Lord*.

Yet there is a *Noble Authour* of our own, that hath both his *truth*, and his *errour*, (as he hath alſo writ about both) who pleads much for his *Inſtinctus naturales*, ſo as that, at the firſt daſh, you would think him in a *Platonical* ſtrain; but, if you attend more to what he ſays, you will ſoon perceive, that he proſecutes a far different *Notion*, much to be preferred before the other *phanſy*.

For he doth not make theſe *inſtincts* any *connate Ideas*, and *repreſentations* of *Things*; but tells us, that they are *powers*, and *faculties* of the *Soul*, the *firſt-born faculties*, and *beginning* of the *Soul's ſtrength*, that are preſently *eſpouſed* to their *Virgin-objects*, cloſing, and complying with them, long before *Diſcourſe* can reach them; nay, with ſuch *objects*, as *Diſcourſe* cannot reach at all in ſuch a *meaſure*, and *perfection*: theſe *Inſtincts* he ſtyles *Naturæ dotes, & providentiæ Divinæ univerſalis Idea, & typus optimus*. Some of theſe are to be found in the loweſt *inanimate Beings*, which yet have no *connate Species* among them; though they have *powers*, and propenſion to their own welfare, a blinde *tendency*, and *inclination* to their own ſecurity: for thus he ſpeaks; *Inſtinctus ille Naturalis in quovis inarticulato licet, & incauto elemento, ſapiens eſt ad conſervationem propriam*: and ſuch a *noble Being*, as *Man* is, muſt needs have it in a more *ſublime*, and *eminent* manner.

Therefore he terms theſe *Inſtincts* in Man *facultates noeticæ, & facultates Deo analogæ*; whereas thoſe other *inferiour faculties* are eſteem'd *facultates analogæ mundo*; his words being ſomewhat *cloudy*, I ſhall thus *paraphraſe* upon them. The *Soul*, 'tis made with a *through light*, with a *double Window*; at *one* Window it looks upon *corporeals*, at the *other* it hath a *fair proſpect* upon *ſpirituals*. When it takes notice of the *material world*, it looks out at the *window* of *Senſe*, and views the *putamina, & cortices rerum*, the *outward huſks*, and *ſhells* of *Being*; but not at all *pleas'd*, or *contented* with them, thoſe *higher powers*, thoſe *purer faculties* of the *Soul unclaſp*, and *diſcloſe* themſelves, and *extend* themſelves for receiving ſome delight more precious, and ſatisfactory, being made in as *harmonious proportion* ſuitable to *ſpiritual Objects*, as the *Eye* is to *Colours*, or the *Ear* to *Sounds*. And, as you know, a *corporeal*

Eye,

Eye is so fashioned, and *organiz'd*; that, though it have no *connate Species* of the *Sun*, yet 'tis *pleasant* to behold it: so the *eye* of the *Soul* doth willingly open it self to look upon God *per modum objecti*, and ha's all *per receptionem* from him, fixing its *Eye* upon so *transcendent*, and *beautiful* an *Object*, and viewing all those *streamings-out* of *Light*, those *beamings-out* of *eternal*, and *universal Notions*, that flow from him, as the *fountain* of *Lights*, where they have dwelt from *everlasting*, which now appear to it in time with a most *powerful*, and *enamouring ray*, to direct the *Soul* to that *happiness* it longed for, and to *guide*, and *conduct* it in all its *operations*. If you ask when these *highest Faculties* did first *open*, and *display* themselves, he tells you, 'tis then, when they were *stimulated*, and *excited* by *outward Objects*, and it may be upon this account, that, when the *Soul* can finde nothing there worthy one *glance*, one *cast* of its *Eye*, impatient of such *empty*, and *shadowy sights*, it opens it self to the τὸ ἄνω, and warms it self in those *everlasting Sun-beams*: but, when it comes down from the *Mount*, it puts on the *veil* of *Sense*, and so converses with *material Objects*.

Yet I do not here *positively* lay down this for a *Truth* in all the *branches* of it; but onely represent the minde of the *forementioned Authour*, who himself doth acknowledge, that the *rise* of these *first Principles* is very *cryptical*, and *mysterious*. His words are these: *Vos interea non morari debet, quòd quomodo eliciantur istæ Notitiæ Communes nesciatis. Satis, superque diximus, vos nescire quomodo fiat Gustus, Odoratus, Tactus*, &c. By which you cannot, but perceive that he makes the *conformity* of such a *Faculty* with such an *Object*, the *spring*, and *Original* of *common Notions*. Yet this then had deserved a little clearing, whence the difficulty of understanding *spirituals pro hoc statu* do's arise, if there be such a *present*, and *exact analogy* between them; whereas the *intuitive knowledge* of *God*, and viewing those *goodly Notions*, that are steep'd in his *essence*, uses to be reserved, as a *privilege* of a *glorified Creature*. Yet this, I suppose, may be said, that herein is the *Soul's Imperfection*, that it cannot sufficiently attend both to *spirituals*, and *corporeals*; and therefore *Sense* being so *busie*, and *importunate* for the *prosecution* of her *Objects*; no wonder, that these *noetical Faculties* do *faint*, and *languish*. So that, if there be any, whom the former *Discoursive* way will not

suffice;

suffice, it seems better for them to have recourse to an *innate power* of the *Soul*, that is fitted, and fashioned for the receiving of *spirituals*, *quatenus* Spirituals, then to flie to, I know not what, *connate Species*, of I know not how long *duration* before the *Soul* was acquainted with the *Body*. Yet that other *Noble Authour* of our own, that ha's the same Title of *Truth*, not without a competent mixture of *Errour* too, doth choose to resolve all into a *Platonical remembrance*: which yet that *acute Answerer* of him doth shew to be a *meer vanity*; for, as for matters of *fact*, to be sure, they have no *implanted Ideas*: and, if *Historical knowledge* may be acquired without them, why then should *discoursive knowledge* have such a *dependence* upon them? And, I wish, that the *Platonists* would but once determine, whether a *Blinde man* be a *competent Judge* of *Colours* by virtue of his *connate Species*; and whether, by supply of these *Ideas*, a *Deaf man* may have the *true notion* of *Musick*, and *Harmony*? If not, then they must ingeniously confess, that the *Soul*, for the present, wants so much of *Light*, as it wants of the *window* of *Sense*. But, if they tell us, that some *outward Objects* must *jog*, and *waken* these *drowsie*, and *slumbering Notions*, they then lay the *foundation* in *Sensitives*: and, withall, let them shew us, why the *generality* of men in their *Intellectuals* are not eqnally improved; whereas they have the same *Objects* to *quicken*, and *enflame* them? In the mean time we will look upon the *Understanding*, as *speculum non coloratum*, a *Glass* not prejudic'd, nor prepossess'd with any *connate Tinctures*; but *nakedly* receiving, and *faithfully* returning all such *colours*, as fall upon it. Yet the *Platonists* in this were commendable, that they look'd upon the *Spirit of a Man*, as *the Candle of the Lord*; though they were deceived in the time when 'twas *lighted*.

Nor is this *Candle* lighted out of the *Essence* of *God* himself. 'Twere a far more tolerable *Errour* to make the *light* of a *Candle* a *piece* of the *Sun's Essence*, then to think, that this *intellectual Lamp* is a *Particle* of the *Divine Nature*. There is but one ἀπαύγασμα δόξης, & χαρακτὴρ ὑποστάσεως αὐτῦ, I mean the wonderfull ὁ λόγος not a *Candle*, but a *Sun* that shined from *everlasting*. But I finde the *Stoicks* challenged for this *Errour*, that they thought there was a *real emanation*, and *traduction* of the *Soul* out of God, *ex ipsa Dei substantia*. And the *Gnosticks*, the *Manichees*,

chees, and *Priſcillianiſts* are look'd upon, as their *Succeſſors* in this folly.

Now as for the *Stoicks*, you'll ſcarce finde *evidence* enough to prove them *guilty* of this *Opinion*. They have indeed ſome *daring*, and *venturing Expreſſions*, when they amplifie, and dignifie the *nobility* of the *Soul*; and will needs have ſome of the *Royal blood* to run in every *vein*, and *faculty* of it; nor are the *Platoniſts* defective in this, but lift up the *ſoul* to as high a pitch of *Perfection*, as the *Stoicks* ever did: yet ſurely both of them but as a *limited*, and *dependant Being* infinitely *remote* from the *fulneſs* of a *Deity*. Yet *Simplicius*, in his *Comment* upon the grand *Stoick*, *Epictetus*, tells us, that that *Sect* of *Philoſophers* were wont to call the *Soul* μέρος, ἢ μέλος τῦ Θεῦ, *pars, vel membrum Dei*; which is a groſs, and *corporeal conceit*, not at all agreeable to the *indiviſibility* of *Spirituals*, nor ſuitable with the *Soul's immateriality*, much leſs conſiſtent with the *tranſcendent purity* of God himſelf. But the learned *Salmaſius*, in his *Animadverſions* on both the forementioned *Authours*, though he ſpend *Paper* enough in clearing ſome paſſages of the *Academicks*, *Peripatetiſcks*, and *Stoicks* concerning the *nature* of the *Soul*; yet doth not, in the leaſt meaſure, take notice of any ſuch *heterodox Tenent* among the *Stoicks*, yet, if there had been any ſuch, they had very well deſerved *Animadverſions*: but he doth thus repreſent their *Philoſophy* to you; That, whereas the *Soul* is uſual look'd upon as πανμερὴς, being branch'd out into the *Vegetative*, *Senſitive*, and *Rational*; the *Stoicks* they choſe to make it ὀκτάμερὴς, and would have *ſeptem partes ancillantes, imperatricem unicam*: which they reckoned thus; Τὰ ἀνάγκαια they were *five*; then τὸ φωνητικὸν, τὸ σπερματικὸν, τὸ ἡγεμονικὸν, which was all one with τὸ λογικὸν, or τὸ διανοητικὸν, or τὸ νοερὸν. Yet, as *Plato*, and *Ariſtotle*, diſpoſing the *Soul* into three ſeveral *ranks*, and *diſtributions*, would by no means allow of τριψυχία, a *triplicity* of *Souls* in one *Compoſitum*: ſo neither would the *Stoicks* admit any *plurality* of *Souls*; but eſteemed theſe τὰ μέρη, or τὰ μόρια τῆς ψυχῆς only as *dii ſubditi, non membra, ſed ingenia*, as *Tertullian* terms them very *ſignificantly*, ruling the *powers*, and *faculties* of the *Soul* the ſeveral *wits* of the *Soul*; ſo that it was but μία ἰδέα πολυδύναμος, enlarging it ſelf to the *capacity*, and *exigency* of the *Body*, but in ſuch a manner, as that 'twas *diſpenſata potius, quàm conciſa*. The *principal*, and *Hegemonical Power* of the *Soul* the

the *Stoicks* situated in the *Heart*, as *Aristotle* did, though very erroneously, and yet *Plato* had taught him better, for he plac'd it in the *Brain*, as the *proper Tabernacle* for *Reason* to dwell in. But amongst the *Stoicks* there are some expressions, that seem to *depress*, and *degrade* the *Soul* as much, as others seem to *advance*, and *exalt* it; for, though some call it τὸ μέρος τῦ Θεῦ, yet others, and among the rest *Zeno* (the great *founder* of that *Sect*) terms it σύμφυτον πνεῦμα, and ἱερὸν πνεῦμα, which that stupid *Authour* of the *Soul's mortality* finding somewhere *translated* into *English*, catches at, and tells us, that the *Stoicks* hold the *soul* to be a certain *Blast hot*, and *fiery*, or the *vital spirit* of the *Blood*; whereas, at the most, they did only choose that *corporeal spirit*, as *Vehiculum animæ*, a *Chariot* for a more *triumphant spirit* to ride in, the *principal seat* of the *soul*, which they did so much *extol*, and *deifie*. 'Tis abundantly clear, that their *Stoical Philosophy* was more *refined*, and *clarified*, more *sublime*, and *extracted* from *Matter*, then to resolve the *Quintessence* of a *Rational Nature* into, I know not what, *muddy*, and *fesulent spirit*; this they could not do, if they would be faithfull, and constant to their own *Principles*. Nay, they were so far from thus *vilifying* the *soul*, and *detracting* from it, as that they were rather *excessive*, and *hyperbolical* in praising it above the *sphere* of a *Creature*. Thus that known *Stoick*, *Epictetus*, calls the *soul* of man συγγενὴς Θεῷ, which *Seneca* renders, *Liber animus est Diis cognatus*; and *Arrian*, in his *Comment* upon the forementioned *Authour*, doth thus diffuse, and amplifie it, Αἱ ψυχαὶ ὅτως εἰσὶν ἐνδεδεμέναι, καὶ συναφεῖς τῷ Θεῷ, ὥστε ἁπτὰς μίσεως ἔχειν, καὶ ἀποσπάσματα. That is, *There is connexion, and coherence of Souls with a Deity, there are mutual touches, and embraces between them, they are some delibations, and participations of himself.* Thus that famous *Emperour*, *M. Antoninus*, that had tasted of the *Stoical Philosophy*, styles the *soul* Ὁ Δαίμων, ὃν περιάπτω, καὶ ἐγκύκλιον, ὁ Ζεὺς ἔδωκεν--, Ἀπόσπασμα ἑαυτῦ. Τοῦτο δέ ἐστιν ὁ ἑκάστου νῦς, καὶ λόγος. Where, at the first, one would think he had meant it in an *Averroistical* sense; but that he himself doth prevent the *interpretation*, by telling you, that he intends nothing else but νῦς, and λόγος, which therefore he calls ὁ Δαίμων because that he knew the *soul* was *separable* from the *Body*: and *Pythagoras* long before him had called it by the same name in his *Golden Verses*.

But,

But, amongſt all the reſt, *Seneca* is the moſt *high*, and *loſty* in *magnifying*, and very near *deifying* of the *Soul*: for thus you may hear him ſpeak; *Quid aliud vocas animum, quàm Deum in humano corpore hoſpitantem?* That is, *What leſs title can you give the Soul, then that of a* God *condeſcending to dwell in an houſe of clay?* Which is too near that of the Apoſtle, Θεὸς ἐν σαρκὶ φανερωθείς, *God manifeſted in the fleſh.* Nor yet was this any unwary Paſſage, that *ſlip'd* from *Seneca's* Pen on the ſudden; but he will *ſtand to* it, and *repeat* it; for thus he ſaith again, *Ratio nil aliud eſt, quam in corpus humanum pars Divini ſpiritûs merſa; Reaſon, 'tis ſomewhat of a Deity ſteep'd in a Body.* From this laſt ſpeech, that *learned*, and *eminent Writer* of our own doth endeavour to evince, that *Seneca* made *God* the *Intellectus Agens* of the *Soul*; whereas 'tis very evident, that this *Philoſopher* only proſecuted that *Stoical Notion* of the *Soul's* being ἀπόσπασμα τοῦ Θεοῦ, *a branch of a Deity*, πεπλασμένον ἐκ Διὸς ἕνου. Yet, notwithſtanding, all theſe *ſtrains* of *Stoical Philoſophy* do not ſufficiently declare, that they thought the *Soul* to be of the very ſame *eſſence* with *God* himſelf; but only, that they perceived much *ſimilitude* between the *Soul*, and a *Deity*; many *bright reſemblances* of *God* ſtamp'd upon it: which is not only ſound *Philoſophy*, but good *Divinity* too; that the *Soul* was made according to the *image* of its *Creatour*. Thus they made it not only θερμὸν πνεῦμα, but θεῖον πνεῦμα too, even the *breath* of a *Deity*, σημειωθὲν, καὶ τυπωθὲν σφραγῖδι τοῦ Θεοῦ, *ſtamp'd with the Seal of God himſelf*, as *Philo* ſpeaks. 'Twas μέλοχὴ τῆς θείας ἐλλάμψεως, as *Damaſcen* calls it, very agreeable to this of *Solomon*, *The Candle of the Lord.* 'Γις ποίημα Θεοῦ λογικὸν, as *Gregory Nyſſen* ha's it, *the Poeme of God himſelf.* That, whereas *other Creatures* were, as it were, writ in *Proſe*, the *Souls* of men were compoſed more *harmoniouſly*, in more *exact number*, and *meaſure*. No wonder then, that the *Stoicks*, ſpying out ſuch *ſpiritual workmanſhip*, and *embroydery* in the *Soul* of man, did eſteem it as an *inferiour* kinde of *Deity*, a *Bud*, and *Bloſſome* of *Divinity*. As they meant by their τὰ μέρη τῆς ψυχῆς nothing, but αἱ δυνάμεις· ſo likewiſe, when they call the *Soul* τὸ μέρος τοῦ Θεοῦ, they need intend no more, then the *Pythagoreans* do by their θεία δύναμις, that *divine virtue*, and *efficacy*, which the *Soul* ha's, that makes it look ſo like its *Creatour*. Thus the *Pythagoreans* were wont to call the *higher Region* of the *Soul* τὸ θεῖον, and the *lower* τὸ θνητῶδες· not

understanding by the *first* any *particle* of a *Deity*, though it may be by the *last* they might understand the *soul* of a *Beast*, by virtue of their supposed μεμψυχώσις. But I meet with none, that doth so punctually, and accurately *determine* this, as *Trismegistus* do's; who speaks so exactly, as if he had spyed out this *difficulty*, and *objection*: his words are these, Ὁ νοῦς οὐκ ἔστιν ἀποτετμημένον ἐκ τῆς ὑποστάσεως τοῦ Θεοῦ ἀλλ' ὥσπερ ἁπλωμένον, καθάπερ τὸ τοῦ ἡλίου φῶς. *The soul*, saies he, *was not framed, and carv'd out of the essence of a Deity: but it rather sprung from the dilatation, and diffusion of his power, and goodness; as Beams do from the Sun, when it spreads forth its quickening, and cherishing Wings.* Yet, when you hear the *Creatures* often stiled *Beams of a Deity*, and *Drops of a Deity*, you must neither imagine, that there is the *least division*, or *diminution*, or *variation* in the most *immutable essence* of *God*; nor that the *Creature* do's partake the very *essence* of the *Creatour*: but that it hath somewhat of his *workmanship obvious*, and *visible* in it, and, according to the *degree* of its *Being*, doth give *fainter*, or *brighter resemblances* of its *Creatour*. As, suppose, an *accurate Painter* should bestow much of his *skill* in drawing a *lively portraicture* of himself, you would not think such a *picture* a *piece* of his *Essence*; but you would look upon it only as the *fruit*, and *product* of his *skil*, and as a *witty imitation* of himself. Now there is a far greater *disproportion* between *God*, and any *created Being*; then between the *face*, and the *picture* of it. So that, if you see any *heavenly beauty*, any *divine lineaments* sparkling in the *soul*, you may presently conclude, that it was *digitus Dei*, nay, the *hand of God*, that *drew* them there, as the *shadowy representations* of his own most *glorious Being*. Tis the *greatest honour*, that a *Creature* is capable of, to be the *picture* of its *Creatour*. You know the very *formality* of *Creation* doth speak a *Being* raised *ex nihilo*; *Creation* being the *production* of *something* out of the *barren womb* of *Nothing*: and, if the *Creature* must be *ex nullo præexistente*; then, to be sure, 'tis not *extracted* out of the *essence* of *God* himself. But the whole *generality* of the antient *Heathen Philosophers* had a *veil* upon their *face*, here they had not a *clear*, and *open sight* of the *Creation*; but only some *obscure*, and *imperfect notions* about it, which made them think, that all *corporeals* were made *ex aliqua præjacente materia*, *coexistent* with the *prime*, and *supreme Efficient*; and, because they could not fetch *spirituals* out

out of *materials*, nor yet conceive, that they ſhould be fetch'd out of *nothing*,, this made them determine, that they ſprung out of the *eſſence* of *God* himſelf; who, as a *voluntary Fountain*, could *bubble* them forth, when he pleaſed; who, as a *Father of Lights*, could *ſparkle*, and *kindle* them, when he thought beſt. But that *fiction* of *materia ab æterno* will do them no ſervice at all; for either 'twas *produced* by *God* himſelf, and then it was *created ex nihilo*; for God himſelf was a pure *immaterial Spirit*, and therefore muſt make *Matter*, where none was before: or elſe, it was an *independent eternal Being*, which makes it another *Deity*, and that involves a *flat repugnancy*. Therefore, as *corporeal*, and *material Beings* were raiſed out of *nothing* by the *infinite vigour*, and *power* of God himſelf; ſo he can with the very ſame facility produce *ſpiritual Beings* out of *nothing* too. Can he not as well *light* this *Lamp* out of *nothing*; as *build* the *goodly Fabrick* of the *World* out of *nothing*? Cannot a *creating Breath* make a *Soul* as well, as a *creating Word* make a *World*? He, that can *create* the *Shell* of *Corporeals*, cannot he as well *create* the *Kernel* of *Spirituals*? He, that created a *viſible Sun*, cannot he as well *create* an *inviſible*, an *intellectual Spark*? You may hear *Aquinas* diſputing againſt the *Gentiles*, and moſt fully, and ſtrongly *demonſtrating*, that *God* could not be either the *materia*, or *forma* of any *created Being*; for its not imaginable, how the *Creatour* himſelf ſhould *ingredi eſſentiam creaturæ*. But his *cauſality* is by way of *efficiency*, *producing*, and *maintaining Beings*. The *beſt* of *Creatures* are but *vaſa figuli*. Now a *veſſel*, though a *veſſel of honour*, yet it is no piece of the *Potter's eſſence*, but only the *ſubject* of his *power*, and *will*. One, and the ſame *Seal* may print all the *Wax*, that's poſſible; yet there will not be the *leaſt mutation* in the *Seal*, but only in the *Wax*; nor yet doth the *Wax* at all participate of the *Seal's eſſence*, but only receives a *ſtamp*, and *ſignature* made upon it: ſo that the *Seal* was as *entire*, and *compleat before* it had imprinted the *Wax*, as it was *afterwards*; and, though all the *ſignatures* of the *Wax* were *defaced*, and *obliterated*, yet the *Seal* would be as *perfect* as *before*.

Thus *God*, though he leaves *prints* of himſelf upon all the *Souls* in the *world*, nay, upon all the *Beings* in the *world*; yet theſe *impreſſions* are not *particles* of himſelf; nor do they make the *leaſt mutation* in *him*, only in the *Creature*; for he was as *full*, and

perfect before he had printed any *one Creature*, and if the *whole impreſſion* of *Creatures* were *annihilated*, yet his *eſsence* were the *ſame*, and he could *print* more, when he pleaſed, and as *many* as he pleaſed. Yet all the *entity*, *goodneſs*, and *reality*, that is to be found in the *Creature*, was totally *derived* from him, and is *tranſcendently treaſured up* in him, as the *print* of the *Wax*, though it be really different from the *print* of the *Seal*, yet that very *ſtamp*, and *ſignature* had its *Being* from the *Seal*, 'twas *virtually*, and *originally* in the *Seal*; and now gives ſome *reſemblance* of it. All *created goodneſs* was *à Deo producta, & à Deo exemplata*, (as the *Scholes* ſpeak, though not very elegantly) 'tis *à Deo conſervata*, and *in Deum ordinata*, yet all this while 'twas nothing of the *eſsence* of a *Deity*; and indeed it cannot have *any* of his *eſsence*, unleſs it have *all* of it. He, that calls the *Creature* a *Drop* in ſuch a ſenſe, may as well call it a *Fountain*; he, that thus terms it a *Ray of Divinity*, may as well call it a *Sun*: for there are no *particles* in *eſsentials*. All *eſsence* 'tis *indiviſible*, how much more the *eſsence* of *God* himſelf. How fond is the *fancy* of a *ſemi-Deity*, away with the *Steicks* τὸ μέρη, and ἀποσπάσματα here. If this be the *meaning* of them, who ever heard of *fragments* in *ſpirituals*! Dares therefore any *abſolutely deifie* the *Soul*? or make it *coeſsential*, or *coequal* with *God* himſelf? Is not the *Soul* a *limited*, and *reſtrained Being*? *ſhort*, and *imperfect* in its *operations*; a *dependent*, and *precarious Being*; and are theſe things *agreeable* to a a *Deity*? Is not the *Soul* naturally *united* to the *Body* for the *quickening*, and *informing* of it? and is that a *condition* fit for a *Deity*? nay, are not many Souls *guilty*, *defiled*, *miſerable Beings*? and are they all this while *ſpangles* of a *Deity*? They muſt have very *low*, and *diſhonourable thoughts* of God, that make any *Creature* partner, or ſharer with him in his *eſsence*, and they muſt have *high*, and *ſwelling thoughts* of the *Creature*. How *proud* is that *Soul*, that *aſpires* to be a *God*? Is it not enough for a *Soul* to *approach* unto his *God*, to ſee his *face*, to enjoy his *preſence*, to be *like vnto* him, to be *knit unto* him in *love*, and *affection*? *Happineſs* doth advance a *Creature* to his *juſt perfection*; but it doth not lift it above the *ſphere* of its *Being*. A *glorified Being* is ſtill a *ſubſervient*, and *finite Being*. A *Soul*, when in its full *brightneſs*, yet ſtill is but *the Candle of the Lord*; let it come as *near* as it can, yet it will be *infinitely diſtant* from him. *Heaven*, it doth not *mix*,

and

and *blend Eſſences* together; but keeps them all in their *juſt beauty*, and *proportions*: ſo that, take a *Creature* in what condition you will, and 'tis not the *leaſt particle* of a *Deity*. There's another *Errour*, but it's ſcarce worth mentioning, of ſome, tha would have *the Candle of the Lord* lighted up by *Angels*, as if they had *created* the *Soul*; Nay, the *Carpocratians* thought, that all the reſt of the *World* was *created* by them. But, as no *ſecondary Being* could *create* it ſelf; ſo neither can it *create* any *other Being*. 'Twas no *Angelical breath*, but the *breath* of a *Deity*, that gave *life* to the *Soul*; and 'twas not made after the *Image* of an *Angel*, but of *God* himſelf. *Angels*, and *Souls*, both came from the ſame *Almighty Father of Spirits*, from the ſame glorious *Father of Lights*, who ſhewed the *greatneſs* of his *power* in raiſing ſuch *goodly Beings*, not out of *himſelf*, but out of *nothing*.

Whether ever ſince the *firſt Creation* the *Souls* of men be *lighted* on the ſame manner *immediately* by *God* himſelf, by that *commanding*, and *efficacious word*, יְהִי אוֹר, Γενηθήτω φῶς, *Let there be light*, let there be an *intellectual Lamp* ſet up in ſuch a *Creature*? Or, Whether it be *lighted* by the *Parents*? Whether one *Soul* can *light* another? Whether *one*, and the *ſame Soul* may be *lighted* by *two*, as a *Candle* is *lighted* by two? Theſe are the *ſeveral branches* of that great *Queſtion*, which hath been frequently *vex'd*, and *diſcuſſed*; but ſcarce ever *quieted*, and *determined*. The *Divines* favour the way of *Creation*; the *Phyſicians* that of *Traduction*: Nay, *Galen* tells in plain terms, that the *Soul* is but κρᾶσις τῦ σώματος, a meer *temper*, or *complexion*, the *right tuning* of the *Body*: which is not far diſtant from the *Fidler's Opinion*, that *Tully* ſpeaks of, that would needs have the *Soul* to be an *Harmony*. His *Soul*, *that* plaid him ſome *Leſſons*, and his *Body danc'd* to them. And indeed ſome of the *Phyſicians* are as loath, as he was, *ab arte ſua diſcedere*, and therefore they do *embody* the *ſoul* as much as they can, that their *skill* may extend to the *happineſs*, and *welfare* of it, as if they could *feel* the *Pulſe* of the *ſoul*, and *try Experiments* upon the *ſpirits*; as if they could *ſoften*, and *compoſe* the *Paroxyſm* of the *Minde*, and *cure* all the *languours*, and *diſtempers* of the *Soul*; as if their *Drugs* would work upon *immaterial Beings*; as if they could *kill Souls* as faſt as they can *kill Bodies*; as if *the Candle of the Lord* did depend upon theſe *Prolongers*; as though the *Lamp* would go out, unleſs

less they *pour in* some of their *Oil* into it. No doubt, but there is a *mutual communion*, and *intercourse* between this *friendly* and *espoused pair*, the *soul*, and *Body*; no doubt, but there is a *loving sympathy*, and *fellow-feeling* of one another's conditions: but 'tis not so *strong*, and *powerful*, as that they must both *live*, and *die* together. Yet I speak not this, as though the maintaining of the *soul's Traduction* did necessarily prejudice the *Immortality* of it; for I know there are many *learned Doctours* amongst them (and *Seneca* amongst the rest) that are for the *soul's beginning* in a way of *Generation*, and yet do detest, and abominate the least thoughts of its *corruption*. Nay, some *sacred Writers* contend for the *soul's Traduction*, who yet never *questioned* the *perpetuity* of it: not onely the *African* Father, *Tertullian*, but most of the *Western Churches* also; and the *Opinion* of *Apollinaris*, and *Nemesius*, That one *spiritual Being* might *propagate* another, I have not yet found sufficiently *disprov'd*, though it be generally *reprehended*. The truth is, the *original* of all *Forms*, 'tis *in profundo*, 'tis very *latent*, and *mysterious*; yet the *Naturalists* must needs acknowledge thus much, that the *matter*, and *form* of every thing must have at least an *incomplete Being* before *generation*: for by that they do not receive any new *absolute entity*, for then it would be a *Creation*; but the *parts* are onely *collected*, and *disposed*, and *united* by a *strict*, and *Gordian knot*, by an *inward continuity*. So that in all such *production* the *materia oritur ex materia*, & *forma ex forma generantis*, and thus *Forms* are *continued* according to that *degree* of *Being*, which they had in the *first Creation*. Now why there should not be such a *traditio Lampadis* in the *souls* of men, will not easily be shewn. The *nobility*, and *purity* of the *soul* doth not at all hinder this; for there is a *proportionable eminency* in the *soul*, that doth produce it: *one soul* prints *another* with the same *stamp* of *Immortality*, that it self had *engraven* upon it. But, if any question how an *immaterial Being* can be conveied in such a *seminal way*, let him but shew us the *manner*, by which 'tis united to the *Body*, and we will as easily tell him how it entered into it. Yet *Hierome* was so *zealous* against this, that he pronounceth a present *Anathema* to all such, as shall hold the *soul* to be *ex tradvce*. But *Austin* was a great deal more *calm*, and *pacate*; Nay, indeed he was in this point ἀμφίδοξος, καὶ διστάζων, in a kinde of *equipoise*, and *neutrality*; and therefore

fore with a *gentle breath* he did labour to *fan*, and *cool* the *heat* of *Hierom's Opinion*, and putting on all *mildeneſs*, and *moderation* plainly confeſſes; *Se neque legendo, neque orando, neque ratiocinando invenire potuiſſe, quomodo cum Creatione animarum peccatum originale defenditur.* It ſeems he could not ſolve all thoſe *difficulties*, which the *Pelagians* raiſed againſt *Original ſin*, unleſs he held the *traduction* of the *Soul*. He could not perceive how the *Candle* ſhould be ſo *ſoyl'd*, if it were *lighted* onely by a *pure Sun-beam*, fetch'd from *Heaven*. Yet that *knot* (which ſo *ſkilful*, and *laborious* an *hand* could not *unty*) ſome others have eaſily *cut aſunder*; and indeed there is no ſuch *cogency*, and *prevalency* in that *Argument*, as can juſtly promiſe it ſelf the *victory*. For the *Scholemen*, that are ſtrong *Aſſertours* of the *Soul's Creation*, do ſatisfie all ſuch *doubts*, as theſe. And the *major part* of *Modern Writers* do encline to this, that theſe *Lamps* are *lighted* by *God* himſelf: though ſome indeed do ἐπέχειν, and will *determine* nothing; as the acute *Pemble* do's among the reſt, in his little Tractate *De origine Formarum*, and ſo doth that *learned Knight* in his late Diſcourſe *Of the Soul*, where he doth onely drop one *brief Paſſage*, that countenances the *Soul's Traduction*, upon which he, that pretends to *anſwer* him, takes occaſion to *huddle up* no leſs then twenty *Arguments* againſt it, which ſure he ſold by *number*, and not by *weight*. But that *Oxford Anſwerer* of that *Britiſh Pamphlet* of *The Soul's Mortality* doth more *ſolidly*, and *deliberately* handle the *Queſtion*: yet, being very *vehement*, and *intenſe* for the *Soul's Creation*, he ſlips into this *Errour*, that the *Traduction* of the *Soul* is *inconſiſtent* with the *Immortality* of it. But, it may be, you had rather hear the *votes*, and *ſuffrages* of thoſe antient *Heathen Writers*, that had nothing to ſee by, but *the Candle of the Lord*; perhaps, you would willingly know what their *Souls* thought of themſelves. You'll believe *Nature*, the *Univerſal Mother*, if ſhe tell you who is the *Father of Spirits*. Wee'll begin with *Pythagoras*, and he tells you his minde *freely*, and *fully*, whileſt he gives you that piece of *leaf-gold* in one of his *Verſes*;

— δᾶσσει, δῆον γένος ἐστὶ θεοῖσιν.

Aratus is in the very ſame *ſtrein*, and was honoured ſo far, as to be *quoted* by an *Apoſtle* for it, τοῦ γὰρ καὶ γένος ἐσμεν. But, if theſe ſeem ſomewhat more *generally*, not *exactly* pointing out at the

Soul,

Soul, the *Chaldy Oracle* will speak more *punctually*; Ταῦτα πατὴρ ἐνόησε, βέλος ἢ οἱ ἐψύχωσε· "The *Father of Spirits* by his "thought, and word, by his *commanding Breath* did kindle this "*Lamp* of the *Soul*, for the *quickning*, and *illuminating* of such a *Noble Creature*. *Zoroaster* pours it out more at large, and do's thus *dilate*, and *amplifie* it. Χρή σε σπεύδειν πρὸς τὸ φάος, ἔνθεν πατρὸς αὐγάς· ἐνθεν ἐπέμφθη σοι ψυχὴ πολὺν ἐξαμείνη νῶν. "O Soul (*saies he*) why do'st thou not aspire, and mount up to the "centre and light of Glory, to that fountain of Beams, and bright-"ness, from whence thou wert derived, and sent down into the "world, cloath'd, and apparell'd with such rich, and sparkling "endowments? The consideration of this made the *Divine Trismegist* break into that *pang* of *admiration*; Ποῖα μητὴρ, ποῖος πατὴρ, εἰ μὴ Θεὸς ἀφανής; What Womb (*saith he*) is fit to "bear a Soul? who is fit to be the Father of the Soul? what "Breast is able to nourish a Soul? who can make sufficient pro-"vision for a Soul; but onely that pure, and invisible Spirit, that "shoots them, and darts them into Bodies by his own Almighty power? And, as the forementioned *Author* goes on; Ὁ δὴ πάντων πατὴρ, ὁ νοῦς ὤν, ζωὴ, καὶ φύσις ἀπεκύησε τὸν ἄνθρωπον αὐτῷ ἴσον, ἐξ ἡμέρας ὡς ἰδίῳ τόκῳ· that is, "God, the Father of Being, the Father of "Life, and Nature, did frame, and fashion man much like himself, "and love him as his proper off-spring; for those words of his, τὸν ἄνθρωπον αὐτῷ ἴσον, must be taken in an *allayed*, and *tempered* sense; for they must by no means be understood of an *equality*, but onely of a *similitude*. In the very same sense he calls God ὁ ζωγράφος, the *Painter*, and *Trimmer* of the Soul; thus representing himself to *the life*. As for the minde of the *Platonists*, and the *Stoicks*, we have before acquainted you with it: *one* looks *so high*, as if a *Creation* would scarce *content* them, unless they may have it *ab æterno*; and the other seem to plead for a *traduction*, and *generation* of the *Soul*, not from the *Parents*, but from *God* himself, which makes *Epictetus* so often mention the *affinity*, and *consanguinity* of the Soul with the *Deity*, and to use such words as these; Ἐαν ταῦτα ᾖ ἀληθῆ, τὰ περὶ τὴν συγγενείας τῆς Θεοῦ, καὶ ἀνθρώπων λεγόμενα ὑπὸ τῶν φιλοσόφων, διὰ τί μὴ ἕκαστος ἑαυτὸν κόσμιον; διὰ τί μὴ ἔνδον τῷ Θεῷ; "If the *Philosophers* (saies he) speak truth, "when they tell us how near a kin the Soul is to God; why "then doth such a Soul streighten, and confine it self? why doth

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"it contract, and imprison so vast an Essence? why do's it look "upon some spot of ground with such a partial, and peculiar "affection? why doth it love the smoke of its earthly Countrey, κάπνον ἐπιθῴσκοντα; "why do's it not rather warm it self in the "flame of its Heavenly original? why do's such an one stile "himself an *Athenian*, a *Corinthian*, a *Lacedemonian*? why do's "he not rather think, that he hath a whole World within him? "why do's he not sum up all his happiness in this great, and ho-"nourable Title, that he is the Son of God? And thus you see ὁ κόσμος will be the same with *Socrates* his κοσμοπολίτης· and the words, you see, will pass currantly in this sense: but yet (if we may take the *liberty* of a *conjecture*) I am ready to think, that the first *Negative Particle* doth intrude it self *too unseasonably*, against the *drift*, and *meaning* of the place, and therefore is to be *refused*, and *rejected*: so that, whereas the words were printed thus Διὰ τί μὴ εἴπῃ τις ἑαυτὸν κόσμιον; read Διὰ τί εἴπῃ τις ἑαυτὸν κόσμιον; and then they will run thus, *Quid se mundanum vocat, cur non potius filium Dei?* why doth he think himself a *Wordling*? why doth he measure himself by *Earth*, if he were born of *Heaven*? where yet you may perceive, that the *Philosopher* ascribes that to the *first* γένεσις, which is due onely to the παλιγγενεσία to be called a *Son of God*. Nay, which indeed is onely to the ἀϊδιογενεσία, to the *onely-begotten Son of God*. Thus *Philo* the *Jew* (too *Stoical* in this) calls *Souls* ἀπαυγάσματα, which is the *very same* Title, that the *Apostle* applies to *God* himself; and *Plotinus* gives as much to the *soul*, as the *Arrians* did to *Christ*; for he calls it ὁμοούσιον, which *Plato* stiled ἀθανάτοις ὁμώνυμον· but *Epictetus*, he goes on to keep τὰ σύμβολα τοῦ Θεοῦ, much in the *Language* of the *Oracle*, σύμβολα πατρικὸς νοῦς ἔσπειρε ταῖς ψυχαῖς· by πατρικὸς νοῦς it can mean nothing else, but God himself, the *Father of spirits*, and these τὰ σύμβολα are such *Love-tokens*, as he ha's left with the *sons of men* to engage their *affections* to him. These *symbols* are the very same, which *Moses* calls the *Image of God*; those *representations* of himself, which he ha's *scattered*, and *sown* in the *Being* of man, as this word σπείρειν do's imply, which made the wise *Grecian*, *Thales*, conclude ἀδελφοὺς εἶναι ἁπάντας, ὡς ἂν τοῦ ἑνὸς Θεοῦ, καὶ ἑνὸς διδασκάλου, "that All men were "Brethren born of the same Supreme Being, that did educate, "and instruct them. This *Teaching* is the same, which the *Per-*

ſian Magi call'd a *Divine inebriation*, Ὅλη διόθεν μεμέθυσαι, it *was replete* τῆς θείων ἡλῶν. You ſee then, that the *joynt conſent* of the *Chaldeans*, *Egyptians*, *Perſians*, *Grecians*, was for the *creation* of the *ſoul*; and, if you deſire more *Teſtimonies* from them, you may conſult with *Eugubine*, in his learned work *De perenni Philoſophia*, where you ſhall meet with whole *heaps* of them. But as for *Ariſtotle*'s *Opinion* you know, that his *cuſtom* was, when he could not beat out a *Notion* into a *rational account*, fairly to *paſs it by*, and not to *piece* it *out* with ſuch *Fabulous Inventions*, as *Plato* did abound withall; and, though it is like he did often *diſpute* this *Queſtion* in his *thoughts*, yet he makes no ſolemn entrance upon it in his *Works*, but onely toucheth it *occaſionally*, and ſcaters a *paſſage*, or two, that ſeem very clearly to acknowledge the *Creation* of it: for (not to ſpeak of the place in his *Morals*, where he calls the *ſoul* ἢ νῦν τοῖς Θεοῖς συγγενέσθαι.) I ſhall onely commend unto you thoſe *full*, and *pregnant* Words in his two Books *De generatione Animalium*; the words are theſe, Λείπεται δὴ ἢ νοῦν μόνον θύραθεν ἐπεισιέναι, καὶ θεῖον εἶναι μόνον. He had but a little before evinced, that the *ſenſitive*, and *vegetative ſouls* were conveied in a *ſeminal* way, like a *couple* of *ſparks*, they were ſtruck *ex potentia materiæ*; but (ſaies he) the *rational*, that came θύραθεν, *ex altiori ſede*, as *Seneca* ſpeaks, the *Window* of *Heaven* was open'd, and a *preſent light* ſprung in, for the compleating of thoſe former *rudiments*, and *preparations*; the miſunderſtanding of this ὁ νοῦς θύραθεν did, it may be, *occaſion*, but it did, at leaſt, *corroborate* the *phancy* of an *Angel*'s being an *Intellectus Agens*; yet *Simplicius*, that known *Interpreter* of *Ariſtotle*, do's expound it of the *ſoul*'s *Creation*; Καὶ δὴ ἡ ψυχὴ ὑπὸ Θεοῦ ἐλλάμπεσθαι λέγεται, as he ſpeaks; and this, which *Ariſtotle* here calls ὁ νοῦς θύραθεν, *Pſellus* the *Philoſopher* ſtiles ὁ νοῦς ἄνωθεν· *Plato* termed it φῶτον, οὐκ ἔκγονον, ἀλλ' ἐφάπτον· the *Sybils* call'd it πνεῦμα νοῦν· ſome others νοερὸν πῦρ, καὶ ἀσώματον πῦρ, ſtill conſpiring with this of *Solomon*'s, *The Candle of the Lord*; and *Seneca* (ſetting aſide his *ſtoiciſm*) ha's very *gallant*, and *brave apprehenſions* of the *ſoul*'s *Nobility*, and tells us, that it was *hauſtus ex divina origine*; which *Tully* thus varies, *Ex mente divina decerptus*. Souls, like ſo many *Flowers*, were *cropt*, and *gathered* out of the *Garden* of *God*; and were *bound* up *in faſciculo viventium*, in *the bundle of the Living*: and, if you will but attend to

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the *noble Orator*, and *Philosopher*; you shall hear him thus pleading for the *soul's Divinity*. *Animorum nulla in terris origo inveniri potest; nihil enim est in animo mixtum, atque concretum, aut quod è terra natum, atque fixum esse videatur: nihilque aut humidum quidem, aut flabile, aut igneum; his enim in Naturis nihil inest, quod memoriæ vim, mentis, cogitationis habeat; quod & præterita teneat, & futura prævideat, & complecti possit præsentia, quæ sola divina sunt, nec evincetur unquam unde ad hominem venire possunt, nisi à Deo: singularis igitur quædam est natura, atque vis animi, sejuncta ab his usitatis notisque naturis; ita quicquid est illud, quod sentit, quod serpit, quod vult, quod viget, cœleste, & divinum est, ob eam rem æternum sit necesse est.* Which I shall thus render; "'Tis in vain to look for the *Soul's parentage* upon "earth; for there is no *mixing*, and *blending* of *spirituals* with "*corporeals*, the *Earth* doth not contribute, for the *fixing*, and "*consolidating* of them; 'tis no *aery puff* will suffice for the *swiftness*, and *nimbleness* of their *motion*; no *drops* of *Water* will "quench their *thirst*, and *longings*; they have a *purer light*, and "*heat*; then could ever be fetch'd from an *elementary spark*; in "those *humble*, and *sordid Beings*, there's nothing fit to *represent*, much less to *produce* the *clasping*, and *retentive* power "of *Memory*, the *masculine*, and *vigorous* working of the *Minde*; "the *refined*, and *comprehensive* virtue of those *Thoughts*, that "can recall, and look back to *things past*, that can *interpret*, and "*comment* upon all *present Objects*, and with a *Prophetical glance* "can spy out *futurities*, and *possibilities*, which are *works* not unworthy of a *Deity*: nor can it e're be shewn, that such *rare privileges* should be communicated to *humane Nature* any other "way, then by the *immediate bounty*, and *indulgence* of *Heaven*; "there being such *singular*, and *inimitable idioms* in the *minde* of "Man, as could never be *extracted* from those *ordinary*, and "*vulgar entities*. Though a *Sensitive Soul* may *creep* upon the ground, though it may roll, and tumble it self in the *dust*; yet an *Intellectual Being* scorns to look *lower*, then *Heaven* it self; and though it be *dated* in time, yet it means to *live* as long as *eternity*. The *Poets* had *veiled*, and *muffled* up the same *Opinion* in their *Mythology*, whiles they tell us, that *Prometheus* (which is all one with *Providence*) did *work*, and *fashion* the *Bodies* of men out of *clay*; but he was fain to *steal fire* from *Heaven* for the *quicken-*

ing, and *enlivening* them with *Souls*, which made the *Prince* of *Poets* ſing;

Igneus eſt ollis vigor, & cœleſtis origo;

and *Ovid* ſupplies him with a *ſhort Verſe*,

Sedibus æthereis Spiritus ille venit.

How often do you meet with this in *Homer*, that *God* is the *Father of Spirits*, Πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε, θεῶν τε, the *Father* of *Angelical Beings*, and of the *Souls* of *men*; which *Virgil* renders

——— *hominum Sator, atque Deorum.*

Yet all this while I know not whether you can, I am ſure I cannot, ſufficiently perceive, that the *generality* of the *Heathen* did think, that *every Soul* was immediately *created* by *God* himſelf, but onely, that, at the firſt, there was beſtowed more then *ordinary workmanſhip* upon them, which they knew *principally* by thoſe *generous motions*, which they found *working* in their own *Souls*; and partly by ſome *reliques* of *Moſaical Hiſtory*, that was ſcattered amongſt them. Thus then I have repreſented unto you, as *indifferently* as I can, the *ſtate* of this *great Controverſie*; and, though I could eaſily tell you, which part I do moſt eaſily *encline* to; yet I ſhall rather *refer* it to your *own thoughts*, with this *intimation*, that a *modeſt heſitancy* may be very *lawful* here: for, if you will believe *Gregory the Great*, he tells you its a *Queſtion*, which cannot be *determined* in *this Life*. However 'tis enough for us, that the *Spirit* of a *Man*, either by virtue of its *conſtant Creation*, or by virtue of its *firſt Creation*, is *the candle of the Lord*.

As the *Soul* is the *ſhadow* of a *Deity*, ſo *Reaſon* alſo is a *weak*, and *faint reſemblance* of *God* himſelf, whom therefore that *learned Emperour*, *M. Antoninus*, calls λόγος σπερματικός. 'Tis God, that *plants Reaſon*, 'tis he, that *waters* it, 'tis he, that gives it an *increaſe*. Ὁ λόγος ἀνθρώπων πέφυκεν ἀπὸ θείου λόγου. The *Title* of ὁ λόγος belongs to *Chriſt* himſelf; *in whom are hid the treaſures of Wiſdom, and Knowledge*. *Reaſon*, firſt *danced*, and *triumphed* in thoſe *eternal Sun-beams*, in the *thoughts* of *God* himſelf, who is the *fountain*, and *original* of *Reaſon*. And, as his *Will* is the *rule* of *Goodneſs*; ſo his *Underſtanding* is the *rule* of *Reaſon*. For *God* himſelf is a moſt *knowing*, and *intellectual Being*, he is the *firſt mover* of *Entity*, and do's *determinatè tendere in aliquem finem*, which ſpeaks an *Intelligent Agent*. He do's propound moſt *choice deſignes*, and *bleſſed ends* to himſelf; and is not that a work of

Reaſon?

Reaſon? He do's *contrive*, and *diſpoſe*, and *order* means for *accompliſhing* of them, and doth not that require *Underſtanding*? He makes all *Beings inſtrumental*, and *ſubordinate* to him, he *moves* all *inferiour Wheels* in a *regular* manner; he *moves* all the *Spheres* of *Second Cauſes* in an *harmonical* way; ſuch *blind Entities*, as want *intellectual eyes*, he himſelf doth *lead* them, and *conduct* them; and to others he gives an *eye* for their *guidance*, and *direction*. Now he, that hath *framed* an *intellectual Eye*, ſhall not *he ſee?* he, that hath *cloathed* the *Soul* with *light*, *as with a garment*, ſhall not *he* much more be *cloathed* himſelf with a *fuller*, and *purer brightneſs?* In that, which we eſteem *Reaſon* amongſt *Men*, there are many *clouds*, and *blemiſhes*, many *dark ſpots*, and *wrinkles*, that are *ſcattered*, and *conquered* by this more *glorious light*. The *Soul*, 'tis fain to *climb up*, and *aſcend* to *knowledge* by ſeveral *ſteps*, and *gradations*; but his *Underſtanding* is all at the *ſame height*, and *eminency*. *Man's Reaſon* is fain to *ſpend time* in *knitting* a *Propoſition*, in *ſpinning out* a *Syllogiſm*, in *weaving* a *Demonſtration*; but he is *infinitely beyond*, and *above* theſe *firſt Draughts*, and *Rudiments* of *knowledge*; he ſees all ἐν ῥιπῇ ὀφθαλμοῦ, at the *firſt opening* of his *eye* from *everlaſting*, with one *intellectual glance* he pierceth into the whole depth of *Entity*, into all the *dimenſions* of *Being*. Man's *Underſtanding* is fain to borrow a *Species* from the *Object*, which preſents to the *Minde* the *Picture*, and *Portraicture* of it ſelf, and ſtrikes the *intellectual eye* with a *colour ſuitable*, and *proportionable* to it: but the *Divine Underſtanding* never receives the *leaſt tincture* from an *Object*, no *Species ab extrà*, but views all things in the *pure Chryſtal* of his *own Eſſence*, he do's not at all ſee himſelf in the *glaſs* of the *Creatures*, as we ſee *him*; but he ſees *Creatures* in the *glaſs* of his own *Being*: how elſe ſhould he ſee them *from everlaſting*, before they were extant, before they were *viſible* by any *Species* of their own? God therefore doth *primarily*, and *principally* look upon himſelf; for he is *nobiliſſimum intelligibile*, he cannot have a *more beautiful*, and *ſatisfying Object* to look upon, then his *own face*, τὸ γνωστὸν τοῦ Θεοῦ is an *object* fit to *enamour* all *Underſtanding*: for the more any *Being* is *abſtracted* from *Materiality*, the more 'tis *refin'd* from *material* conditions, the more *graceful*, and *welcome* it is to the *Underſtanding*; for *matter* do's *cloud*, and *darken* the *gloſs* of *Being*; it doth *eclipſe* an *Object*, and is no

friend

friend to *intelligibility*. So that *God*, being a *pure*, and *immaterial Spirit*, muſt needs be *præſtantiſſimum intelligibile*, and a *moſt adequate Object* for his *own eye* to look upon. And this *Underſtanding* is himſelf, it being *actio immanens*, always *dwelling* with him; *Dei ſcientia eſt Dei eſſentia*, (as the *Scholemen* ſpeak) God is ὅλος ὀφθαλμὸς ὅλον φῶς, he is both *all eye*, and *all light*: as ſuppoſe, the *bright body* of the *Sun* had a *viſive faculty*, ſo as it could *view*, and *ſurvey* its own *light*, and *beams*, and could by virtue of them look upon all *other* things, which its own *light* do's *unveil*, and *diſcover*, 'twould then give ſome *languiſhing adumbration* of a *Deity*, who is always *looking* upon his *own perfections*, and ſeeing *Creatures* by his *own light*, by his *own uncreated Beams*: for *Species, & ſimilitudo omnium eſt in Dei eſſentia*. Thus *God*, looking upon his own *omnipotency*, knows all *poſſibilities*; viewing his own *determinations*, he ſees all *futurities*; looking upon his own *wiſdom* he beholds all *varieties*, all *degrees*, and *differencies* of *Being*: which yet put not the *leaſt ſhadow* of *difference* in him; becauſe the *excellencies* of all *Beings* are *treaſured up* in him onely by way of *tranſcendency*, not *per modum compoſitionis*, *ſed per modum perfectionis* (as the *Scholes* have it.) So that, when *God* beholds all *created Beings* by virtue of his *own eſſence*, yet you muſt not imagine, that the *formality* of a *Creature* is contained in an *uncreated Being*; but onely, that there is enough of *Being* there to give a *repreſentation* of all *Being* whatſoever. As when a *glaſs* reflects a *face*, there's not the leaſt *mutation* in the *glaſs*, much leſs is the *face* any part of the *glaſſe's eſſence*; though the *glaſs* give a ſufficient *reſemblance* of it. Yet herein there's this *diſparity*, that the *glaſs* of *God's eſſence* did *repreſent* a *Creature*, before any *created face* could look into it; for *God*, looking upon himſelf from *eternity*, did then know *quot modis aliquid aſſimilari potuit ipſius eſſentiæ*, and did know how far ſuch a *Being* would *imitate* his *eſſence*, and how far it would fall ſhort of it. He ſaw, that *this Being* would come *nearer*, that *that Being* would be more *diſtant*, and *remote* from him; this *Picture* would be liker him, that would ſhew *very little* of him. Now the *actuality*, and *exiſtence* of ſuch an *Object* is not requiſite to the underſtanding of it; for how then could we conceive of the *privation* of a *not-Entity*? How can we otherwiſe *apprehend* them, then by framing the *notion* of *ſomething poſitive* in our *mindes*, and

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ſuppoſing a *total deficiency* from it? Thus, as they uſe to ſpeak, *Rectum eſt index ſui & obliqui*, & *Nobiliſſimum in unoquoque genere eſt menſura, & exemplar reliquorum*: that *firſt*, and *ſupreme Being*, by the great *example*, and *pattern* of himſelf, can judge of all *inferiour*, and *imperfect Beings*. Nor could he ſee them *ab æterno* any otherwiſe, then in *himſelf*; there being nothing elſe *eternal*, but *himſelf*, and in *himſelf* he could clearly ſee them, as we ſee *Effects* in their *Cauſe*. All *created Beings* were *eminently* contained in the *Centre* of one *indiviſible eſſence*; who, by his infinite virtue, was to *produce* them all; who, being an *intelligent Centre*, did ſee thoſe *ſeveral Lines*, that might be *drawn from* him; and withall, being a *free*, and a *voluntary Centre*, did know how *many Lines* he meant to draw from *himſelf*. Now you know amongſt *men*, a Demonſtration *a priori* is eſteemed *moſt certain*, and *ſcientifical*: *Scire eſt per cauſas cognoſcere*. *God* thus knew *Creatures*, perfectly knowing *himſelf*, who was the *firſt cauſe* of them all. This doth much ſpeak the *immutability* of the *eternal reaſon*, and *wiſdome* in the *minde* of *God*, and doth remove all *imperfections* from it. For you ſee, he did not move in an *axiomatical* way, *per compoſitionem, & diviſionem*; for he ſaw *things* by his own *uncompounded*, and *indiviſible eſſence*; much leſs did his *knowledge* improve it ſelf in a *Syllogiſtical* way, *deducing*, and *collecting one* thing out of *another*. This is the *Scholemens* meaning, when they tell us, *Cognitio Dei non eſt ratiocinativa*, that is, *non eſt diſcurſiva*. They, that will *light* a *Candle*, may *ſtrike* ſuch *ſparks*: but the *Sun*, and *Stars* want no *ſuch light*. *Angels* are above *Syllogiſmes*, how much more is *God* himſelf? Nay, even amongſt *men*, *firſt Principles* are above *Diſputings*, above *Demonſtrations*; now all things are more *naked* in reſpect of *God* himſelf, then *common* Notions are to the ſight of *men*. 'Tis a *modus teſtudineus*, a *tardy*, and *tedious work*, a *fetching a compaſs*, to gather *one* thing out of *another*; 'tis the *ſlow pace* of a *limited Underſtanding*. But there's no *ſucceſſion* in *God*, not in the *knowledge* of *God*. There's no *prius & poſterius*; no *Premiſſes*, or *Concluſions*; no *tranſitus ab uno ad aliud*, no *externum medium*: for he do's not *cognoſcere per aliud medium à ſeipſo diſtinctum*. There's a *compleat ſimultaneity* in all his *knowledge*; his *Eſſence* is *all together*, and ſo is his *Knowledge*. *Plurality* of *Objects* will confound a *finite Underſtanding*, for they muſt be preſented

ſented by *different Species*, and a *created Eye* cannot exactly view ſuch *different Faces* at *once*, ſuch *ſeveral Pictures* at *once*. The *Underſtanding* ſometimes loſes it ſelf in a *crowd* of *Objects*; and when ſuch a *multitude* comes *thronging* upon it, it can ſcarce *attend* to any of them. But *God*, ſeeing them all *per unicam ſpeciem, per unicam operationem*, takes *notice* of them all with an *infinite delight*, and *facility*. For he *loves* to *attend* to his own *Eſſence*, which doth ſo admirably *repreſent them* all: hence his *knowledge* is always in *act*; becauſe his *Eſſence* is a *pure act*. *Humane Underſtandings* have much of their *knowledge* ſtor'd up in *Habits*; but there are no *Habits* in a *Deity*: for *Knowledge* is *dormant* in an *Habit*, but *his Underſtanding* never *ſlumbers*, nor *ſleeps*. There's no *Potentiality* in *him*, but he's always *in ultima perfectione*, he is *ſemper in actu intelligendi*; as *Sol* is *ſemper in actu lucendi*. *Humane Underſtandings* are fain to *unbend* themſelves ſometimes, as if they were *faint*, and *weary*: but *Divinity* is always *vigorous*, and *Eternity* can never *languiſh*. The *Underſtanding* of *God* thus being fill'd with *Light*, his *Will* alſo muſt needs be *rational*, *non cæca, ſed occultata notitia*. This makes the *Scholemen* very well *determine*, That, though there cannot be *cauſa divinæ voluntatis*, yet there may be aſſign'd *ratio divinæ voluntatis*. There can be no *cauſe* of his *Will*; for then there would be a *cauſe* of his *Eſſence*, his *Will* being *all one* with his *Eſſence*: but there cannot be *cauſa prior prima*. Yet *this account* may be given of his *Will*, that *bonum intellectum eſt fundamentum voliti*; ſo that as God do's *primarily intelligere ſeipſum*, ſo he do's underſtand other things only *per ſeipſum*, ſo likewiſe he do's *principally*, and *neceſſarily velle ſeipſum*, and do's *will* other things *ſecondarily*, and out of choice, *propter ſeipſum*. And, as God hath ſet all other *Beings* a *longing* after the *perfections*, and *conſervations* of their own *Beings*, and ha's in a *ſpecial* manner ſtamp'd upon a *rational Nature* an *intellectual appetite* of its own *well-fare*, and *happineſs*; ſo, as that it cannot but propound an *ultimate ſcope*, and *end* to it ſelf, and *bend*, and *direct* all its *deſires* for the *hitting*, and *attaining* of it: ſo he himſelf alſo ſets up himſelf, as the moſt *adequate*, and *amiable end* of all his *workings*, and *motions*, and do's *bend* the whole *creation*, do's *ſhoot* every *Being*, and *order* it to his own *glory*. Now how *rational* is that *Will* of his, that do's chiefly fix it ſelf upon the *faireſt good*, and *wills* other things only, as they are *ſubſervi-*

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ent to it. *Deus vult bonitatem ſuam tanquam finem, & vult omnia alia tanquam media ad finem.* Out of the *intenſe*, and *vehement willing* of himſelf, he *wills* alſo ſome *prints*, and *reſemblances* of himſelf. The *beauty* of his own *face*, of his own *goodneſs* is ſo *great*, as that he *loves* the very *picture* of it: and, becauſe *one picture* cannot ſufficiently expreſs it, therefore he gives ſuch *various*, and *numerous repreſentations* of it. As when *men* cannot expreſs their minde in *one word*, they are willing to *rhetoricate*, and *enlarge* themſelves into *more*. God doth give many *ſimilitudes* of himſelf, for the *greater explication* of his own *eſsence*. His *eſsence* in it ſelf not being capable of *augmentation*, or *multiplications*; he loves to ſee ſome *imitations*, and *manifeſtations* of it, to make known his *own power*, and *perfection* in a way of *cauſality*. Now the *Underſtanding* of God being ſo *vaſt*, and *infinite*, and his *Will* being ſo *commenſurate*, and *proportion'd* to it, nay, *all one* with it; all thoſe *Decrees* of his, that are the *Eternal product*, and *reſults* of his *Minde*, and *Will*, muſt needs be *rational* alſo. For in them his *Underſtanding*, and *Will* met together, his *Truth*, and *Goodneſs* kiſſed each other. And though theſe *Decrees* of God muſt be *reſolved* into his *abſolute ſupremacy*, and *dominion*; yet that very *Sovereignty* of his is founded upon ſo much *reaſon*, and do's *act* ſo *wiſely*, and *intelligently*, as that no *created Underſtanding* can juſtly *queſtion* it, but is bound *obediently* to *adore* it. The *Proſecution*, and *Application* of theſe *Decrees*, 'tis accompanied with the very ſame *wiſdome*, and *reaſon*: for what's *Providence*, but *Oculus in Sceptro*, a *rational guiding*, and *ruling* all affairs in the World? 'tis *ipſa ratio divina in ſummo Principe conſtituta*; 'tis *ratio ordinandorum in finem*; that, which in *Man* is called *Prudence*, in *God* is called *Providence*; the *right tuning*, and *regulating* of all *circumſtances*, and making them to *conſpire*, and *contribute* to his own *end*, and *glory*. And, if man could but rightly *interpret*, and *comment* upon *Providence*, what freſh *diſcoveries*, what *bright diſplayings* of *divine Reaſon* would they all continually meet with-all? What *ſhinings*, and *ſparklings* of *Divine Wiſdome* are there in ſome remarkable *providential paſsages*? You, that are moſt *acquainted* with the *ways* of God, tell us, if you did ever finde any thing *unreaſonable* in them. Enquire ſtill more into his *dealings*, and you'll ſee more of *Reaſon* in them. Could you ſearch *deeper* into the *rich Mine* of his *counſel*, you would ſtill meet with more

precious veins of *Wiſdome*. The *depths of his counſels*, what are they but the very *profoundneſs* of his *Reaſon*? τὰ βάθη τοῦ Θεοῦ, they are τὰ βάθη τοῦ λόγου. And whenſoever this *ſecret counſel* of his *iſſues out*, and *bubles forth*, it is in moſt *rational manifeſtations*. His *Commands* are all *rational*, his *Word* is the very *pith*, and *marrow* of Reaſon. His *Law* is the *quickning*, and *wakening* of mens *Reaſon*; his *Goſpel*, 'tis the *flowing out* of his own *Reaſon*; 'tis the *Quinteſſence* of *wiſdome* from above; his *ſpirit* is a *rational Agent*; the *motions* of the *holy Ghoſt* are *rational Breath*; the *revelations* of the *Holy Ghoſt*, a *rational Light*, as *rational* as a *Demonſtration*: the *Apoſtle* calls them ſo. As when the *Spirit of God* overpowers the *Will*, it makes a *willingneſs* there, where there was an *abſolute nolency*, an *obſtinate refuſal* before. So, when it over-powers the *Minde*, it makes it *underſtand* that, which it *did not*, which it *could not* underſtand before. *Spiritual irradiations* ſtamp *new light*, create *new reaſon* in the *Soul*. Nothing comes to Man with the *ſuperſcription* of a *Deity*; but that, which hath upon it ſome *ſignature* of *Wiſdome*. God himſelf is an *intelligent worker* in his dealing with *all Beings*, how much rather in his dealing with *rational Beings*? By all this you ſee, that *God* himſelf is the *Eternal Spring*, and *Head* of *Reaſon*; and that *humane* Wiſdome is but a *created*, and an *imperfect Copy* of his *moſt perfect*, and *original* Wiſdome.

Now *Philoſophy* could dictate thus much; τέλος ἀνθρώπου ἕπεσθαι τοῖς Θεοῖς. God *loves* to ſee ſuch a *noble Creature*, as *Man* is, to *follow*, and *imitate* him in his *Reaſon*. *Omnia intendunt aſſimilari Deo*; as the *Scholemen* have it. Now men cannot be more *aſſimilated* unto *God*, then by moving as *Intelligent Agents*. Do's *God* himſelf work according to *Reaſon* from *eternity* to *eternity*? And ha's he made a *Creature* in time, whoſe very *eſſence* is *Reaſon*? Why then do's it not open its *Eyes*? why do's it not uſe its *Lamp*? and though it cannot diſcover *all*, yet let it diſcern *as much* as it can. Let it not act in the *choiceſt points* of *Religion* out of *blinde*, and *implicite Principles*, and *huddle up* its chiefeſt *operations* in, I know not what, *confuſed*, and *obſcure*, and *undigeſted* manner. This neither becomes *Sons of Light*, nor *works of Light*. The more men *exerciſe Reaſon*, the more they *reſemble God* himſelf; who ha's but *few Creatures*, that can *repreſent* him in ſo *bright* an excellency, as this; only *Angels*, and Men: and there-

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fore he expects it the *more* from them. And the more they *exercise* their *own Reason*, the more they will *admire*, and *adore* his. For none can *admire Reason*; but they, that use some *Reason* themselves. And this may suffice for the *first Particular*, that *The Candle of the Lord*, 'tis *lumen derivatum*, it was *first lighted* at a *Sun-beam*.

CHAP. XII.

The Light of Reason *is a Diminutive Light.*

THis *Candle of the Lord*, 'tis *Lumen tenue*, & *diminutum*. A *Lamp* is no such *dazling object*. A *Candle* ha's no such *goodly light*, as that it should *pride*, and *glory* in it. 'Tis but a *brief*, and *compendious* Flame, *shut up*, and *imprison'd* in a *narrow* compass. How far distant is it from the *beauty* of a *Star*? How far from the *brightness* of a *Sun*? This *Candle of the Lord*, when it was first *lighted up*, before there was any *Thief* in it, even then it had but a *limited*, and *restrained Light*. God said unto it, *Thus far shall thy Light go*: *hither shalt thou shine*, *and no farther*. *Adam*, in *innocency*, was not to *crown* himself with his *own sparks*. God never intended, that a *Creature* should rest satisfied with its own *Candle-light*; but that it should run to the *Fountain* of *Light*, and *Sun* it self in the *presence* of its God. What a *poor happiness* had it been for a man, only to have enjoyed his *own Lamp*? Could *this* ever have been a *Beatifical Vision*? Could *this Light* ever have made an *Heaven* fit for a *Soul* to dwell in? The *sparkling Seraphims*, and *glittering Cherubims* (if it were possible, that the *face of God* should be *eclipsed* from them, that they should have *no light*, but that, which shines from their *own essences*) *Blackness*, and *Darkness*, and *Gloominess*, a *total*, and *fatal Eclipse*, a *present*, and *perpetual night* would *rush* in upon them. If the *Heaven* were fuller of *Stars*, then it is; and, if this *lower part* of the *World* were *adorned*, and *illuminated* with as many *Lamps*, as 'tis capable of, yet would they never be able to supply the *absence* of one *Sun*.

Their *united Light* would not amount to ſo much, as to make up *one day*, or *one moment* of a day. Let *Angels*, and *Men* contribute as *much light*, as they can; let them *knit*, and *concentricate* their *Beams*: yet neither *Angelical Star-light*, nor the *Sons of men* with their *Lamps*, and *Torches*, could ever make up the *leaſt ſhadow* of *Glory*, the *leaſt appearance* of *Heaven*, the *leaſt fringe* of *Happineſs*. *Lucifer*, that needs would be an *Independent Light*, that would *ſhine* with his *own Beams*, you know that he preſently *ſunk*, and *fell* into *perpetual darkneſs*. And *Adam's Candle*, aſpiring to be a *Sun*, ha's burn'd the *dimmer* ever ſince. *God*, taking notice of it, and ſpying him in the *duſt*; "Lo (ſaies "he) here lies the *ſpark*, that would needs become a *God*. There "lies the *Glow-worm*, that would needs become a *Sun*. *Man is become like one of us!* Yet, notwithſtanding *Adam's Light*, at firſt, was a *pure light*, till he had *ſoil'd* it; 'twas a *Virgin-light*, till he had *deflowr'd* it. The *Breath*, that God *breath'd into* him, was very *precious*, and *fragrant*; till he had *corrupted* it. נשמת אדם the *Spirit* of *Adam* (if we ſhould render the words ſo) 'twas in a *ſpecial* man נר יהוה *Lucerna Domini*. When *God* raiſed this *goodly ſtructure* of Man out of *nothing*, he built it *moſt compleatly*, and *proportionably*; he left it *in ſtatu integro, & perfecto*: for you cannot imagine, that any *obliquity*, or *irregularity* ſhould come from ſo *accurate* an Hand, as his was. When *God* printed the whole *Creation*, there were no *Erratu* to be found, no *Blots* at all. Every *Letter* was *fair*, and *lovely*; though ſome *firſt*, and *Capital Letters* were *flouriſh'd* more *artificially*, then others. Other *inferiour Creatures* would ſerve like ſo many *Conſonants*: but *Men* were the *Vowels*, or rather the *Diphthongs*, to *praiſe* him both in *Soul*, and *Body*. When *God* firſt *tun'd* the *whole Creation*, every *String*, every *Creature* praiſed him: but *Man* was the *ſweeteſt*, and *loudeſt* of the reſt; ſo that, when that *String apoſtatized*, and fell from its *firſt tuning*, it ſet the whole *Creation* a *jarring*. When God firſt *planted* the *Soul* of *Man*, it was the *Garden* of *God* himſelf, his ſpiritual *Eden*, he loved to *walk* in it; 'twas full of the *faireſt*, and *choiceſt Flowers*, of the *moſt precious*, and *delicious Fruits*; 'twas watered with all the *freſh Springs* of *heavenly Influence*: no *Weeds*, nor *Briars*, nor *Thorns* to be found there. The *Underſtanding*, that *Tree* of *Knowledge*, was very *tall*, and *ſtately*, and reaching up to *Heaven*.

There

There was in *Man* a *cognitio plena, & lucida*, as the *Scholemen* ſpeak; *clara, & fixa contemplatio intelligibilium.* The Eye of the *Soul*, 'twas *quick*, and *clear*, 'twas *ſtrong*, and *fix'd*; God *tried* it by himſelf, by a *Sun-beam*, and found it *genuine.* How preſently did *Adam* by this ſpy out the *ſtamps*, and *ſignatures*, that were upon the *ſeveral Creatures?* when, by an *extemporary* facility, he gave them ſuch *Names*, as ſhould *interpret*, and *comment* upon their *Eſſences.* Nay, (according to the *Scholemens* Determinations) *Man*, in this his *primitive* condition, *habuit ſcientiam omnium naturaliter ſcibilium.* As *God* framed him an *elegant Body* at his *full height*, and *ſtature*; (though not with his *Head* reaching up to *Heaven*, as ſome did ridiculouſly phanſie) ſo he gave him alſo a *comely*, and *amiable ſoul* at its juſt ἀκμὴ, *endowed* with all *natural accompliſhments*, and *perfections*; his *Dove-like Spirit* dwelt in a *ſpotleſs*, and *beautiful Temple.* This makes the *Proteſtant Divines* very well determine, that *Pronitas ad malum non fluit ex principiis Naturæ integræ*; for it would be a thought too injurious to the *God of Nature*, to imagine he ſhould frame *Evil.* Yet ſome of the *Papiſts*, and ſome others, do conſtantly affirm, that ſuch a *rational Being*, as *Man* is, conſidered *in puris naturalibus*, will have an *unavoidable propenſity* unto Evil, *ex neceſſaria materiæ conditione:* and they bring forth ſuch bold words as theſe; *Deum non poſſe creare hominem, ex anima rationali, & materiali ſenſibili compoſitum*; *quin, præter divinam intentionem, homo ità conſtitutus habeat præcipitem inclinationem ad ſenſibilia.* Their meaning is this; By reaſon of that *intimate*, and *eſſential* conjunction of the *ſenſitive* Powers with the *intellectual*, there muſt needs ariſe ſome *ataxy*, and *confuſion* in the *Being* of *Man*, and too great a favouring of *ſenſitive Objects*, unleſs that *inferiour* part of the *Soul* be reſtrained *ſupernaturali quodam fræno* (as they ſpeak) and, ſay they, it was thus *chain'd up* in a State of *Innocency*; but now, being let *looſe*, 'tis extreamly *wilde*, and *unruly.* How *derogatory* is this from the *goodneſs*, and *power* of *God's Creation*, and from that *accurate harmony*, and *immaculate beauty*, that were to be found in ſuch a *Noble Being*, as *Man* was in his *native*, and *original* condition? *Nec frænum, nec calcar deſiderabatur:* for there was a *juſt*, and *regular tendency*, without the leaſt *ſwerving*, or *deviation.* There was no ſuch *tardity* in the *ſenſitive* part, as ſhould need a *Spur*; nor yet any ſuch *impetuouſneſs*, and *violence*,

lence, as ſhould require a *Bridle*. This indeed muſt be granted, that upon the *knitting*, and *uniting* of ſuch a *Soul* to ſuch a *Body*, of *ſenſitives* to *intellectuals*, there will naturally follow *reſpectus*, *& inclinatio ad ſenſibilia*; and this is not *præter*, *ſed ſecundum intentionem divinam*: but that this ſhould be *præceps*, *rebellis*, *& inordinata inclinatio*, is ſo far from being *neceſſary*, as that 'tis plainly *contra-natural*. For this *ſenſitive Appetite* of Man is born *ſub regno Rationis*, and ſo is to be govern'd *ſceptro Rationis*. By this *golden Scepter* it was peaceably *rul'd* in a State of *Innocency*. *Anima non aggravata erat a corpore*, (as the *Scholemen* ſay) the *Body*, though it was not *beautified*, and *clarified* in the ſame meaſure, that a *glorified* Body is; yet it was *dutiful*, and *obedient*, and every way *ſerviceable* to the *Soul*. The *ſenſitive* Powers were not *factious*; but were willingly *ſubject* to the *higher Powers*, to the *intellectuals*. The *firſt bublings* of the *ſoul* were *pure*, and *Chryſtalline*, and *ſtreamed* out very *freely*, and *fluently*, without any *murmuring*, without any *wavering*, without any *foaming*. There were no violent *motions*, no violent *perturbations*, which ſince have made ſuch *inſurrections* in the *ſoul*, and with their *importunate breath* endeavour, as much as they can, to *blow out* this *intellectual* Lamp, this *light* of *Reaſon*. There were *nullæ paſſiones*, *quæ reſpiciunt malum*; as the *Schole* tells us. There was no *ſlaviſh fear*, to beſpeak, and antedate *grief*. There was no *paleneſs* to be ſeen, no *tremblings*, nor *ſhiverings*; no *tears*, nor *ſighs*; no *bluſhes*, nor the leaſt tincture of *ſhame*. *Paradiſe*, it had ſo much of the *Lily*, as't had nothing of the *Roſe*: yet there were *iſtius modi paſſiones*, *quæ ordinantur ad bonum*. *Joy* would *dance*, and *leap* ſometimes; *Love* would *embrace*, and *twine* about its *deareſt good*: ſuch *pure*, and *noble Affections*, as *live*, and *dwell* in the *Breaſts* of *glorified Beings*, were not baniſh'd, and *excluded* from this State of *Integrity*. The *Poets* ſhadowed out this *happy time* in their *Golden Age*, though they mix ſome *Droſs* in the *Deſcription* of it. Now man being conſtituted in this *State* of *natural rectitude*, his *Candle* ſhining *clearly*, his *Will* following *chearfully*, his *Affections* complying moſt *ſuitably*, a ſudden *Cloud* preſently *ruſh'd* upon him, and *blotted* all his Glory. And, as the *Oratour* ſtiled that *Roman Magiſtrate*, that was ſuddenly turned out of his place, *Conſul vigilantiſsimus*; becauſe he did not ſleep all the time of his *Conſulſhip*, (for he continued

but

but a *day* in it) in the very *ſame ſenſe*, and only in *this ſenſe*, *Man* alſo was *vigilantiſſimus in honore*, in the *Pſalmiſt's Language*, בל ילין *non pernoctavit*, he would not *abide in honour*, he did not *lodge one night in honour*. Though I am far from laying ſuch *ſtreſs* upon thoſe *words*, as they do, that will needs from thence *meaſure* the time ſo *exactly*, as that they'll tell you to a *minute* how long *Adam* enjoyed his *firſt glory*; this only we are *ſure* of, it was a very *brief*, and *tranſient happineſs*, a *fading*, and *withering glory*: he had waſted his *Oil* preſently, and the *Lamp* was *going* out; but that *God* drop'd *freſh Oil* into it, by the *promiſe* of a *Meſſiah*. The *Scholemen* are very *ſolicitous*, and *deſirous* to know how *Adam's Underſtanding*, being *in vigore viridi*, could be *entangled* in ſuch a *Snare*, and *deluded* with ſuch a *miſerable fallacy*. *Aquinas*, for his part, determines *hominem in primo ſtatu decipi non potuiſſe*; which yet is altogether *unconceivable*, for how could he *fall*, unleſs his *Head declin'd*? 'Tis not very eaſily *perceptible* at any time; how there can be *Defectus in voluntate*, and yet not *Error in Intellectu*, much leſs can we tell how this ſhould come to paſs, when the *Will* was ſo *obediently* diſpoſed *ad nutum intellectus*, when it gave ſuch *obſervance* to all the *commands*, and *dictates* of the *Underſtanding*, as that did in a ſtate of *Innocency*. And to reſolve the whole *anomaly*, and *irregularity* of that *firſt prevarication*, only into the *Will's untowardneſs*; what is it elſe then to ſay, that *Adam* ſinned *ex mera malitia contra claritatem judicii*? which is to entertain a thought very *groundleſs*, *uncharitable*, and *diſhonourable* to the *firſt root* of *Mankinde*, and to make his *tranſgreſſion* of the ſame *Dye* with thoſe *damned Angelical Spirits*, that were thrown into *irrecoverable miſery*. Therefore *Zanchy*, that was one of the moſt *Scholaſtical* amongſt the *Proteſtants*, doth moſt judiciouſly conclude, that "The *Underſtanding* of *Adam* was "*defective* in its office by a *negligent non-attendency*. The *Eye* was *clear* enough, the *Bow* was *ſtrong* enough; but it was not *vigilant* enough, it was not *bent* enough: the *Balance* was not *deceitfull*, but he forgot to *weigh* things in it. Now *Man* by this *fall* of his was not only *ſpoliatus ſupranaturalibus*, but alſo *vulneratus in ipſis naturalibus*. How ſoon is this *beautifull* Creature *withered*! his *Spring* is gone, his *May* is gone, his *gloſs*, and *greenneſs* gone; the *Flower* droops, the *Tree* is neither ſo *flouriſhing*, nor ſo *fruitfull*; an *untimely*, and *diſconſolate Autumn* comes upon

on him. Thus the *pureſt Complexions* are always moſt *frail*, and *brittle*. Thus the *higheſt Conditions* are moſt *tottering*, and *precipitious*: and the *nobleſt Perfections*, if built only upon *Nature's bottome*, are but *voluble*, and *uncertain*. There ariſes a ſudden δυσκρασία, a preſent ἀσυμμετρία, in the *Being* of *Man*. The *Philoſophers* were very *ſenſible* of it, and *groaned* under it. You may hear them complaining of the τὰ νοσήματα τῆς τῶν ψυχῶν, of the *languiſhings*, and *faintings* of the *Soul*, of a νόθος λογισμὸς, a *ſpurious*, and *adulterate* kinde of *Reaſon*. You may hear them complaining of an ἀπιστία, and πτεροῤῥύησις, a *defluvium pennarum*. The *Wings* of the Soul *flag*, many of the *Feathers* are *ſick*, and *drop away*. And that *Soul*, which was wont to build its *neſt* in the *Stars*, is now fain to build it in the *Duſt*. You may hear one *Philoſopher* complaining of the Κεφαλαλγία, his *Head*, his *Underſtanding akes*; another of the Ὀφθαλμία, his *Eye*, his *Reaſon* is *dimm'd*; a third of the Καρδιαλγία, the *palpitatio cordis*, his Soul *trembles* with *doubts*, and *uncertainties*. You may ſee one graſping a *cloud* of *Errours*; another ſpending much of his time in *untying* ſome one *knot*, in *ſolving* ſome one *difficulty*: you may ſee ſome one *pleaſing* himſelf, and ſitting down in the *ſhadow* of his own *Opinion*; another *bending* all his *nerves*, and *endeavours*, and they preſently *ſnap aſunder*. You may ſee *Socrates* in the *twilight*, and lamenting his *obſcure*, and *benighted* condition, and telling you, that his *Lamp* will ſhew him nothing, but his own *darkneſs*. You may ſee *Plato* ſitting down by the *waters* of *Lethe*, and *weeping*; becauſe he could not *remember* his *former Notions*. You may hear *Ariſtotle* bewailing himſelf thus, that his τῆς ἐν δυνάμει will ſo ſeldome come into *act*, that his *abraſa tabula* ha's ſo *few*, and ſuch *imperfect impreſſions* upon it; that his *Intellectuals* are at ſo *low* an *Ebb*, as that the *motions* of *Euripus* will *poſe* them. You hear *Zeno* complaining, that his Στοὰ is dark; and *Epictetus* confeſſing, that he had not the right *anſa*, the true *apprehenſion* of things. Look upon the *Naturaliſt's Head*, and you'll ſee it *non-plus'd* with an *Occult Quality*: feel the *Moraliſt's Pulſe*, (his *conſcience* I mean) and you'll find it beating *very ſlowly*, very *remiſsly*: look upon the moſt *ſpeculative Eagles*, that ſtare the *Sun* in the *face*, that fly higheſt in *Contemplation*, thoſe, that love to *ſport*, and *play* in the *light*; yet, at length, you may ſee the *Sun* ſtriking them thorough with one of his *glorious Darts*, and chaſtiſing their *inquiſitive*

Eyes

Eyes with one of his *brighteſt Beams.* The *Sun*, 'tis ready to put out this *Candle of the Lord*, if it make too *near approaches* to it. *Humane Underſtandings* are glad to *wink* at ſome *dazling Objects.* As *vehemens Senſibile* doth *deſtruere ſenſum*: ſo *vehemens Intelligibile* doth *perſtringere intellectum.* For in all *Knowledge* there's required a *due proportion* between the *objectum cognoſcibile*, and the *virtus cognoſcitiva*; but when the ſeveral *powers*, and *faculties* of the *Soul* loſt that *comely proportion*, which they had amongſt themſelves, they loſt alſo much of that *correſpondency*, and *conformity*, which they had to their *ſeveral objects.* And the *Soul*, beſides its *own* loſs, had a *ſhare* in the *Bodie's loſs* alſo: for the *Body*, wanting much of that *accurate*, and *elegant compoſure*, which once it had, *Knowledge* it ſelf muſt needs be prejudic'd by it; that being amongſt *men* founded in *ſenſe*, and in ſome meaſure depending upon *organical diſpoſitions.* So that the *ſtreitning*, and *ſtopping* of theſe *Windows* muſt needs *prohibit Light.* *Sin* entred in firſt at a *corporeal*, then at an *intellectual Window*, and *ſtole away* the *Heart*; and the *Windows* have been *broken* ever ſince. I know the *generality* of *Philoſophers* do partly excuſe the *Underſtanding*, and do blame the *Objects* for their *exility*, and *poverty*, for their *little diminutive Entity*, for their *want* of *Intelligibility.* But the *ſubtile Scotus* doth endeavour to *invalidate* that, by telling them, that *Omnia eâdem facilitate intelliguntur à Deo.* Thus much is evident, and undeniable, that the ſpying out of a *little lurking Object* doth argue the *ſtrength*, and *quickneſs*, and *clearneſs* of the *Eye.* The *Sun* diſcovers *Atomes*, though they be *inviſible* by *Candle-light*; yet that makes them *dance naked* in his *Beams.* *Created Underſtandings* want *Spectacles* to *augment*, and *majorate* ſome *Objects.* But the *Soul* never meets with more *difficulty*, then in the *underſtanding* of *Spiritual Beings*, although they have moſt of *Entity*, and ſo moſt of *Intelligibility.* Yet the *Soul*, being *impriſon'd* in a *Body* not ſufficiently *clarified*, and *refined*, cannot ſo fully *cloſe*, and *comply* with *incorporeal Beings.* This *Candle of the Lord* will diſcover more of *ſpirituals*, when 'tis took out of the *Lanthorn*, *in ſtatu ſeparato*; or, when 'tis put into a clearer, *in ſtatu conſummato.* But for the preſent, how *little* doth it know of *it ſelf?* How *little* of *Angels?* How *little* of *God?* And yet how *much* might be known of them? Look but a while (if you can endure to look) upon ſo *unlovely*, and

unpleaſant an *Object*, I mean upon thoſe *black*, and *prodigious Errours*, that *cover*, and *beſpot* the face of theſe Times. And they'll ſoon convince you of the *weakneſs*, and *dimneſs* of this *Lamp-light* of the *Spirit of a man*. *The Candle of the Lord*, though it be amongſt them, yet 'tis not ſo powerfull as to *ſcatter*, and *conquer* their *thick*, and *palpable darkneſs*. 'Tis not an *eaſie*, nor a *ſudden*, nor a *delightfull work* to number ſo many *Errours*; yet, if I could reckon them up all, from the *blundring Antinomian* to the *vagabond Seeker*, or the *wilde Seraphick*, ſet *on fire of Hell*, they would all ſerve for ſo many *fatal examples* of the *miſerable weakneſs* of mens *Underſtanding*. 'Tis true, they do not follow *the Candle of the Lord*; for then *Reaſon* would have guided them better. But this very conſideration ſhews the *weakneſs* of their *Candle-light*; for, if it had been a *brighter*, 'twould not have been ſo ſoon *put out*. 'Tis eaſie to *blow out* a *Candle*; but who can *put out* a *Star*? or who can *extinguiſh* the *Sun*? And men can *ſhut* up *Natural Light*, but who can *impriſon* a *Star*? or who can *ſhut up* the *Sun*? This *faint*, and *languiſhing Candle-light* do's not always prevail upon the *Will*, it doth not ſufficiently *warm*, and *inflame* the *Affections*. Men do not uſe to *warm* their hands at a *Candle*, 'tis not ſo *victorious*, and *over-powering*, as to ſcatter all the *works* of *darkneſs*. It will be *Night* for all the *Candle*. The *Moraliſts* were not only *frigid* in their *Devotions*; but ſome of them were very *diſſolute* in their *Practiſes*. When you think upon theſe things, ſure you'll willingly ſubſcribe to the *forementioned Particular*, which you may do very ſafely, that the *Spirit of a man*, 'tis but a *Candle*; *Lumen exile, & diminutum*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

The Light of Reason *discovers present, not future things.*

'TIs *lumen explicans præsentia, non aperiens futura*; for did you ever hear of such a *Lamp*, as would discover an *object* not yet *born*, nor yet in *being*? Would you not smile at him, that should light up a *Candle* to search for a *futurity*? 'Tis the glorious *prerogative* of the *Divine Understanding*, to have such a *fair*, and *open*, and *unlimited Prospect*, as that in one glorious *twinkling* of an *intellectual Eye* he can see the whole *compass*, and *extent*, and *latitude* of *Being*; and the whole *duration* of *Being*: for *Eternity*, at one draught, doth swallow up the whole fluency of *Time*, and is infinitely above those *temporal* conditions of *past*, *present*, and *to come*. *Nullum tempus occurrit Regi*; say the *Lawyers*: *Nullum tempus occurrit Deo*; say the *Philosophers*. An *Intellectual Sun* doth not *occidere*, *& redire*; but makes one *bright*, and *perpetual day*, and by its *pure*, and *uninterrupted irradiations*; doth *paraphrase*, and *comment* upon all *objects*, so as to *unclout*, and *reveal* the most *obscure contingency*, and to make it *present*, and *naked*, and *visible*. For, as the *Scholemen* tell us, *Scientia Dei ad omnia præsentialiter se habet*; his *Knowledge* being all one with his *Essence*, without the *least shadow of change*. Insomuch as that, which with men is a *futurity*, and *contingency*, with him is always *present*, and *extant*; which speaks for the *certainty*, and *infallibility* of his *Prescience*, though it be conversant about such things, as seem to us most *casual*, and *fortuitous*. For even we our selves know these things *certainly*, when they are in *act*, and in *being*; because that then they lose their *volubility*, and *contingency*, and put on *reality*, and *necessity*: according to that unquestionable *Rule*; *Omne quod est, quando est, necesse est esse*. A *Contingency*, when 'tis *extra suas causas*, when 'tis *actually* produc'd, having a *determinatum Esse*, it may then also have a determinate *cognoscibility*. Now God always thus sees a Contingency *in termino*, *in eventu*, *in periodo*; whereas *created Understand-*

ings look upon it, *in medio, in motu, in itinere.* Nay, ſuch is the *poverty*, and *imperfection* of Man's *Knowledge*, that many things, which are in their *own* Nature *neceſſary*, and *demonſtrable*; yet perhaps they know them *per modum probabilitatis, & non per modum neceſſitatis.* But ſuch is the *height*, and *tranſcendency* of the *Divine Underſtanding*, as that ſuch things, as are in their *own* Natures moſt *dubious*, and *hovering* between *eſſe*, and *non eſſe*; yet God *knows* even theſe *per modum infallibilem*, and plainly perceives which way they will *encline*, when men ſee onely an *equipoiſe*, and *neutrality.* So that the whole *riſe* of *Contingency* flows from the *wavering* of *Second Cauſes.* And, though *ſcientia Dei* be *cauſa rerum*; yet, being but *cauſa remota*, it doth not take away *Contingency*: but God himſelf ſees that ſome things will *evenire contingenter.* For he doth not onely *cognoſcere res*, but *ordinem, & modum rerum.* And knows, that there are ſome *cauſæ intermediæ*, which are *impedibiles*, and *defectibiles* (as the *Scholemen* ſpeak ſomewhat rudely) and by virtue of theſe there ariſes a *contingency.* Thus in a *Syllogiſm*, though the *Major* be *neceſſary*; yet, if the *Minor* be *contingent*, the *Concluſion* will be ſo alſo, and will *ſequi deteriorem partem.* Though the *firſt Cauſe* be certain; yet, if there be *obſtructions* in the *ſecond*, you cannot promiſe your ſelf what the *Effect* will be. Though the *ſpring* of *Motion* cannot *fail*; yet, if the *Wheels* may poſſibly *break*, the *progreſs* will be very *uncertain* to all, but to *God* himſelf: for other *Underſtandings* onely know, that the *Wheels* may break; but *God* he ſees, whether they *will* break, or *no.* So that, which, in reſpect of *Creatures*, is *periculoſa plenum opus aleæ*, in reſpect of *God* is *fixum, & τετέγωνον, determined*, and *immoveable* in his *everlaſting* thoughts. *Angelical Beings* cannot reach to ſo high a *perfection* of *Knowledge*, as this is. For *futurum, quatenus futurum*, is *objectum improportionatum intellectui Angelico*; as acute *Suarez* doth abundantly evince. The *Philoſophers* finde difficulty enough in explaining the *manner*, how *God* hath a *certain*, and *infallible preſcience* of theſe *future uncertainties*; and they finde it a plain *impoſſibility* for the *Angels* to have any ſuch *knowledge*: for they neither have *æternitatem intuitus*, which ſhould *ambire in objecto ſuo omnes differentias temporis*, which ſhould remove all *ſucceſſion*, all *prius & poſterius*, and make a compleat *ſimultaneity*, nor yet have they *plenitudinem rationis repræſentativæ*;

præsentativæ; they have no such *boundless*, and *infinite Species*, as the *Divine Essence* is, by which God beholds *all* things. *Angels* have neither *light* enough of their own to manifest a *future object*; nor an *Eye* strong enough to *pierce* into it. They cannot *infallibly* foretell their *own motions*; because *God* can *alter* them, and *overpower* them: much less can they know the *determinations* of *God* himself, or any *operations*, that depend upon a *free Agent*, till they *bud*, and *blossome* in some *actual discoveries*, and *appearances*. Nor are they so well acquainted with the whole *context*, and *coherence* of *Natural Agents*, with all those *secret twinings*, and *complications*, as to spy out beforehand those *Events*, which are brought forth in a *casual*, and *unusual*, and very *unlikely* manner. Whensoever then they have any *prescience* of *future Contingencies*, 'tis onely by *revelation* from *God* himself. They may see the face of a *future* Object *in speculo divino*; but yet that's *speculum voluntarium*, and shews onely *what* it *pleaseth*, and *when*, and *to whom* it pleaseth. The *Wicked Angels* know this well enough, that they for their parts have *no* knowledg of *future Uncertainties*, though they *desire* to have it, as much as any, and they pretend to it as much as any; yet you know how *cautelous* they were in their *Oracular Responsals*, as that *elegant Moralist*, *Plutarch*, doth most excellently shew in several places. They always drew a *curtain* before their *Predictions*, and wrap'd them up in *obscurity*, which plainly argued a *consciousness* of their own *ignorance* in respect of *future Events*. The *good Angels* are so fill'd with their *present happiness*, they are so *quieted* with the *enjoyment* of *God* himself, as that they are not at all *solicitous*, or *inquisitive* about *future events*; but they chearfully *entertain*, and *drink* in all those *beams*, that come flowing from the *face* of their *God*, and they *desire* no more, then he is pleased to *communicate* to them; nay, indeed, they can *desire* no more, for he *gives* them as much as they are *capable* of. Now if *Angelical Understandings* are not so *wide*, and *comprehensive*, as to *grasp*, and *take* in such *Objects*: what mean then the *Sons of men* to *aspire*, and *reach* after the knowledge of them? If those *tall*, and *eminent Beings*, standing upon the *Mount of God*, cannot *see* them: how shall the *Sons of men*, that are of a *lower stature*, hid in a *valley*, how shall they *behold* them? Yet there was always in the *generality* of *Mankinde* a *prurient desire*, and *hankering* after the knowledge of

future

future Events. Men ſtill *ſtretch out* the Hand to the *forbidden Tree*, they *long* for the *fruit* of it, and would fain be *plucking* ſome *Apples* from it. Nay, *men* long for the *greeneſt Apples*, for the *precocious* knowledge of *Events* before they come to their *juſt ripeneſs*, and *maturity*. The *deſire* of this ſets the *Aſtrologer* a *lighting* his *Candle* at the *Stars*. O, how doth he flatter himſelf in his own *imaginary twinklings?* and how doth he perſwade the more *ſimple*, and *credulous* part of the world, that he can diſcover every *future Atome*, that he can put thoſe *capital Stars*, thoſe *golden Letters* together, and ſpell out all the *fates* of *Kingdoms*, and *Perſons?* It makes the *Augur*, (the κοραξομάντις, as the *Greeks* call him) *chatter* with the *Birds* in their own *Dialect*, and, as if he were their *Scholiaſt*, he writes *Comments*, and *Expoſitions* upon their *Language*. O, how devoutly will he *liſten* to a *prophetical Crow?* how will he *Criticize* upon the *harſh accents* of the *ſcreech-Owl?* upon the *diſmal*, and *melancholy Notes* of the *Night-Raven?* It makes the *Auſpex* watch the *Birds* in their *ſeveral poſtures*, and to be as *diligent*, and *judicious* a *Spectatour* of them, as the other was an *Auditour*. He can *interpret* every *fluttering*, he can tell you all their *Journeys*, where they *lodg'd*, where they *baited laſt*, what *Tree* they *viſited*, what *Bough* they ſtayed *longeſt* upon; and at length he will pluck ſome *Pens* out of their *ſacred Wings* for the writing of all his *learned Predictions*. It moved the *Exſpex* to conſult with the *inwards*, to ſearch into the *bowels* of things; he'll but look upon a *Liver*, and will preſently tell you the *colour*, and *complexion* of all Affairs. It caus'd the *Arux-ſpex* to behold the *behaviour* of the *dying Sacrifice*, and from the *quietneſs*, or *ſtrugling* of thoſe *ſenſitive Creatures*, to foretell the *reluctancies*, or *facilities* in *higher* matters. It ſet the *Chiromancer* a ſtudying to read thoſe *Lines*, that ſeem to be *ſcribled* upon his *Hand*, and to explain them with his own *interlineary Gloſſes*; and to look upon them as *Nature's Manuſcripts*, as an *Enchiridion* of *Nature's penning*, in which ſhe gave him a *brief Synopſis* of all ſuch *Paſſages* of his *Life*, as ſhould come into *being* afterward. It moved the *Interpreter of Dreams* to ſet up his *ſeat* of *Judicature* in thoſe *gates* of *Fancy*, the *Porta Cornea* I mean, and the *Porta Eburnea*; and, as if the *Night* were to *enlighten* the *Day*, he will regulate all his *waking motions* by thoſe *ſlumbering intimations*;

tions; yet usually the *Interpretation* of the *Dream* is the more *non-sensical Dream* of the two. Some others will needs cast *Lots* for their *Fortunes*, and think, that the Judgment of a *Dy* is *infallible*, will undertake no matters of *moment*, till they be *predetermined* by it; *Jacta est alea, & per præsentem sortem judicant de futura.* A *rare device* to finde out *one contingency* by *another*: to lose *one Arrow*, and to shoot *another* after it! These are some of those many *methods*, and *contrivances*, which the *Sons of men* have contriv'd to themselves, for the finding out of *future Events.* What should I tell you of the rest, of the γεωμαντεία, and the πυρομαντεία, of the ὑδρομαντεία, and the νεκρομαντεία, and βελομαντεία, of the λιβανομαντεία, of the κοσκινομαντεία, which are all but the *various expressions* of the same *madness?* What should I tell you of those several *Nations*, that have been *enamor'd* with these *follies?* the *Assyrians*, the *Chaldeans*, the *Persians*, the *Grecians*, the *Romans*, have had always amongst them several *Professours* of these *vanities.* You see how fain the *Sons of men* would have some *key*, or other, to *unlock*, and *open* these *secret* and *reserved* Passages, which *Providence* hath wisely *shut up*, and *hid* from the eyes of *Men.* But *Aquinas* passes this *censure* upon them all; *Hujusmodi artes non utuntur patrocinio intellectûs bene dispositi secundùm virtutem.* And that *sacred Author* is much of the same minde; *Frustrà illud quæris in Terris, quod solus Deus novit in Cœlis.* Yet this *Tree* of *Knowledge* is *fair to the Eye*, and *pleasant to the Taste.* The *Soul* doth *relish* all *notional dainties* with *delight*: and these *prenotions*, and *anticipations* of things are the more *sweet*, and *delicious* to the *palates*, and *tastes* of Men; because most of their *Being* is *treasur'd up* in their *future* condition. They have no *satisfaction*, no *Sabbath*, nor *quiet* in their *present* state; and therefore they would fain know what the *next day*, and what the *next year*, and what the *next age* will bring forth. The *desires*, the *prayers*, the *hopes*, the *endeavours*, the *counsels* of men, they all look towards the *future.* For (as *Mirandula* the *Younger* doth well observe) the *Soul* of *Man*, 'tis *trium temporum particeps. Tempus præteritum Memoriæ, præsens Intellectui, futurum Voluntati congruit, & respondet. God* therefore, that he may keep such a *Creature*, as *Man* is, in a *waiting*, and *obedient* posture, in a posture of *dependance*, and *expectation*, he doth choose *gradually*,

and

and *leiſurely* to diſcover to him, πολυμερῶς, καὶ πολυτρόπως, thoſe *thoughts*, which he hath concerning him. God will have man in this ſenſe *in Diem vivere*, to entertain *Fortune by the day*; as the Noble *Verulam* ſaith, that *Prince* did, whoſe *Life* he writes, and commemorates.

Τὸ σήμερον μέλει μοι, τὸ δ' ἄυριον τίς οἶδε;

'Tis a *ſpeech*, that may be took in a *better ſence*, then *Anacreon* e're meant it. And ſo may that of the *Latin Lyrick*,

Quid ſit futurum crâs, fuge quærere.

And the *Heroical Poet* ſhews them the neceſſity of this *ſobriety*, and *temperance* in *Knowledge*; for, ſaith he,

Neſcia mens hominum fati, ſortíſque futuræ.

For mens *Knowledge* naturally enters in at the *gate* of *Senſe*; but a *future Object* can have no *admiſſion* there. And, as the *Minde* cannot recal *objectum totaliter præteritum*, when there is no remaining *Species*, neither the leaſt *print*, or *veſtigium* of it: ſo neither can it preſent an *object*, that's altogether *future*, and hath no ſuch *colour*, as can *move*, and *ſtrike* the *intellectual eye*. Such *Effects* indeed, as are *ſtored* up in *pregnant*, and *eminent*, and *neceſſary Cauſes*, may be eaſily, and certainly *foreknown* by *viſible*, and *unqueſtionable Demonſtrations*. The foretelling of an *Eclipſe* may be done without an *Oracle*; and may be *believed*, though there be no *Miracle* to *ſeal*, and confirm it. Such *Effects*, as lurk in *probable Cauſes*, that ſeem to *promiſe* very *fairly*, may be known alſo, in an anſwerable, and proportionable manner, by *ſtrong*, and *ſtrenu'd conjectures*. Hence ſpring all the *prænotiones Medicorum, Nautarum, Paſtorum*; as the fore-mentioned *Mirandula* tells us. Yet the great pretenders of the *Antedating Knowledge* do very frequently, *& pro more*, deceive both themſelves, and others, in theſe more *ordinary*, and *eaſie Scrutinies*. This might cloath your *Almanacks* in more *red*, and put them to the *Bluſh* for gueſſing at the *Weather* no better: you may write upon them, *Nulla dies ſine errato*. Did they ne're threaten you with *Thunder*, and *Lightning* enough to make a *Caligula* prepare new *Lawreis*; when yet the *Heavens* prov'd very *pacate*, and *propitious*? Did they ne're tell you of a *ſad diſcontented Day*, which would weep its *eyes out*? which yet, when 'twas born, prov'd a *Democritus*, and did nothing, but *laugh* at their *ignorance*, and *folly*. Did they ne're *flatter* you with *fine*, *pleaſant*, *temperate*

Weather,

Weather, καὶ κατέβη ἡ βροχὴ, καὶ ἔπνευσαν οἱ ἄνεμοι, the *Rain descended*, the *Windes arose*, the *Hail beat*, the *Prediction* fell, becauſe 'twas built upon ſo *weak* a *Foundation*. So that *Aquinas* for his part thinks, that the *ſenſitive Creatures*, the *Crows*, and the *Cranes*, and the *Swallows*, thoſe *flying Almanacks*, that know their *appointed times*, are more *happy*, and *ſucceſsfull* in their *Predictions*, and are better directed by their feeling the *impreſſion* of ſome *Heavenly Bodies*, then *Men* are by their *ſeeing* of them. Now, if theſe *Anni ſpecula* be *crack'd*, and *broken*, and give ſuch *unequal repreſentations* of things moſt *obvious*; how then will they be ever able to ſhew you *objects* far more *imperceptible*, and *immaterial*, that depend upon the *Will*, and *Decrees* of *God* himſelf? and upon the *motions* of moſt *free*, and *indifferent Agents*? This makes the great *Aſtrologo-maſtix*, I mean the moſt Noble, and Eminent *Mirandula* with indignation to conclude, that this *blaſing Art* of theirs (that is *Aſtrology abus'd*, for ſo either he means, or ought to mean) 'tis, at the beſt, but *Domina*, & *Regina Superſtitionum*, and he breaks out into ſuch words as theſe; *Vanitas vanitatum Aſtrologia*, & *omnis ſuperſtitio vanitas*. Yet, notwithſtanding, God hath provided ſome, that ſhall give ſome *faint reſemblances* of himſelf, in the knowledge of *future* things, by a *participation* of *Light* from him. Ἔχομεν βεβαιότερον προφητικὸν λόγον, ᾧ καλῶς ποιεῖτε προσέχοντες, ὡς λύχνῳ φαίνοντι ἐν αὐχμηρῷ τόπῳ· that I may borrow theſe words of the *Apoſtle*. This *Lumen Propheticum*, 'tis *Lumen ſuper-naturale*. *Prophetical ſpringings* come not from the *Will* of *Man*; but from the *Breathings* of the *Holy Ghoſt*, they are *impreſſiones*, & *ſignaturæ divinæ Scientiæ*. As God himſelf is ὁ ὤν, καὶ ὁ ἦν, καὶ ὁ ἐρχόμενος· ſo he will have a *Prophet* to be a *ſhadow* of himſelf,

Ὅς τ' ἤδη τὰ τ' ἐόντα, τά τ' ἐσσόμενα, πρό τ' ἐόντα·

which *Virgil* well tranſlates,

—— *Novit namque omnia Vates,*
Quæ ſint, quæ fuerant, quæ mox ventura trahantur.

God thus *revealing*, and *communicating* his minde to his *Prophets* doth clearly manifeſt; that he himſelf hath an exact knowledge of *future Events*: he doth expreſsly ſhew, that he doth *curare res humanas*; that he is *actor*, & *ordinator futurorum*; that his *Providence* doth *over-rule* the *greateſt Contingencies*. He doth therefore upbraid the *Idols* of the *Heathens* with their *ignorance*

rance of theſe things הגידו האתיות לאחור ונדעה כי אלהים אתם Ἀναγγείλατε ἡμῖν τὰ ἐπερχόμενα ἐπ' ἐσχάτου, καὶ γνωσόμεθα ὅτι θεοί ἐστε, *Iſaiah* xli. 23. *Prophetical Language* is *divini ſermonis character*, and doth neceſſarily require *ſuper-humanam cognitionem*, which makes me wonder at the great *Doctour Maimon*, that reſolves *the power* of *Prophecying* into nothing elſe, then an *healthfull Temper*, a *lively complexion* of *Body*, and a *vigorous Minde* advanced with *ſtudy*, and *induſtry*; an *Opinion*, which ſmells too ſtrongly of the *Garlick*, and *Onions* of that *Countrey*, the *Egyptian Superſtition* I mean, with which he was ſufficiently acquainted: yet he tells us, that it's the *publick Tenent* of the *Jews*, *Sententia legis noſtræ*; for ſo he *entitles* it, and withall *adds*, that the *Art* of *Prophecying* (for though he do's not *ſtile* it ſo, yet he *makes* it ſo) 'tis *ſupremus gradus hominis, & ſumma perfectio ſpeciei*; the *qualifications*, which he requires, are theſe, *Men* muſt be *idonei ad Prophetiam ab ipſa conceptione, & nativitate*, there muſt be *diſpoſitio, & dexteritas naturalis*, there muſt be *optimus humor cerebri*, he muſt be *optimus vir in intellectualibus, & moribus ſuis perfectus*. But his *principal condition* is, that there muſt be *ſumma facultatis imaginatricis perfectio*. For, ſaith he, if the influence of an *Intellectus Agens*, (ſuch an one as he falſely, and vainly ſuppoſes) be pour'd out only upon the *rational part* of the *Soul*, and doth not *drop* upon the *Fancy*, either by reaſon of the *ſcarcity* of *Oil*, or the *incapacity* of the *Fancy*, there will be onely *ſecta ſapientum Speculatorum*. Such men may be eminent for *deep Contemplation*; but they will ne're be famous for *Prophecying*. If the *Fancy* be onely *quickened*, or *heightned*; then there will be *ſecta Politicorum, Jurisperitorum, Præſtigiatorum, Incantatorum*: but, if the *Underſtanding*, and *Fancy* be both *heightned* to their due *apex*, *repentè fiunt Prophetæ*: onely this I had almoſt forgot, which yet he thinks very convenient, that they ſhould have *good Dyet* for the time of their Prophecying; for, as he tells you, according to the minde of the *Jews*, *Prophetia neque habitat inter triſtitiam, neque pigritiam*. So that the *Terræ-filii*, the עם ארץ, the *vulgar* ſort of *people* are no more fit to *Propheſy*, *quam vel Aſinus, vel Rana*. They are his *own words* turn'd into *Latine*. But ſurely this *Doctour* himſelf did not *propheſy*, but *dream* all this while; how elſe did he think, that ſuch a *noble*, and *ſpiritual imployment*, ſuch a *rare*, and *glorious Privilege*, as this is, could

be

be raiſed by the *power* of *Man* out of the *ſtrength* of *Nature*; that *Nature*, that's ſo *fallen*, and *degenerated*? And what means he *to limit the Holy One of* Iſrael, *and to reſtrain the Spirit of the Almighty*? Grant, that *Eſay* was a *Courtier*, yet was not *Amos* an *Herdsman*? and was not he alſo among the *Prophets*? Did he ne're hear of the *weaker Sex* ſometimes *propheſying*? which yet was ne're famous for *Intellectuals*. Do's not this *prophetical Spirit* breathe *when* it pleaſeth, and *where* it pleaſeth, and *how* it pleaſeth? Methinks, this *ſecond Moſes* ſhould not be offended, though ſome of the *ordinary people* be *Prophets*. Or if *natural endowments*, or *artificial preparations* muſt be had, and if they of themſelves be ſo *potent*, and *energetical*; how then comes *Viſion* to *fail*, and how do's *Prophecy ceaſe*? Are there none, that have their *imagination* ſtrong enough, that have their *Underſtandings* rais'd enough? that are of *unqueſtionable integrity*, and are not wanting in *ſtudy*, and *induſtry*; and yet are no *Prophets*, nor *Prophets ſons*? Let then this *Candle of the Lord* content it ſelf with its *proper object*. It findes *work* enough, and *difficulty* enough in the diſcovery of *preſent* things, and ha's not ſuch a *copious light*, as can ſearch out *future Events*.

CHAP. XIV.

The Light of Reaſon *is a certain Light.*

'Tis *Lumen certum*. *Lamp-light* as 'tis not *glorious*, ſo 'tis not *deceitful*. Though it be but a *faint*, and *languiſhing light*; though it be but a *limited*, and *reſtrained light*: yet it will diſcover ſuch *objects*, as are within its *own ſphere*, with a ſufficient *certainty*. The *letters* of *Nature's Law* are ſo *fairly printed*, they are ſo *viſible*, and *capital*, as that you may read them by this *Candle-light*; yet ſome *weak*, and *perverſe Beings*, not fit to be *honoured* with the *name* of *Men*, ſlight all the *workings*, and *motions* of *Reaſon*, upon this *account*, that they are *rolling*, and *fluctuating*, that they are *treacherous*, and *unconſtant*. And they look upon *Logick*, which is nothing elſe but the *juſt advancement* of *Reaſon*, an *Art* of *ri-*

pening, and *mellowing reaſon*; an *Art* of *clarifying*, and *refining* of the *minde*; yet they look upon it as an *intellectual* kinde of *Jugling*, an *artificial* kinde of *cheating*, and *cozening* their *underſtanding*. Nor were it a *wonder*, if onely the *dregs* of *people*, the rude *lump* of the *multitude*, if they onely were *ſunk*, and *degenerated* into this *folly*: but I *meet* with a *famous*, and *antient Sect* of *Philoſophers*, that *delight* in the *name* of *Scepticks*, who by a ſtrange kinde of *Hypocriſie*, and in an *unuſual way* of *affectation*, pretend to more *ignorance* then they *have*, nay, then they are *capable* of. They *quarrel* with all *Arts*, and *Sciences*, and do as much as they can to *annihilate* all *knowledge*, and *certainty*; and *profeſs* nothing, but a *Philoſophical* kinde of *neutrality*, and *Luke-warmneſs*. *Socrates* did not *pleaſe* them; for he ſhewed himſelf but a *Semi-Sceptick*, one, that was too *confident* in ſaying, that he did *Hoc tantum ſcire, ſe nihil ſcire*; for they will not allow ſo much *knowledge* as that comes to, this they tell you, that they don't know this, whether they know any thing, or no. There was one ſort of *Academicks*, that came very near them, their *Motto* was, Οὐ καταλαμβάνω, their *meaning* was, that they could not *graſp*, or *comprehend* any *object*. *Lucian* (that *unhappy Wit*) makes himſelf very *merry* with them, and *laughs* at one of them, that had a *Servant*, that prov'd a *fugitive*, and *ran* away from him; "His *Maſter* (ſaies he) "is very unfit to run after him δεξιτέλω μεταδιώκειν· for he will "always cry, Οὐ καταλαμβάνω, ἢ καταλαμβάνω, *I cannot reach him, I cannot come near him.* Yet, if theſe *Academicks* by their ἀκαταληψία meant no more, then this, that the whole *Intelligibility* of any *Entity* could not be *exhauſted* by them, that they could not *perfectly*, and *powerfully* pierce into any *object*, as to diſcover all, that was *knowable* in it; their *Opinion* then was not onely *tolerable*, but very *commendable*, and *undeniable*: for onely *God* himſelf doth thus καταλαμβάνειν. There is not enough in any *created Lamp* to give ſuch a bright *diſplaying* of an *Object*. Nor is there *vigour* enough in any *created Eye*, ſo to pierce into the *pith*, and *marrow* of *Being*, into the *depth*, and *ſecrecy* of *Being*. But, if their minde was this (as 'tis generally thought to be) that there was nothing in *Being* ſo *viſible*, as that their *Underſtanding* could pierce it with *certainty*, and *ſatisfaction*; ſuch an *Errour* as this was very *derogatory* to the *plenitude*, and *exuberancy* of *Beings*, that ſtreams out in a *clear cognoſcibility*, and 'twas very,

very injurious to their own *rational capacities*, which were not made so *strait*, and *narrow-mouth'd*, as not to receive those *Notions*, that continually drop from *Being*: but they were *contriv'd*, and *proportion'd* for the *well-coming*, and *entertaining* of *Truths*, that love to *spin*, and *thread* themselves into a *fine continuity*; as if they meant to *pour* themselves into the *Soul* without *spilling*. But the *Scepticks* will bid you ἐπέχειν, and will desire you not to *believe* one word of this. They have no less then ten several *Bridles*, *ad compescendum*, & *cohibendum assensum*, (*Sextus Empiricus*, that grand *Sceptick*, will give you a sight of them all) from whence they were stil'd οἱ ἐφεκτικοὶ, men, that did *check*, and *constrain knowledge*: that whereas the οἱ δογματικοὶ, their Adversaries *ex Diametro*, did lay down their *Determinations* in a more *positive*, and *decretorious* manner; these οἱ σκεπτικοὶ would take time to *consider*, and no less then all their *life-time*. They chose to be so many perpetual *Questionists*, that would *pose* themselves, and *rub* themselves, and *stay* themselves *finally*, and would by no means be perswaded to *commence*, or take any *Degree* in *Knowledge*. Πάντα ἴσην ἀδεια, that was the *sum* of all their *Philosophy*. Their most *radical*, and *fundamental Principle*, if they may be said to have any such, was this, τῷ παντὶ λόγῳ ἢ λόγον ἴσον ἀντικεῖσθαι· That all *Propositions* were in *equilibrio*; That there was nothing could encline the *Balance* this way, or that; That there was an ἰσοσθένεια μαχομένη πρὸς πίστιν καὶ ἀπιστίαν, there was an *exact equality* of *Reason* for the *affirmation*, or *negation* of any *Proposition*. *Lucian* brings in one of them with a *pair* of *Balances* in his Hand, crowding three, or four *Arguments* for the *Affirmative* into one *scale*, and just as many for the *Negative* into the other, and then telling them his meaning in these words, Ξυγοστατῶ ἐν δυσὶ τοῖς λόγοις, καὶ πρὸς τὸ ἴσον ἀποδίδωμι, καὶ ἐπειδὰν ἀκριβῶς ὁμοίως τι καὶ ἰσοβαρὲς ἴδω, τότε ἢ ἀγνοῶ ἢ ἀληθέστερον. "I have took (saith he) a great deal of pains in weighing "of Controversies, and yet finde in them such an undistinguish-"able equipoise, as that there is not in me the least inclination to "one side more, then the other. This they term an ἀδιαφορία, an ἀπροκλισία, a *speculative* kinde of ἀπροσωπολημψία, an *impartiality* in respect of *all* things. In *Morals* they call it ἀπραγμοσύνη. For as they would not acknowledge any *verum*, or *falsum*; so neither would they trouble themselves about any *turpe*, or *honestum*,

nestum; ἢ μᾶλλον ὄντως, ἢ ἐκείνως, ἢ ἑλκτέρως. They had no better *Ethicks*, then *that speech* would amount to; yet they had some *Laws* amongst them, some *Customs*, and *Rules* of *Life*: but they did not observe them as τὰ βεβαίως γνωστὰ, things, that were *fix'd*, and fit to be *establish'd*, they were far from being *irreversible*, like those of the *Medes*, and *Persians*; but they put them under the Head of τὰ φαινόμενα, Laws *pro tempore*, such *shadows*, and *appearances*, as they would for the present please themselves in. And, after all *Debates*, after all their *siftings*, and *discussing* of *Affairs*, they would conclude no otherwise then this; τάχα δέ ὅτι, τάχα δ' οὐκ ἔστιν· ἐνδέχεται, καὶ οὐκ ἐνδέχεται· ἔξεστι μὲν εἶναι, ἔξεστι δὲ μὴ εἶναι· which were all but so many *frigid expressions* of their *hesitancy*, and *stammering Opinion*. Yet this they call'd σάσις διανοίας, a *judicious pausing*, and *deliberation*, which they did far prefer, or rather seem to prefer, before the *daring rashness* of others, that were more *Dogmatical*, and *Magisterial*, κενὴς οἰήσεως ἐμπλεοι ἀσκοὶ (as they call'd them) *swelling Bladders*, *empty Bottles*, that were stop'd, and *seal'd up*, as if they had some *precious liquour* in them; when as they were fill'd with nothing, but *air*, and *winde*. There was more *modesty*, and less *ostentation*, as they thought, in their ἀπορία, which they esteem no small *temperance*, and *sobriety* in *Knowledge*: an *intellectual* kinde of *Continence*, and *Virginity*, to keep their *Minde pure*, and untouch'd, when as other *Understandings* were *ravish'd*, and *deflower'd* with the violence of every *wanton Opinion*; whereas *Demonstrations* did not move these men at all: for, as they tell you, they always run, either εἰς τ' ἀλλήλων, or εἰς τ' ἄπειρον τρόπον, they either rest in a *medium* equally *obscure*, which must needs be *invalid*, and *inefficacious*; or else there will be no *period* at all, but a *processus in infinitum*. If you expect, that they should *acquiesce*, and rest *contented* with *first Principles*, they know no such things; they tell you they are only some *artificial Pillars*, which some *faint*, and *tired Understandings* have set up for themselves to *lean* upon; they won't be *fetter'd* with an *Axiome*, nor *chained* to a *first Principle*, nor *captivated* by a *Common Notion*. As they break the most *binding cords* of *Demonstrations* asunder; so they threaten to make these *Pillars* of *Truth* to *tremble*. To prove by a *first Principle* (say they) 'tis but *Petitio principii*, 'tis τὸ ζητούμενον σωαραίζειν, 'tis to *beg* a *Truth*, not to *evince* it. If

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you tell them, that these *Common Notions* shine with their *native Light*, with their own *proper Beams*; all, that they return, will be this, that perhaps *you* think so, but *they* do not. Yet, that they might the better *communicate* their mindes, they allow'd their *Scholars* to take some things for *granted* for *a while*, upon this *condition*, that they would *distrust* them afterwards. But these *doubters*, these *Scepticks*, were never so much *convinc'd*, as when they were *quickened*, and *awaked* by *sensitive Impressions*. This made some *laugh* at *Pyrrhon*, (though not the *Authour*, as is falsely supposed by some, yet a *principal amplifier*, and *maintainer* of this *Sect*, whence they had their name of οἱ Πυῤῥώνειοι,) who, when a *Dog* was ready to *bite* him, he *beat* him away, and *ran* as *fast* as he could from him; some, that took *notice* of it, gave him a *smiling reproof* for his *apostatizing* from *Scepticism*; but he returns him this *grave* Answer, Ὡς χαλεπὸν εἶναι ὅλως ἐκδῦναι ἄνθρωπον. Where he spoke *truth*, before he was *aware*; for his *words* are Πυῤῥωνείας ὑποτύπωσις, (as I may so *phrase* them) a *brief Description* of the whole *drift*, and *intention* of that *Sect*; which was ἐκδῦναι ἄνθρωπον, for they had sufficiently put off *Reason*, and they did endeavour indeed to put off *Sense*, as much as they could. Yet the *Sceptical* Writer, *Sextus Empiricus*, confesses, that the ἀνάγκη τῶν παθῶν, the *vehemency*, and *importunity* of *Sensitives*, ἀβιάστως ἡμᾶς ἄγουσιν εἰς συγκαταθέσεις, *they are* (saith he) *so urgent, and cogent, as that they do extort some kinde of assent from us*, λιμὸς μὲν ὅτι προτρέπει ἡμᾶς ἐσθίειν, δῆλα ὅτι πόα, *when we seem to be hungry* (saith he) *perhaps we go to our meat, and when we have made a shew of eating, at length we seem to be satisfied.* All such matters of *sense* they resolve into their τὰ φαινόμενα, into some kinde of *appearances*, that do for the *present* affect them. Φαίνεται ἡμῖν γλυκάζειν τὸ μέλι. *Honey* seems to be pretty *sweet*, and *pleasant* to them; but whether it do not *dissemble*, whether it be, as it *seems* to be, that they *question*. I finde, that *Pyrrhon*, the great *promoter*, and *propagatour* of this *Sect*, was at first a *Painter* by his *Trade*; and, it seems, he was very loath *ab arte sua recedere*: for he looks upon every *Being*, as a *Picture*, and *Colour*, a *Shadow*, a *rude Draught*, and *Portraicture*, a meer *representation*, that hath nothing of *solidity*, or *reality*. These *Pictures* of his *drawing* enamor'd many others: for this *Sect* was *patroniz'd* by men of *acuteness*, and *subtilty*; the

the *Wits* of the *age*; *magna ingenia, sed non sine mixtura dementiæ; mala Punica, sed non sine grano putrido:* I could name you *Authours* of good *worth*, and *credit*, who tell you, that *Homer*, and *Archilochus*, and *Euripides*, and the *Wise men* of *Greece* were all *Scepticks*: yet those *proofs*, which they bring to *evidence*, and *evince* it, are not so *pregnant*, and *satisfying*; but that you may very lawfully *doubt* of it, and yet be no *Scepticks* neither. But *Francis Mirandula* reckons many very *Learned* men, that were *deeply engaged* in this *Sect*, and some others, that did very *near border* upon it. *Protagoras*, among the rest, whom *Plato* frequently mentions, and whom *Aristotle* confutes, who was of this minde, that all *Opinions* were *true*. *Sextus Empiricus* passes this *censure* upon him, that he was *too positive*, and *Dogmatical* in asserting this; but, if he had only *question'd*, and *deliberated* upon it, whether all *Opinions* were not true, he had then been a *rare*, and *complete Sceptick*. The *ground*, that *Protagoras* went upon, was this, Πάντων πραγμάτων μέτρον εἶναι τὸν ἄνθρωπον. By μέτρον he meant nothing else but κειτήριον· and *Aristotle* thus explains the *words*, Ὅσοις γὰρ ἑκάστῳ φαίνεται πράγματα, τοιαῦτα καὶ εἶναι· for he made *Appearance* of the *whole essence*, and *formality* of *Truth*. So that, according to him, *several Opinions* were but the *various discoveries*, and *manifestations* of *Truth*. There was one *verum, quod ad te pertinet*; and another *verum, quod ad illum pertinet*. *Honey* was as *truly bitter* to a *feaverish Palate*; as it was *sweet*, and *delicious* to an *ordinary Taste*. *Snow* was as *truly black*, in respect of *Anaxagoras*; as it was *white* in the *eye*, and *esteem* of another. " Thus, *saith he*, *mad* " men, *wise* men, *children*, *old* men, men *in a dream*, and men *awake*, " they are all *competent Judges* of these things, that belong to their " *several conditions*; for (*as he tells us*) *Truth* varies according " to *several circumstances*: that's true *to day*, which is not true " *to morrow*; and that's true at *Rome*, that's not true at *Athens*; " that's true in *this age*, that's not true in the *next*; that's true " to *one man*, that's not true to *another*. There's none of you, but can *spie out* such a *weak Fallacy* as this is; and, if he meant to have spoken *Truth*, he would have said no more then this, that *Every man thinks his own Opinion true*. For, as the *Will* cannot embrace an *Object*, unless it be presented *sub umbra Boni*: so neither can the *Understanding* close, and comply with any *Opinion*, unless be disguised *sub apparentia Veri*. But to make *Appear-*

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ance the very *eſſence* of *Truth*, is to make a *Shadow* the *eſſence* of the *Sun*, 'tis to make a *Picture* the *eſſence* of a *Man*. I ſhall ſay no more to *Protagoras*, then this, that, if any *Opinion* be *falſe*, his cannot be *true*, but muſt needs be the *falſeſt* of all the reſt. Yet the end, that theſe *Sceptick*s propound to *themſelves*, was (if you will *believe* him) ἀταραξία, καὶ μετριοπάθεια, a *freedom* from *ſtars*, and *Diſcords*; from *Hereſie*, and *Obſtinacy*; to have a Minde *unprejudic'd*, *unprepoſſeſs'd*; the avoiding of *perturbations*, a milky *whiteneſs*, and *ſerenity* of *Soul*. A *fair mark* indeed! but how a *roving Sceptick* ſhould ever *hit* it, is not eaſily imaginable: for what *Philoſophy* more *wavering*, and *voluble*? was there ever a more *reeling*, and *ſtaggering* Company? was there ever a more *tumbling*, and *toſſing* Generation? What ſhall I ſay to theſe *old Seekers*, to this *wanton*, and *laſcivious Sect*, that will *eſpouſe* themſelves to no *one Opinion*, that they may the more *ſecurely* go a *whoring* after *all*? If they be reſolv'd to deny all things, (as they can do it very eaſily, and have ſeemed to do it very *compendiouſly*) truly then they have took a *very ſure* way to prevent all ſuch *Arguments*, as can be brought *againſt* them; yet, becauſe they ſeem to grant *Appearances*, we will, at leaſt, preſent them with a few φαινόμενα, and we will ſee how they will *move* them, and *affect* them. 'Twere well then, if *Pyrrhon*, the forementioned *Painter*, would but tells us, whether a *Picture* would be all one with a *Face*; whether an *Appearance* be all one with a *Reality*; whether he can *paint* a *Non-entity*, or no; whether there can be an *Appearance*, where there can be no *Foundation* for it; whether all *Pictures* do *equally* repreſent the *Face*; whether none can *paint* a little *better* then he uſed to do; whether all *Appearances* do *equally* repreſent *Being*; whether there are not ſome *falſe*, and *counterfeit Appearances* of things? If ſo, then his ἀδιαφορία muſt needs be took away; or, if there be always *true*, and *certain Appearances* of things, then his *doubting*, and ἀπορία muſt needs vaniſh. When he is *thirſty*, and chooſes rather to *drink*, then *abſtain*, what then becomes of his ἀδιαφορία? if he be ſure, that he is *athirſt*, and if he be ſure, that he *ſeems* to be *athirſt*; what then becomes of his ἀπορία? When the *Dog* was ready to *bite* him, if he was *indifferent*, why did he *run* away? If it were an *Appearance*, why did he flee from a *ſhadow*? why was the *Painter* afraid of *colours*? If his *Senſe* was onely *affected*, not his

Underſtanding; how then did he differ from the *ſenſitive Creature*? from the *Creature*, that was ready to *bite* him? If he tells us, that he was the *handſomer Picture* of the two; who was it then, that *drew* him ſo *fairly*, was it an *Appearance* alſo? Doth *one Picture* uſe to draw *another*? When he *perſwades* men to encline to his *Scepticiſm*; what then becomes of his ἀδιαφορία? When he makes no *doubt*, nor *ſcruple* of denying *Certainty*; what then becomes of his ἀπορία? But not to diſquiet this ſame *Pyrrhon* any longer, I ſhall chooſe more *really* to ſcatter thoſe *empty fancies* by diſcovering the *true original*, and *foundation*, the right *progreſs*, and *method* of all *Certainty*.

Now *God* himſelf, that *eternal*, and *immutable Being*, that *fix'd*, and *unſhaken Entity*, that τὸ ὄντως ὄν, καὶ τὸ βεβαίως ὄν, muſt needs be the *Fountain* of *Certainty*, as of all o her *perfections*; and, if *other* things be compared to him, they may in this ſenſe, without any *injury* to them, be ſtiled τὰ φαινόμενα, in reſpect of the *infinite reality*, and *weighty*, and *maſſy ſolidity*, that is in his *moſt glorious Being*; by virtue of which, as himſelf hath everlaſtingly the ſame *invariable knowledge* of all things, ſo he is alſo the *moſt knowable*, and *intelligible Object*; a *Sun*, that ſees all things, and is in it ſelf moſt *viſible*. An *Atheiſt* muſt needs be a *Sceptick*; for God himſelf is the onely *immoveable verity*, upon which the *Soul* muſt *fix*, and *anchour*. *Created Beings* ſhew their *face a while*, then *hide* it again; their *colour goes*, and *comes*; they are *in motu*, & *fluxu*: God is the onely *durable Object* of the *Soul*. Now, that the *Soul* may have a *ſatisfactory enjoyment* of its *God*, and that it may be *accurately made* according to his *Image*, God *ſtamps*, and *prints* as *reſemblances* of his other *Perfections*, ſo this alſo of *Certainty* upon it. How elſe ſhould it *know* the *minde* of its God? How ſhould it *know* to *pleaſe* him, to *believe* him, to *obey* him? With what *confidence* could it *approach* unto him; if it had onely *weak*, and *wavering conjectures*? Now God lets the *Soul* have ſome certain acquaintance with *other Beings* for his *own ſake*, and in order to his *own glory*. Nor is it a ſmall expreſſion of his *Wiſdom*, and *Power*, to lay the beginnings of man's *Certainty* ſo *low*, even as low as *Senſe*; for by means of ſuch an *humble Foundation* the *Structure* proves the *ſurer*, and the *taller*. 'Tis true, there is a *purer*, and *nobler Certainty* in ſuch *Beings*, as are *above Senſe*; as

appears

appears by the *Certainty* of *Angelical knowledge*, and the *knowledge* of *God* himself: yet so much *Certainty*, as is requisite for such a *Rational Nature*, as *Man* is, may well have its *risings*, and *springings* out of *Sense*; though it have more *refinings*, and *purifyings* from the *Understanding*. This is the right proportioning of his *Certainty* to his *Being*: for, as his *Being* results out of the *mysterious union* of *Matter* to *Immateriality*; so likewise his *Knowledge*, and the certainty of his *knowledge* (I speak of *Natural knowledge*) first *peeps out* in *Sense*, and *shines* more *brightly* in the *Understanding*. The *first dawnings* of *certainty* are in the *Sense*, the *noon-day-glory* of it is in the *Intellectuals*. There are indeed *frequent errours* in this *first Edition* of *Knowledge* set out by *Sense*; but 'tis then onely, when the *due conditions* are *wanting*, and the *Understanding* (as some *Printers* use to do) *corrects* the old *Errata* of the *first Edition*, and makes some *new Errours* in its own. And I need not tell you, that 'tis the same *Soul*, that moves both in the *Sense*, and in the *Understanding*; for νῦς ὀρᾷ, & νῦς ἀκούει. And as it is not *priviledged* from *failings* in the *motions* of the *Sense*; so neither is it in all its *intellectual Operations*, though it have an *unquestionable certainty* of some, in both. The *certainty* of *Sense* is so great, as that an *Oath*, that *high expression* of *Certainty*, is usually, and may very safely be *built* upon it. *Mathematical Demonstrations* choose to present themselves to the *Sense*, and thus become *ocular*, and *visible*. The *Scepticks*, that were the *known enemies* of *certainty*, yet would grant more *shadow*, and appearance of it in *Sense*, then any where else; though *erroneously*. But *Sense*, that *rack'd* them sometimes, and *extorted* some *confessions* from them, which *Speculative Principles* could never do. Away then with that *humour* of *Heraclitus*, that tells us, κακοὶ μάρτυρες ἀνθρώποισιν ὀφθαλμοί· *Mens eyes* (sayes he) *are but weak, and deceitful Witnesses*. Surely he speaks onely of his own *watery*, and *weeping Eyes*, that were so *dull'd*, and *blurr'd*, as that they could not *clearly* discern an *Object*. But he might have given *others* leave to have seen *more*, then *he* did. Nor can I tell how to excuse *Plato* for too much *scorning*, and *sleighting* these *outward Senses*, when that he trusted too much *inwardly* to his own *Fancy*. *Sextus Empiricus* propounds the *Question*, Whether he were not a *Sceptick*? but he onely shew'd himself a *Sceptick* by this, for

which he mov'd ſuch a *Queſtion*. 'Tis ſure, that *Plato* was ſufficiently *Dogmatical* in all his *Aſſertions*; though this indeed muſt be granted, that ſome of his *Principles* ſtrike at *Certainty*, and much *endanger* it; for being *too fantaſtical*, and *Poetical* in his *Philoſophy*, he plac'd all his *ſecurity* in ſome *uncertain*, *airy*, and *imaginary Caſtles* of his own *contriving*, and *building*, and *fortifying*. His *connate Ideas* I mean, which *Ariſtotle* could not at all *confide* in; but *blowed* them away preſently: and, perceiving the *proud emptineſs*, the *ſwelling frothineſs* of ſuch *Platonical Bubbles*, he was fain to ſearch for *Certainty* ſomewhere elſe; and caſting his *Eye* upon the *ground*, he ſpyed the *bottom* of it, lying in *Senſe*, and laid there by the *wiſe diſpenſation* of *God* himſelf: from thence he look'd up to the *higheſt top*, and *Apex*, to the περύγιον, and *Pinnacle* of *Certainty*, plac'd in the *Underſtanding*. The *firſt Rudiments* of *Certainty* were drawn by *Senſe*: the *compleating*, and *conſummating* of it was in the *Underſtanding*. The *certainty* of *Senſe* is more *groſs*, and *palpable*: the *certainty* of *Intellectuals*, 'tis more *clear*, and *Cryſtalline*, more *pure*, and *ſpiritual*. To put all *certainty*, or the *chiefeſt certainty* in *Senſe*, would be *exceſſively* injurious to *Reaſon*, and would advance ſome *ſenſitive Creatures* above *Men*; for they have ſome *quicker Senſes*, then *Men* have. *Senſe*, 'tis but the *gate* of *Certainty*, (I ſpeak all this while but of *humane Certainty*) the *Underſtanding*, 'tis the *Throne* of it. *Des-Cartes*, the *French Philoſopher*, reſolves all his *Aſſurance* into *thinking*, that he *thinks*; why not into *thinking*, that he ſees? and why may he not be *deceived* in that, as in any other *operations*? And, if there be ſuch a virtue in *reflecting*, and *reduplicating* of it; then there will be *more certainty* in a *ſuper-reflection*, in thinking that he thinks that he thinks: and ſo if he run *in infinitum*, according to his *conceit*, he will ſtill have *more certainty*; though in *reality* he will have *none* at all, but will be fain to *ſtop*, and *ſtay* in *Scepticiſm*: ſo that theſe *refuges* of *Lyes* being *ſcatter'd*, *firſt Principles*, and *Common Notions*, with thoſe *Demenſtrations*, that *ſtream* from them, they onely remain as the *nerves* of this *Aſſurance*, as the *Souls* of *natural Plerophory*; and he, that will not caſt *Anchor* upon theſe, condemns himſelf to *perpetual Scepticiſm*: which makes me wonder at a Paſſage of a *Right Honourable* of our own; (though whether he be the *Author* of the *Paſſage*, you may take

time

time to consider it; but) this it is, (the *sense* of it I mean) That *Absolute contradictions may meet together*: in the same respect *Esse*, & *Non esse*, it seems, are *espoused* in a most *near*, and *conjugal Union*, and *live* together very *affectionately*, and *embracingly*. O *rare*, and *compendious Synopsis* of all *Scepticism*! O the *Quintessence* of *Sextus Empiricus*, and the *Pyrrhonian* ὑποτυπώσεις of all their ἐποχὴ, and ἀπορία of their ἀφασία, and ἀοριστία! that, which is the most *paradoxical* of all; you have all this in a *Book*, that calls it self by the name of *Truth*. Yet let none be so vain, as to imagine, that this is, in the least measure, spoken to the *disesteem* of that *Noble Lord*, who was well known to be of *bright*, and *sparkling Intellectuals*, and of such *singular*, and *incomparable Ingenuity*; as that, if he had liv'd till this time, we cannot doubt, but he would have *retracted* it, or at least better *explain'd* it before this time. However I could not but take notice of so *black* an *Errour*, that did *crush*, and *break* all these *first Principles*, and had an *irreconcileable Antipathy* against *Reason*, and *Certainty*; though it hid it self under the *protection* of so *good*, and so *great* a *Name*. *Certainty* is so *precious*, and *desirable*, as where *God* hath given it, 'tis to be kept *sacred*, and *untouch'd*: and *Men* are to be *thankful* for these *Candles of the Lord*, for this *Lumen certum*, set up, not to *mock*, and *delude* them; but to deal *truly*, and *faithfully* with them.

CHAP. XV.

The Light of Reason *is directive.*

'Tis *Lumen dirigens*, this νόμος καμπὸς, 'tis *a Light for the Feet*, and a *Lanthorn for the Paths*. For the *Understanding*, 'tis the τὸ ἡγεμονικὸν, the *leading*, and *guiding Power* of the *Soul*. The *Will* looks upon that, as *Leander* in *Musæus* look'd up to the *Tower* for *Hero's Candle*, and calls it, as he doth there,

Λύχνον ἐμῷ θυμῷ, φαίσφορον ἡγεμονῆα.

Reason doth *facem præferre*, it carries a *Torch* before the *Will*, nay, more then so, 'tis an *Eye* to the *Blinde*; for otherwise 'twere in vain to light up a *Candle* for a *Cæca potentia* to see withall. *Intellectuals* are first in *motion*. Αἱ πύλαι φωτὸς, these *Gates* of *Light* must first be *set open*, before any *glorious*,

and

and *beautiful Object* can enter in, for the *Will* to *court*, and *embrace*. The *Will* doth but *eccho* to the *Underſtanding*, and doth *practically* repeat the laſt *ſyllable* of the *ultimum dictamen*; which makes the *Moraliſt* well determine, *Virtutes Morales non poſſunt eſſe ſine Intellectualibus*: for to the preſence of *Moral Virtues* there are *neceſſarily* pre-required *Intelligentia, & Prudentia*; the one being the knowledge of *Principia ſpeculativa*, as the other of *Principia operativa*. That *action* muſt needs be *hopeful*, and *promiſing*, when the *Underſtanding* aims before the *Will* ſhoots; but he, that in an *implicite* way ruſhes upon any performance, though the *action* it ſelf ſhould prove *materially* good, yet ſuch an one deſerves no more *commendation* for it, then he would do, that firſt put out his *Eyes*, and then *contingently* hit the *Mark*. Other *Creatures* indeed are ſhot more *violently* into their *ends*: but *Man* hath the *skill*, and *faculty* of *directing* himſelf, and is (as you may ſo imagine) a *rational kinde* of *Arrow*, that moves *knowingly*, and *voluntarily* to the *Mark* of its own *accord*. For this very *end* God hath ſet up a *diſtinct Lamp* in every *Soul*, that men might make uſe of their *own Light*? all the *works* of *men* they ſhould *olere lucernam*, *ſmell* of this *Lamp* of the *Lord*, that is to *illuminate* them all. *Men* are not to depend wholly upon the *courteſy* of any *fellow-creature*; not upon the *dictates* of *men*; nay, not upon the *Votes*, and *determinations* of *Angels*: for, if an *Angel from Heaven* ſhould *contradict firſt Principles*, though I will not ſay in the *Language* of the *Apoſtle*, *Let him be accurſed*; yet this we may ſafely ſay, that all the *Sons of men* are bound to *diſ-believe* him. All *Arguments* drawn from *Teſtimony*, and *Authority* (*created Authority* I mean) were always look'd upon as more *faint*, and *languiſhing*, then thoſe, that were *fetch'd* from *Reaſon*. Matters of *fact* indeed do neceſſarily depend upon *Teſtimony*: but in *Speculations*, and *Opinions* none is bound ſo farr to *adore* the *Lamp* of another, as to put out his *own* for it. For when any ſuch *Controverſie* is mov'd, when any *Authour* is *quoted*, and *commended*, all the *credit*, and *eſteem*, that is to be given him, is *founded* either in the *Reaſon*, which he doth *annex* to his *Aſſertion*; or elſe in this more *remote*, and *general Reaſon*, that ſuch an one had a very *clear*, and *bright Lamp*, that *the Candle of the Lord* did *ſhine* very *eminently* in him: therefore what he ſaies is much to be attended to; for in his *words*, though

though there should not be *ratio explicata*, yet it is to be suppos'd, that there's *ratio subintellecta*. So that the *assent* here is *ultimately* resolv'd into the *Reason* of him that *speaks*, and the other that *receives* it; for he, that *complies* with a *naked Testimony*, makes a *tacit acknowledgment* of thus much, that he is willing to *resign* up himself to anothers *Reason*, as being *surer*, and *fuller* then his *own*; which *temper*, and *frame* of *spirit* is very *commendable* in a state of *inchoation*: for Χρὴ τὰ μανθάνοντα πιδίων. *Knowledge* in the *Cradle* cannot *feed* it self. *Knowledge*, in its *infancy*, must *suck* at the *Breasts* of another. And *Babes in Intellectuals* must take in the ἄδολον γάλα, those *spoonfuls* of *Knowledge*, that are put in their *mouths* by such, as are to *nurse*, and to *educate* them. *Paul*, when he sits at the *feet* of *Gamaliel*, must observe the *prime* and *foot-steps* of the *Hebrew Doctour*, and must *roll* himself *in pulvere Sapientum*. *Knowledge*, in its *non-age*, in its *pupil-age*, and *minority*, must *hide* it self under the *wing*, and *protection* of a *Guardian*. Men use at first to *borrow light*, and to light their *Candle* at the light of *another's*; yet here I finde some *Licence*, and *encouragement* given to these *first-beginners*, to these *setters up* in *Learning*, to be ζητητικοὶ, modestly *inquisitive* into the *grounds*, and *Reasons* of that, which is delivered to them.

Thus that *Sacred Writer*, *Hierom*, commends *Marcella*, though one of the *weaker Sex*, upon this account, that she was wont to *search*, and to *examine* his *Doctrine*: *Ita ut me sentirem* (saies he) *non tam Discipulum habere, quàm Judicem*. Nay, a far greater then *Hierom*, honours the *Bereans* with the *Title* of εὐγενέστερον, a *more noble*, and *generous* sort of *Christians*, that would bring even *Apostolical* words to the *Touch-stone*. Why is it not then lawful for them, that are *in statu adulto*, that are come to some *pregnancy*, and *maturity* in *knowledge*, to look upon the *stamp*, and *superscription* of any *Opinion*, to look any *Opinion* in the *face*? The *great*, and *noble Verulam* much complains (and not without too much cause) of those *sad obstructions* in *Learning*, which arose upon the *extreme dating* upon some *Authours*, which were indeed men of *rare accomplishments*, of *singular worth*, and *excellency*, and yet but *men*, though, by a strange kinde of Ἀποθέωσις, a great part of the world would have worshipp'd them as *Gods*. The *Canonizing* of some *profane Authours*, and esteeming all others as *Apocryphal*, hath *blasted* many *buds* of *Knowledge*, it ha's *quench'd* many

many *ſparks*, and *beams* of *Light*, which otherwiſe would have *gilded* the World with an *orient*, and *unſpotted luſtre*. Far be it from me to drop one word, that ſhould tend to the *ſtaining*, and *eclipſing* of that *juſt glory*, that is due to the *immortal* name of *Ariſtotle*. There are thoſe, that are *envious*, and *ungrateful* enough, let them do it, if they pleaſe; yet this I ſhall ſay, and it ſhall be without any *injury* to him, that to ſet him up as a *Pope* in *Philoſophy*, as a *Viſible Head* of the *Truth militant*, to give him a *Negative Voice*, to give him an *Arbitrary Power*, to quote his *Texts* as *Scripture*, to look upon his *Works* as the *irreverſible Decrees* of *Learning*; as if he had *ſeal'd up* the *Canon*, ſo that whoe're *adds* to him, or *takes* one word *from* him, muſt be ſtruck with a preſent *Anathema*: to condemn all for *Hereticks*, that *oppoſe* him; for *Schiſmaticks*, that *depart* from him; for *Apoſtates*, that *deny* him; what's all this but to *forget*, that he was but *the Candle of the Lord*, and to *adore* him, as a *Sun* in the *Firmament*, that was ſet to *rule the day* of *Knowledge*? 'Tis to make him an ὂν ὄντων, the *Cauſa prima*, the *firſt Mover* of *Learning*; or, at leaſt, 'twas to make him ſuch an *Intellectus agens*, as *Averroes* would have, that muſt *enform*, and *quicken* all, that come *after* him. Could that *modeſt Philoſopher* have *foreſeen*, and *propheſied*, that the World would thus *flatter* him, 'tis to be fear'd, that he would have thrown his *Works* alſo, his *legible ſelf*, into *Euripus*, rather then they ſhould have occaſioned ſuch *exceſſive Idolatry*, and *partiality*: yet 'tis no fault of his, if the World would *over-admire him*; for that, which firſt *inhanc'd* the *price*, and *eſteem* of *Ariſtotle*, was that *rich vein* of *Reaſon*, that *ran along*, and *interlin'd* moſt of his *Werks*. Let *this* therefore, and *this onely* commend him ſtill; for this is of *indelible*, and *perpetual duration*; yet, if theſe blinde *admirers* of him could have followed him *fully*, and *entirely*, they might have learn'd of him a *braver liberty*, and *independency* of *Spirit*: for he ſcorned to *enſlave*, and *captivate* his thoughts to the *Judgment* of any whatſoever; for though he did not deal *violently*, and *dis-ingenuously* with the *Works* of his *Predeceſſours*, (as ſome affirm) yet he dealt *freely* with them, and was not *over-indulgent* to them. He came like a *Refiner* amongſt them, he *purged away* their *droſs*, he *boyl'd away* their *froth*, and *ſcum*, he gathered a *Quinteſſence* out of their *rude*, and *elementary Principles*. How *impartially* did he

he deal with his Maſter *Plato*? and not *favour* him in any of his *Errours*: and his *Words* are anſwerable to his *practiſes*, you may hear him what he ſaith, and profeſſes, Τὸς παλαιὸς, αἰδέσδς μὲν δίκαιον, φείπειν δ' ὐκ ἄξιον, to have a reverend *eſteem* of *Antiquity* is but *fitting*, and *equal*; but to ſtand *in awe* of it, is *baſe*, and *unworthy*. *Poteſtas Senatoria* is very *honourable*, and *beneficial*; but *Dictatoria poteſtas* is not to be allowed in the *Common-wealth* of *Learning*: yet ſuch hath been the *intolerable Tyranny*, and *Oppreſſion* of the *Roman Faction*, as that they have *enjoyn'd*, and *engaged* as many as they could to *ſcrew*, and *torture* their Wits, for the maintaining of whatever ſuch an one as *pleaſeth* them ſhall *pleaſe* to ſay: for they care not how *prejudicial*, or *detrimental* they prove to *Learning*; ſo that they may but *train* up their *Scholars* in an *implicite faith*, in a *blinde obedience*, in a *ſlaviſh acknowledgment* of ſome *infallible Judge* of *Controverſies*, and may *ſhut up*, and *impriſon* the generality of people in a *dark*, and *benighted* condition; not ſo much as allowing them the *light* of their own *Candle*, this *Lamp* of the *Lord*, that ought to *ſhine* in them. That *great Advancer* of *Learning*, whom I commended before, takes notice, that by ſuch *unhappy means*, as theſe, the more *noble*, and *liberal Sciences* have made no *progreſs* proportionable to that, which more *inferiour*, and *Mechanical Arts* have done: for in theſe later *ingenia multorum in unum coeunt*; whereas in the former, *ingenia multorum ſub uno ſuccubuerunt*. What *brave improvements* have been made in *Architecture*, in *Manufactures*, in *Printing*, in the *Pyxis Nautica*? For here's no limiting, and reſtraining men to *Antiquity*, no *chaining* them to *old Authours*, no *regulating* them to, I know not what, *preſcribed Forms*, and *Canons*: no ſuch *ſtrange voices* as theſe; *You muſt not build better, then your Predeceſſours have done*; *you muſt not Print fairer, then the firſt* Tullie's Offices, *that e're was printed*. 'Tis not look'd upon, as a *tranſgreſſion*, and a *piaculum*, if they ſhould chance to be a little more *accurate*, then they were, that went before them. But in *Speculatives*, in meer *Mathematicks* (which one would think were far enough from any breach of *Faith*, or *Manners*, yet here) if a *Galilæus* ſhould but preſent the world with an handfull of *new Demonſtrations*, though never ſo *warily*, and *ſubmiſſively*; if he ſhall but *frame*, and *contrive* a *Glaſs* for the diſcovery of ſome *more lights*: all the *reward* he

must expect from *Rome* is, to *rot* in an *Inquisition*, for such *unlicenced Inventions*, for such *venturous undertakings*. The same *strain* of *Cruelty* hath march'd more vehemently, and impetuously in *sacred*, and *religious matters*: for here *Babylon* hath *heated* her *Fornace seven times hotter*, whilest under the *pompous* name of a *Catholick Church*, under the *glittering pretenses* of *Antiquity*, and *Authority*, they have, as much as they could, put out all the *Lamps* of the *Lord*; and that *Bestian Empire* hath transform'd all its *Subjects* into *sensitive*, and *irrational Creatures*. A *noble Authour* of our own tells us in his Book *De Veritate*, that he for his part takes them for the *Catholick Church*, that are *constant*, and *faithfull* to *first Principles*; that *Common Notions* are the *bottome*, and *Foundation*, upon which the *Church* is built. Excuse our diffidence here, *great Sir*: the *Church*, 'tis built upon a *surer*, and *higher Rock*, upon a more *Adamantine*, and *precious Foundation*; yet thus much is acceptable, and undeniable, that who'ere they are, that by *any Practices*, or *Customes*, or *Traditions*, or *Tenents*, shall stop the passage of *first Principles*, and the *sound Reason*, that flows from them, they are in this farther from a *Church*, then the *Indians*, or the *Americans*, whilst they are not only *Anti-Christian*, but *unnatural*. And, of the two, the *Church* hath more security in resting upon *genuine Reason*, then in relying upon some *spurious Traditions*; for think but a while upon those *infinite deceits*, and *uncertainties*, that such *Historical conveyances* are liable, and exposed to. I always except those *sacred*, and *heavenly Volumes* of *Scripture*, that are *strung* together as so many *Pearls*, and make a *Bracelet* for the *Spouse* to wear upon her *Hands* continually. These *Writings* the *Providence* of *God* hath deeply engaged it self to keep as the *Apples* of his own *Eye*. And they do not borrow their *certainty*, or *validity* from any *Ecclesiastical*, or *universal Tradition* (which is at the most but *previous*, and *preparatory*) but from those *prints* of *Divinity* in them, and specially from the *seal* of the same *Spirit*, that *endited* them, and now assures the *Soul*, that they were *Oracles* breathed from *God* himself. As for all other *sacred Antiquity*, though I shall ever honour it as much, as any either *did*, or *can* do *justly*, and *with sobriety*; and shall always *reverence* a *gray-headed Truth*: yet, if *Antiquity* shall stand in *competition* with this *Lamp of the Lord* (though *genuine Antiquity* would never offer to do it) yet, if it should, it

must

muſt not think much, if we prefer *Reaſon*, a *Daughter* of *Eternity*, before *Antiquity*, which is the *off-ſpring* of *Time*. But, had not the *Spirit* of *Anti-Chriſtianiſm*, by its early *twinings*, and *inſinuations*, wound, and wrought it ſelf into the moſt *flouriſhing*, and *Primitive Times*, into the *boſome* of a *Virgin-Church*, and had it not offered *violence* to the *Works* of ſome *ſacred Writers*, by *detracting*, and *augmenting*, according to its ſeveral *exigencies*; by *feigning*, and *adulterating*; by *hiding*, and *annihilating* ſome of them, as much as they could, (the ordinary *tricks* of *Anti-Chriſt*, which he uſed always more *ſubtilly*, though of late more *palpably*) had it not been for ſuch *devices* as theſe, *Antiquity* had come flowing to us in *purer*, and *fuller ſtreams*, in more *fair*, and *kindly derivations*, and ſo might have *run down* more *powerfully*, and *victoriouſly*, then now it will. But *Anti-Chriſt* hath endeavoured to be the *Abaddon*, and the *Apollyon* of all *ſacred Antiquities*, though the very *Reliques* of thoſe *ſhining*, and *burning Lights*, that adorn'd the *Church* of God, have *ſplendour* enough to ſcatter the *darkneſs* of *Popery*, that *empty ſhadow* of *Religion*, that ariſes *ob defectum Luminis*: yet *Antiquity* (ſetting aſide thoſe, that were peculiarly ἑτοπνευσοί) was but the *firſt dawning* of *Light*, which was to *ſhine out brighter*, *and brighter*, till *perfect day*. Let none therefore ſo *ſuperſtitiouſly* look back to *former ages*, as to be angry with *new Opinions*, and *diſplayings* of *Light*, either in *Reaſon*, or *Religion*. Who dares oppoſe the *goodneſs*, and *wiſdome* of *God*; if he ſhall *enamour* the World with the *beauty* of ſome *Pearls*, and *Jewels*, which, in former times, have been *hid*, or *trampled* upon? if he ſhall diſcover ſome *more light* upon *Earth*, as he hath let ſome *new Stars* be found in the *Heavens*? This you may be *ſure*, and *confident* of, that 'tis againſt the minde, and meaning of *Antiquity*, to ſtop the *progreſs* of *Religion*, and *Reaſon*. But I know there are ſome will tell us of a *viſible Tribunal*, of an *infallible Head* of the *Church*, born to *determine* all *Controverſies*, to *regulate* all *Men*, 'tis a wonder they do not ſay *Angels* too; others, more *prudently*, and *equally*, reſolve the *final judgment* of *Controverſies* into a *general*, and *Oecumenical Councel*: but I ſhall ſpeak to them all in the *language* of the *Philoſopher*, Δεῖ τὸν νόμον ἄρχειν πάντων, and I ſhall explain it according to the minde of the learned *Davenant* in his Diſcourſe *De Judice, ac norma fidei, & cultûs Chriſtiani*: God only is to *rule* his own *Church*

αὐτοκρατορικῶς, καὶ νομοθετικῶς, *judicio autoritativo*, by a *determining*, and *Legislative power*: men, that are *fitted* by God himself, are to *guide*, and *direct* it ὑπηρετικῶς, καὶ ἑρμηνευτικῶς, *judicio ministeriali*, in way of *subserviency* to him, by an *explication* of his minde; yet so, as that every one may judge of this ἰδιωτικῶς, καὶ ἀκροατικῶς, *judicio privato, & practicæ discretionis*, by *acts* of their *own Understanding illuminated* by the *Spirit* of God; for there are no *representatives* in *Intellectuals*, and *Spirituals*. *Men* may represent the *bodies* of others, in *Civil*, and *Temporal Affairs*, in the *acts* of a *Kingdome*; and thus a *bodily Obedience* is always due to *just authority*: but there is none can always represent the *minde*, and *judgement* of another in the *vitals*, and *inwards* of *Religion*; for I speak not of *representations* in *outward Order*, and *Discipline*. A *General Councel* do's, and may produce *judicium forense*; but still there is reserved, to every single *individuum*, *judicium rationale*: for can you think, that *God* will excuse any one from *Errour* upon such an account as this, *Such a* Doctour *told me thus*; *Such a piece of* Antiquity *enform'd me so*; *Such a* General Councel *determin'd me to this*. Where was thine own *Lamp* all this while? Where was thy *ratio illuminata, & gubernata secundùm normas bonæ & necessariæ consequentiæ rationali creaturæ impressas?* Yet this must be gratefully acknowledged, that these *General Councels* have been of *publick influence*, of most admirable *use*, and *advantage* to the *Church* of God; though they are not of the very *Essence* of it: for 'tis well known, that there were none of them till the days of *Constantine*. But herein is the *benefit* of *Councels*, that they *are* (or *ought* to be) a *comparing*, and *collecting* of many *Lights*, an *uniting*, and *concentricating* of the *judgments* of many *holy*, *learned*, *wise Christians* with the *Holy Ghost* breathing amongst them; though not always so *fully*, and *powerfully*, as that they shall be sure to be *priviledg'd* from every *Errour*: but being all of them subject to *frailty*, and *fallibility*, and sometime the *major part* of them proving the *pejor part*, there is none bound to give an *extemporary assent* to their *Votes*, and *Suffrages*, unless *his* minde also concur with *theirs*. That worthy *Divine* of our own, whom I mentioned before, speaks very fully, and clearly to this, *Ad nudam præscriptionem, aut determinationem alterius sine lumine privati judicii nemo est, qui credere potest, etiamsi cupiat maximè*. The most

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eminent *Mirandula* will give you the reaſon of it; For (ſaies he) *Nemo credit aliquid verum præciſè, quia vult credere illud eſſe verum: non eſt enim in potentia hominis facere aliquid apparere intellectui ſuo verum, quando ipſe voluerit.* But, before there can be *Faith* in any *Soul*, there muſt be *cognitio propoſitionis credendæ*, and there muſt be *inclinatio intellectûs ad aſſentiendum hnic propopoſitioni revelatæ, & cognitæ.* Before you underſtand the *terms* of any *Propoſition*, you *can* no more *believe* it, then if it came to you in an *unknown Tongue.* A *Parrat* may repeat the *Creed* thus. *Corvos Poetas Poetridísque Picas cantare credas Pegaſeium melos.* Though ſuch at length may very ſafely conclude, as that *talkative Bird* is reported to have done by an *happy*, and *extemporary* contingency; *Operam & oleum perdidi.* This is the *miſery* of thoſe *implicite believers* amongſt the *Papiſts* ('tis well, if not among ſome *Proteſtants* too) that do *in aliorum ſententias pedibus potiùs, quàm cordibus ire*; dancing in a *circular* kinde of *Faith*; they *believing* as the *Church* believes, and the *Church* believing as *they* believe, *&c.* and this is with them כל האדם, the whole *perfection* of a *Roman Catholick*, yet let none be ſo *fooliſh*, or *wicked*, as to think, that this ſtrikes at any thing, that is *truly*, or *really* a matter of *Faith*, when as it doth only detect the *wretched vanity*, and *deceit* of a *Popiſh*, and *implicite Credulity*, which commands men to *put out* their *Lamps*, to *pluck* out their *Eyes*, and yet to *follow* their *Leaders*, though they ruſh upon the mouth of *Hell*, and *Deſtruction*; whereas 'tis better to be an *Argus* in *Obedience*, then a *Cyclops*, a *monſtrum horrendum*, &c. An *eye open* is more acceptable to God, then an *eye ſhut.* Why do they not as well command men to *renounce* their *Senſe*, as to *diſclaim* their *Underſtandings*? Were it not as eaſie a *Tyranny* to make you to believe that to be *white*, which you ſee to be *black*, as to command you to believe that to be *true*, which you know to be *falſe*? Neither are they at all wanting in *experiments* of both: for *Tranſubſtantiation*, that *heap*, and *crowd* of *contradictions*, doth very compendiouſly put out the *eyes* of *Senſe*, and *Reaſon* both at once: yet that *prodigious Errour* was eſtabliſhed in the *Lateran Councel* under *Innocent the Third*, which (as ſome contend) was a *General*, and *Oecumenical Councel.* And, if the *Pope*, whom they make *equivalent* to all *Councels*, nay *tranſcendent*, if he in *Cathedra* ſhall think fit to *determine*, that the *right* hand is the *left*, they muſt all *immediately* believe him,

under

under pain of *Damnation*. So that *firſt Principles*, *Common Notions*, with the *products*, and *improvement* of them, muſt needs be look'd upon as of *bad conſequence*, of *pernicious influence* at *Rome*. What? to ſay, that *two* and *two* makes *four*, that *totum* is *majus parte* (eſpecially, if the *Church* ſhall *determine* againſt it) O dangerous point of *Socinianiſm*! O unpardonable *Hereſie* of the *firſt Magnitude*! *Rebellion* againſt the *Catholick Church*! A proud *juſtling* againſt the *Chair* of *Infallibility*! Away with them to the *Inquiſition* preſently, deliver them up to the *ſecular Powers*, bring *Fire*, and *Faggot* immediately; *Bonner*'s learned *Demonſtrations*, and the *bloody Diſcipline* of the *Scarlet*, and *Purple Whore*. No wonder, that ſhe *puts out* the *Candle*, and *loves Darkneſs rather then Light*, ſeeing *her deeds are evil*. She holds a *Cup* in her *Hand*, and won't let the world *ſip*, and *taſte*, and ſee how they like it, but they muſt *ſwallow down* the whole *Philtrum*, and *potion*, without any *delay* at all. Thus you may ſee the *weak Reeds*, that *Babylon* leans upon, which now are *breaking*, and *piercing* her thorow. But *Religion*, fram'd according to the *Goſpel*, did always *ſcorn*, and *refuſe* ſuch *carnal ſupports*, as theſe are. That *Truth*, that muſt look the *Sun* in the *face* for ever, can you think, that it will fear a *Candle*? muſt it ſtand in the *preſence* of *God*, and will it not endure the *tryal* of *Men*? Or can you imagine, that the *Spouſe* of *Chriſt* can be ſo unmerciful as to *pull out* her *Childrens Eyes*? though ſhe may very well *reſtrain* their *Tongues* ſometimes, and their *Pens*, if they be too *immodeſt*, and *unruly*. I ſhall need to ſay no more then this, that true *Religion* never *was*, nor *will be*, nor *need be* ſhy of *ſound Reaſon*, which is thus far *Lumen dirigens*, as that 'tis oblig'd by the *will*, and *command* of God himſelf, not to entertain any *falſe Religion*, nor any thing under *pretenſe* of *Religion*, that is *formally*, and *irreconcilably* againſt *Reaſon*; *Reaſon* being above *humane teſtimony*, and *tradition*, and being onely *ſubordinate* to God himſelf, and thoſe *Revelations*, that come from God: now 'tis expreſs *blaſphemy* to ſay, that either *God*, or the *Word of God* did ever, or ever will oppoſe *Right Reaſon*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

The Light of Reason *is calm, and peaceable.*

'TIs *Lumen tranquillum, & amicum*, 'tis a *Candle*, not a *Comet*, it is a *quiet*, and *peaceable Light*. And though the *Candle of the Lord* may be too *hot* for some, yet the *Lamp*, 'tis onely maintain'd with *soft*, and *peaceable Oil*. There is no *jarring* in *pure Intellectuals*; if men were *tun'd*, and *regulated* by *Reason* more, there would be more *Concord*, and *Harmony* in the World. As *Man* himself is a *sociable Creature*; so his *Reason* also is a *sociable Light*. This *Candle* would shine more *clearly*, and *equally*, if the *Windes* of *Passions* were not injurious to it. 'Twere a commendable piece of *Stoicism*, if men could always *hush*, and *still* those *Waves*, that *dash*, and *beat* against *Reason*. If they could *scatter* all those *Clouds*, that *soil*, and *discolour* the *face* and *brightness* of it: would there be such *fractions*, and *commotions* in the *State*; such *Schisms*, and *Ruptures* in the *Church*; such *hot*, and *fiery prosecutions* of some *trifling Opinions*? If the *soft*, and *sober voice* of *Reason* were more attended to: *Reason* would make some *differencies* kiss, and be *friends*, 'twould *sheath* up many a *Sword*, 'twould *quench* many a *flame*, 'twould *binde up* many a *Wound*. This *Candle of the Lord*, 'twould *scatter* many a *dark suspicion*, many a *sullen jealousie*. Men may *fall out* in the *dark* sometimes, they cannot tell for what: if the *Candle of the Lord* were but amongst them, they would chide one another for nothing then, but their *former breaches*. Ἡ ὄπτησίμη ἴσησι τὴν ψυχήν· it *calms*, and *composes* a *Soul*; whereas *Passion* (as the grand *Stoick*, *Zeno*, paints it) is ὄρμη πλεονάζουσα, ἢ παρὰ φύσιν τῆς ψυχῆς κίνησις. An abounding, and over-boyling *impetus*, a *preternatural agitation* of Soul; *animi commotio aversa à rectâ ratione, & contra naturam*, as the *Oratour* stiles it. The *Soul*, 'tis *toss'd* with *Passion*; but it *anchors* upon *Reason*. This *gentleness*, and *quietness* of *Reason* doth never commend it self more, then in its *agreeing*, and *complying* with *Faith*; in *not opposing* those *high*, and *transcendent Mysteries*, that are above its own

reach,

reach, and *capacity*: nay, it had always so much *humility*, and *modesty*, waiting, and attending upon it, that it would always *submit*, and *subordinate* it self to all such *Divine Revelations*, as were above its own *Sphere*. Though it could not *grasp* them, though it could not *pierce* into them; yet it ever resolv'd with all *gratitude* to admire them, to *bow* its head, and to *adore* them. *One Light* do's not *oppose another*. *Lumen fidei, & Lumen rationis*, may shine both *together*; though with *far different* brightness. *The Candle of the Lord*, 'tis not impatient of a *superiour Light*; 'twould both *ferre parem, & priorem*. The *light* of the *Sun*, that indeed is *Lumen Monarchicum*, a *supreme*, and *sovereign Light*; that with its *golden Scepter* rules all *created Sparkles*, and makes them *subject*, and *obedient* to the *Lord*, and *Rule* of *Light*. *Created Intellectuals* depend upon the *brightness* of *God*'s *Beams*, and are *subordinate* to them. *Angelical Star-light* is but *Lumen Aristocraticum*; it *borrows*, and *derives* its glory from a *more vast*, and *majestical Light*. As they *differ* from *one another* in *glory*; so all of them *infinitely* differ from the *Sun* in *glory*. Yet 'tis far above the *Lumen Democraticum*, that *Light*, which appears unto the *Sons of men*; 'tis above their *Lamps*, and *Torches*, *poor*, and *contemptible Lights*, if left to *themselves*. For do but *imagine* such a thing as this, that this *external*, and *corporeal World* should be adjudg'd never to see the *Sun* more, never to see one *Star* more; if *God* should shut all the *Windows* of *Heaven*, and spread out nothing but *clouds*, and *curtains*, and allow it nothing, but the light of a *Candle*: how would the *World* look like a *Cyclops* with its *Eye* put *out*? 'Tis *now* but an *obscure Prison* with a few *grates* to look *out* at; but what would it be then, but a *capacious Grave*, but a *nethermost Dungeon*? Yet this were a more *gratefull Shade*, a *pleasanter*, and more *comely Darkness*; then for a *Soul* to be *condemned* to the *solitary Light* of its own *Lamp*, so as not to have any *supernatural irradiations* from its God. *Reason* do's not refuse any *auxiliary Beams*; it joys in the *company* of its *fellow-Lamp*, it *delights* in the *presence* of an *intellectual Sun*, which will so far *favour* it, as that 'twill *advance* it, and *nourish* it, and *educate* it; 'twill *encrease* it, and *inflame* it, and will by no means *put* it *out*. A *Candle* neither *can*, nor *will* put out the *Sun*: and an *intellectual Sun* can, but *will not* put out the *Lamp*. The light of *Reason* doth no more *prejudice*

dice the light of *Faith*; then the light of a *Candle* doth *extinguish* the light of a *Star*. The *ſame Eye* of a *Soul* may look ſometimes upon a *Lamp*, and ſometimes upon a *Star*; one while upon a *firſt Principle*, another while upon a *revealed Truth*; as hereafter it ſhall *always* look upon the *Sun*, and ſee God *face to face*. *Grace* doth not come to pluck up *Nature* as a *Weed*, to *root out* the *Eſſences* of *Men*; but it comes to *graft Spirituals* upon *Morals*, that ſo, by their *mutual ſupplies*, and *intercourſe*, they may produce *moſt noble*, and *generous Fruit*. Can you tell me, why the *ſhell*, and the *Kernel* may not dwell together? why the *Bodies* of *Nature* may not be *quickened* by the *Soul* of *Grace*? Did you never obſerve an *Eye* uſing a *Proſpective-Glaſs*, for the *diſcovering*, and *amplifying*, and *approximating* of ſome *remote*, and yet *deſirable Object*? and did you perceive any *oppoſition* between the *Eye*, and the *Glaſs*? Was there not rather a *loving correſpondency*, and *communion* between them? Why ſhould there be any *greater ſtrife* between *Faith*, and *Reaſon*; ſeeing they are *Brethren*? Do they not both *ſpring* from the ſame *Father of Lights*? and can the *Fountain* of *Love*, and *Unity*, ſend forth any *irreconcileable Streams*? Do you think, that God did ever intend to *divide* a *rational Being*, to *tear*, and *rend* a Soul *in pieces*, to ſcatter *Principles* of *diſcord*, and *confuſion* in it? If God be pleaſed to open ſome *other paſſage* in the *Soul*, and to give it *another Eye*, do's that *prejudice* the former? *Man*, you know, is ordained to a *choicer end*, to a *nobler happineſs*, then for the *preſent* he can *attain* unto, and therefore he cannot expect, that God ſhould now *communicate* himſelf in ſuch *bright*, and *open diſcoveries*, in ſuch *glorious manifeſtations* of himſelf, as he means to give *hereafter*. But he muſt be content, for the *preſent*, to behold thoſe *infinite treaſures* of reſerved *Love*, in a *darker*, and more *ſhadowy* way of *Faith*, and not of *Viſion*. *Nature*, and *Reaſon*, are not ſufficiently *proportion'd* to ſuch *bleſſed Objects*: for there are ſuch *weights* of *Glory* in them, as do *opprimere ingenium humanum*; there are ſuch *Depths*, ſuch *Pleonaſms*, ſuch *Oceans* of all *Perfections* in a *Deity*, as do infinitely exceed all *Intellectual capacity*, but its *own*. The moſt, that *Man's Reaſon* can do, is to fill the *Underſtanding* to the *brim*; but *Faith*, that throws the *Soul* into the *Ocean*, and lets it *roll*, and *bathe* it ſelf in the *vaſtneſs*, and *fulneſs* of a *Deity*. Could the *Sons of men* have extracted all

the *Spirits* of *Reaſon*, and made them *meet*, and *jump* in one *Head*; nay, could *Angels*, and *Men* have *united*, and *concentricated* all their *Reaſon*: yet they would never have been able to *ſpy out* ſuch *profound*, and *myſterious excellencies*; as *Faith* beholds in *one twinkling* of her *Eye*. *Evangelical Beauties* ſhine through a *veil*, that's upon their *face*; you may ſee the *precious Objects* of *Faith*, like ſo many *Pearls*, and *Diamonds*, *ſparkling*, and *glittering* in the *Dark*. *Reveal'd Truths* ſhine with their own *Beams*, they do not borrow their *Primitive*, and *original Luſtre* from this *Candle of the Lord*; but from the *purer light*, wherewith God hath *cloathed*, and *attir'd* them, as with a *Garment*. God crowns his *own Revelations* with his *own Beams*. *The Candle of the Lord*, it doth not *diſcover*, it doth not *oppoſe* them, it cannot *eclipſe* them. They are no *ſparks* of *Reaſon's ſtriking*; but they are *flaming Darts* of *Heaven's ſhooting*, that both *open*, and *enamour* the Soul. They are *Stars* of *Heaven's lighting*. *Men* behold them at a great diſtance *twinkling* in the *Dark*. Whatſoever comes in *God's name* do's *aut invenire viam*, *aut facere*. Whatever God *reveals* in his *Word*, 'tis *ſupra providentiam rerum communem conſtitutum*. 'Tis not in the *road* of *Nature*; and therefore, for the *welcoming*, and *entertaining* of it (as a *Noble Authour* of our own doth very well obſerve) *explicatur ſenſus quidam ſupernaturalis*, *&* θαυμάσιος, there's an *opening* of a *new Window* in the *Soul*, an *Intellectual Eye* looks out at the *Window*, and is much *pleaſed*, and *affected* with the *oriency* of that *Light*, that comes *ſpringing*, and *ruſhing* in upon it. As there's a νόμος γραπτὸς· ſo there's an εὐαγγέλιον γραπτὸν too: the one 'tis written by the *Pen* of *Nature*; the other by the *finger* of the *Spirit*: for *ubi deſinit Natura*, *ibi incipit Gratia*; and this *Second Edition* ſet out by *Grace*, 'tis *auctior*, *& emendatior*, yet ſo as it doth not at all *contradict* the *firſt Edition*, that was ſet out by *Nature*; for this is the *voice* of *Nature* it ſelf, that *whatſoever God reveals muſt needs be true*, and this *Common Principle* is the *bottom*, and *foundation* of all *Faith to build upon*. The *Soul* deſires no greater *ſatisfaction*, then an' Αυτὸς ἔφη· for, if *God* himſelf *ſay* it, who can *queſtion* it? who dare *contradict* it? Reaſon *will* not, Reaſon *cannot*; for it do's moſt immovably *acknowledge* a *Deity*, and the *unqueſtionable Truth* of a *Deity*. In all *believing* there is an *aſſent*, a *yielding to* him, that ſpeaks, by virtue of his

own

own Authority, though he don't *prove* it, though he don't *evince* it. Now *men* themſelves look upon it, as a *contempt*, and *injury*, not to have their *words taken*; and *Reaſon* it ſelf *dictates* thus much, that we are to *believe* ſuch an one, whom we have no *reaſon* to *diſtruſt*: for without *ſome Faith* there would be no *commerce*, nor *trafficking* in the World; there's no *trading* without ſome *truſting*. A *general*, and *total Incredulity* would threaten a *preſent*, and *fatal diſſolution* to *humane Society*. *Matters* of *fact* are as certain in *being*, and *reality*, as *Demonſtrations*; yet in appearance moſt of them can never be *prov'd*, or *evinc'd* any other way, then by *meer Teſtimony*. Much *Hiſtorical Knowledge*, many a *Truth* ha's been *loſt*, and *buried* in *Unbelief*; when as many a *Falſity* in the mean time ha's prov'd *more fortunate*, and *triumphant*, and ha's paſt *currantly* through the world under the *ſpecious diſguiſe* of *Probability*. Yet, becauſe no *created Being* is *infallible*, or *authentical*; becauſe the *Sons of men* are ſo *eaſily deceived* themſelves, and are ſo *apt*, and *propenſe* to *deceive*, and *impoſe* upon others: 'twill be very lawful to move *ſlowly*, and *timerouſly*, *warily*, and *vigilantly* in our *aſſents* to them: for a *ſudden*, and *precocious Faith* here is neither *commendable*, nor *durable*. But *God* being *Truth* it ſelf, an *Eternal*, *Immutable Truth*; his *Word* being *vehiculum veritatis*; and all *Revelations* flowing from him, ſhining with the *prints*, and *ſignatures* of *Certainty*: hence it is, that his *naked Word* is a *Demonſtration*; and he, that won't *believe* a *God*, is worſe then a *Devil*, he is the *blackeſt Infidel*, that was e're yet extant. This *Sin* is ſo *unnatural*, as that none, but an *Atheiſt* can be guilty of it; for he, that *acknowledges* a *Deity*, and *knows* what he acknowledges, ſure he won't offer to make his *God a liar*. That, which might otherwiſe ſeem to ſome to be *againſt Reaſon*; yet, if it bring the *ſeal* of *God* in its *fore-head*, by this you may know, that 'tis *not againſt Reaſon*. *Abraham's ſlaying* of his *Son* may ſeem a moſt *horrid*, and *unnatural act*, againſt the νόμῳ γραπτῷ, againſt the *Candle of the Lord*; yet being *commanded*, and *authorized* by *God* himſelf, the *Candle* durſt not *oppoſe* the *Sun*. That *pattern* of *Faith*, the *Father of the Faithful*, do's not *diſpute*, and make *Syllogiſms* againſt it; he do's not *plead*, that 'tis againſt *Common Notions*; that 'tis againſt *Demonſtrations* (for he had ſaid *falſe*, if he had ſaid ſo) but he doth *dutifully obey* the *God* of *Nature*, that *high*, and

supreme Law-giver, who by *this call*, and *voice* of his, did *plainly*, and *audibly* proclaim, that for *Abraham* to *kill* his *Son* in these *circumstances*, was not against the *Law of Nature*. So that all the *stress*, and *difficulty* will be to know whether *God reveals* such a thing, or *no*; for here *Reason* (*corrupt Reason* I mean,) is wont to *slip*, and *evade*, and when it cannot frame a *conceit adequate*, and *commensurate* to some *transcendent*, and *superlative Mysteries*, it would then fain *cloud* them, and *eclipse* them, that it may *quench*, and *avoid* the *dazling brightness* of them. It would fain make them *stoop*, and *condescend* to its own *capacity*, and therefore it puts some *inferiour Notion* upon them. When it cannot *grasp* what God saith, it then presently *questions*, whether God say *so*, or *no*; whether that be the *minde* of his *Word*. Hence many may *err* very *deeply*, and *dangerously*, yet will *acknowledge* the *Scriptures*, they will *own*, and *honour* them, as the *Word* of *God*; for they are not yet arriv'd to that full *perfection* of *Errour*, as those *lumps*, and *dunghills* of all *Sects*, I mean, that *young*, and *upstart generation* of gross *Anti-Scripturists*, that have a *Powder-plot* against the *Gospel*, that would very *compendiously behead* all *Christian Religion* at *one blow*; a *device*, which *old*, and *ordinary Hereticks* were never acquainted withall. Though they be not come to such an *height* as this; yet, either by their *flat*, and *frigid explicating*, they do endeavour to *dispirit*, and *enervate* the *Word* of God; or else, in a *more violent*, and *injurious* manner, they do even *ravish* it, and *deflower* the *virginity* of it; or else, in a *more subtle*, and *serpentine* manner, they seek to *bend* the *Rule*, and *expound* it to their *purposes*, and *advantages*. The *Letter* of the *Word*, the *vagina verbi*, that do's not *wound* them, that do's not *strike* them: and as for the *edge*, they think they can *dram* that, as they please; they can *blunt* it, as they list; they can *order* it, as they will. But the *Law* of *sound Reason*, and *Nature*, do's oppose such *unworthy dealings* as these are: for *men* look upon't very *heinously*, to have their *words mis-interpreted*, to have their *meaning wrested*, and *violenc'd*. Can you think, that the *Majesty* of *Heaven* will allow, or endure, that a *Creature* should study, or busie it self in *perverting* his *Words*, in *corrupting* his *meaning*, in *blending* it, and *mixing* it with the *crude imaginations* of their *own Brain*? That *Spirit*, which *breath'd out* the *Word* at first, and which *convinces*, and *satisfies* the Soul, that 'tis the

Word

Word of God; the very *ſame Spirit* is the *Interpreter* of it, he is the *Commentatour* upon it. The *Text* is his, and the *Gloſs* is his, and whoſoever ſhall call this a *private Spirit*, muſt needs be a bold *Blaſphemer*, a *Jeſuit*, an *Atheiſt*. But they, that know what the *Spirit of God* is, will eaſily grant, that the *Spirit* of God *unſheaths* his own *Sword*; that he *poliſhes* Evangelical *Pearls*; that he *anoints*, and *conſecrates* the *eye* of the *Soul*, for the *welcoming*, and *entertaining* of ſuch *precious Objects*. 'Tis true indeed, that ſome *Explications* are ſo *impertinent*, and *diſtorted*, as that a *prophane*, and *carnal* Eye may preſently diſcern, that there was either ſome *violence*, or *deceit* uſed in them; as who cannot tell when any *Authour* is extremely *vex'd*, and *wrong'd*? But, if there be any ſuch *obſcurity*, as may give *juſt* occaſion of *doubting*, and *diffidence*; who then can be fitter to *clear*, and *unfold* it, then the *Authour* himſelf? nay, who can *explain* his *minde certainly*, but he himſelf? Is it not thus in *Spirituals* much rather? When God *ſcatters* any *Twilight*, any *Darkneſs* there, is it not by a more *plentifull ſhedding abroad* of his own *Beams*? Such a *Knot*, as a *created Underſtanding* cannot unty, the *edge* of the *Spirit* preſently *cuts* aſunder. Nor yet is *Providence* wanting in *external* means, which, by the *goodneſs*, and *power* of God, were annexed, as *figilla verbi*: *Miracles* I mean, which are upon this account very *ſuitably*, and *proportionably ſubſervient* to *Faith*; they being above *natural Power*, as *revealed Truths* are above *natural Underſtanding*. The *one's* above the *hand* of *Nature*, as the *other's* above the *head* of *Nature*. But *Miracles*, though they be very *potent*, yet they are not always *prevalent*, for there were many *ſpectatours* of *Chriſt's Miracles*, which yet, like ſo many *Pharaohs*, were *hardened* by them, and ſome of them, that *beheld* them, were no more *moved* by them, then ſome of them, who only *hear* of them, will not at all *attend* to them. So that only the *ſeal* of the *Spirit* can make a *firm impreſſion* upon the *Soul*; who *writes* his own Word upon the *Soul* with a *conquering*, and *triumphant Sun-beam*, that is impatient either of *cloud*, or *ſhadow*. Be open therefore, ye, *everlaſting Doors*, and ſtand *wide open*, ye, *intellectual Gates*, that the *ſpirit* of *Grace*, and *Glory*, with the goodly *Train* of his *revealed Truths*, may *enter in*. There's *foundation* for all this in a *Principle* of *Nature*; for we muſt ſtill put you in minde of the *concord*, that is betwixt *Faith*, and *Reaſon*. Now this is the *voice* of *Reaſon*, that God *can*, and

that

that none, *but* God, can aſſure you of his *own minde*; for if he ſhould *reveal* his minde by a *Creature*, there will ſtill be ſome *tremblings*, and *wauerings* in the *Soul*, unleſs he do's withall *ſatisfie* a Soul, that ſuch a *Creature* do's *communicate* his minde *truly*, and *really*, as it is: ſo that *ultimately* the *Certainty* is reſolv'd into the *voice* of *God*, and not into the *courteſie* of a *Creature*. This *Holy Spirit* of God *creates* in the Soul a *Grace* anſwerable to theſe *tranſcendent Objects*: you cannot but know the *name* of it, 'tis called *Faith*, *Super-naturalis forma fidei*, as *Mirandula* the *Younger* ſtiles it, which *cloſes*, and *complies* with every word, that drops from the *voice*, or *pen* of a *Deity*, and which *facilitates* the Soul to *aſſent* to *revealed Truths*. So as that with an *Heavenly inclination*, with a *delightfull propenſion* it moves to them, as to a *Centre*. *Reaſon* cannot more delight in a *Common Notion*, or a *Demonſtration*; then *Faith* do's in *revealed Truth*. As the *Unity* of a *Godhead* is *demonſtrable*, and *clear* to the Eye of *Reaſon*: ſo the *Trinity* of *Perſons*, that is, *three glorious relations* in *one God*, is as *certain* to an Eye of *Faith*. 'Tis *as certain* to this Eye of *Faith*, that *Chriſt* is *truly God*; as it was *viſible* to an Eye both of *Senſe*, and *Reaſon*, that he is *truly Man*. *Faith* ſpies out the *Reſurrection* of the *Body*; as *Reaſon* ſees the *immortality* of the *Soul*. I know there are ſome *Authours* of great *worth*, and *learning*, that endeavour to maintain this *Opinion*, that *Revealed Truths*, though they could not be *found* by *Reaſon*; yet, when they are *once revealed*, that *Reaſon* can then *evince* them, and *demonſtrate* them. But I much rather encline to *Determinations* of *Aquinas*, and multitudes of others, that are of the *ſame Judgment*, that *humane Reaſon*, when it ha's *ſtretch'd* it ſelf to the *uttermoſt*, is not at all *proportion'd* to them; but, at the *beſt*, can give only ſome *faint illuſtrations*, ſome *weak adumbrations* of them. They were never *againſt Reaſon*, they were always *above Reaſon*. 'Twill be *employment* enough, and 'twill be a *noble employment* too, for *Reaſon* to *redeem*, and *vindicate* them from thoſe *thorns*, and *difficulties*, with which ſome *ſubtle* ones have *vex'd* them, and *encompaſs'd* them. 'Twill be *honour* enough for *Reaſon* to ſhew, that *Faith* do's not *oppoſe Reaſon*; and this it *may* ſhew, it *muſt* ſhew this; for elſe οἱ ἔσω, thoſe, that are *within the incloſure* of the *Church*, will never reſt *ſatisfied*; nor οἱ ἔξω, *Pagans*, *Mahumetans*, *Jews*, will never be *convinc'd*. God, indeed, may *work* upon them by

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immediate revelation; but *man* can only *prevail* upon them by *Reason*: yet 'tis not to be *expected*, nor is it *required*, that every *weak*, and *new-born Christian*, that gives *real assent*, and *cordial entertainment* to these *mysterial Truths*, should be able to deliver them from those *seeming contradictions*, which some *cunning Adversaries* may cast upon them. There are some things *demonstrable*, which to many seem *impossible*; how much more easily may here be some *matters* of *Faith*, which every one cannot *free* from all *difficulties*? 'Tis sufficient therefore for such, that they so far forth *understand* them, as to be sure, that they are not *against Reason*, and that principally upon this account, because they are sure *God* ha's *revealed* them. And others, that are of more *advanced*, and *elevated Intellectuals*, may give *such explications* of them, as may *disentangle* them from all *repugnancy*; though they cannot *display* them in their *full Glory*. Nor must the *multitude*, or *strength*, and *wit*, of *Opposers* fright men out of their *Faith*, and *Religion*. Though the *major part* of the *World* do *disesteem*, and look upon them, as *meer contradictions*; yet this being the *censure* of most *unequal*, and *incompetent Judges*, is not at all *prejudicial* to their *worth*, and *excellency*: for to most of the world they were never *revealed* so much as in an *external* manner, and to all others, that *refuse*, and *reject* them, they were never *powerfully revealed* by the *irradiations* of the *Holy Ghost*. So that *one Affirmative* here is to be *preferred* before a whole *heap* of *Negatives*; the *judgment* of *one wise, enlighten'd, experienc'd, spiritualiz'd Christian* is more to be attended to, then the *votes*, and *suffrages* of a *thousand gainsayers*; because this is *undeniable*, that God may *give* to one that *Eye*, that *Light*, that *discerning power*, which he do's *deny* to many others. 'Tis therefore a piece of *excessive vanity*, and *arrogancy* in *Socinus*, to *limit*, and *measure* all *Reason* by his *own*. Nor do's this put any *uncertainty* in *Reason*, but onely a *diversity* in the *improvings* of it; *one Lamp* differs from *another* in *glory*; and withall, it lales down an *higher*, and *nobler Principle*, then *Reason* is: for in things meerly *natural*, every *rational Being* is there a *competent Judge* in those things, that are within the *Sphere*, and *compass* of *Reason*, the *Reason* of all men do's *agree*, and *conspire*, so as that, which implies an *express*, and *palpable contradiction*, cannot be own'd by any; but in things *above Nature*, and *Reason*, a *paucity* here is a *better argument*,

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then a *plurality*; becauſe *Providence* uſes to open his *Cabinets* onely for his *Jewels*. God manifeſts theſe *myſterious Secrets* onely to a *few friends*; his *Spirit* whiſpers to a *few*, *ſhines* upon a *few*: ſo that, if any tell us, that *Evangelical Myſteries* imply a *contradiction*; becauſe they cannot *apprehend* them, it is no more, then for a *blinde man* confidently to *determine*, that it involves a *contradiction* to ſay, there is a *Sun*, becauſe he *cannot ſee* it. Why ſhould you not as well think, that a *greater part* of the World *lies in Errour*, as that it lies in *Wickedneſs*? is it not *defective* in the *choiceſt Intellectuals*, as well as in the *nobleſt Practicals*? Or can any perſwade himſelf, that a moſt *eminent*, and *refined* part of *Mankinde*, and (that which is very conſiderable) a *Virgin-company*, which kept it ſelf *untouch'd* from the *pollutions* of *Anti-Chriſt* upon *mature deliberation*, for *long continuance*, upon *many debatings*, *examinings*, *diſcuſſings*, *conſtant prayers* unto God for the diſcovery of his minde, ſhould all this while embrace *meer contradictions*, for the *Higheſt Points* of their *Religion*? Or can any conceive, that theſe *Evangelical Myſteries* were *invented*, and *contriv'd*, and *maintain'd* by men? Could the *Head* of a *Creature invent* them? Could the *Arm* of a *Creature* uphold them? Have they not a *Divine Superſcription* upon them? Have they not an *heavenly Original*? Or can you imagine, that *Providence* would have ſo *bleſt*, and *proſper'd* a *contradiction*? as always to pluck it out of the *paws* of *devouring Adverſaries*? When the *whole Chriſtian World* was ready to be *ſwallowed* up with *Arrianiſm*, dare any to ſay, that God then prepar'd an *Ark* onely for the *preſerving* of a *Contradiction*? *Providence* do's not uſe to *countenance Contradictions* ſo, as to let them *ride in triumph* over *Truth*. The moſt, that any *Oppoſer* can ſay, if he will ſpeak *truth*, is no more, then this, that they ſeem to him to *imply* a *Contradiction*? Which may very eaſily be ſo, if he want an higher *Principle* of *Faith*, ſuitable, and anſwerable to theſe *matters* of *Faith*; both of them (the *Principle*, and *Object* I mean) being *ſuper-natural*, neither of them *contra-natural*. For there is a *double modeſty* in *Reaſon* very remarkable. As it do's not *multa aſſerere*, ſo it do's not *multa negare*; as it takes very few things for *certain*, ſo it concludes very few for *impoſſible*. Nay, *Reaſon*, though ſhe will not *put out* her *eye*, for that's *unnatural*; yet ſhe will *cloſe* her *eye* ſometimes, that *Faith* may *aim* the *better*, and that's *commendable*. And *Faith* makes

Reaſon

Reaſon abundant *compenſation* for this, for, as a learned *Authour* of our own, and a great *Patron* both of *Faith*, and *Reaſon*, do's notably expreſs it; *Faith is a ſupply of Reaſon in things Intelligible, as the Imagination is of Light in things Viſible.* The *Imagination*, with her *witty*, and *laborious Penſil*, *draws*, and *repreſents* the *Shapes*, *Proportions*, and *Diſtances* of *Perſons*, and *Places*; taking them onely by the help of ſome *imperfect Deſcription*, and 'tis fain to ſtay here, till it be better ſatisfied with the *very ſight* of the things *themſelves*. Thus *Faith* takes things upon an *heavenly repreſentation*, and *deſcription*, upon a *Word*, upon a *Promiſe*, it ſees an *heavenly Canaan* in the *Map* before an *Intellectual Eye* can behold it in a way of *clear*, and *open Viſion*; for men are not here capable of a *preſent Heaven*, and happineſs of a *compleat*, and *beatifical Viſion*; and therefore they are not capable of ſuch *Myſteries* in their full *ſplendour*, and *brightneſs*; for they would make it, if they were thus *unfolded*: but they now *flouriſh* onely in the *Latices*, as *Chriſt* himſelf, the *Head* of theſe *Myſteries*; they do σκηνῆν ἐν ἡμῖν, they put a *veil* upon their *face*, out of *pure favour*, and *indulgence* to an *Intellectual Eye*, leſt it ſhould be too much *overcome* with their *glory*. The *veils* of the *Law* were *veils* of *obſcurity*; but the *veils* of the *Goſpel* are onely to *allay* the *brightneſs* of it. 'Tis *honour enough* for a *Chriſtian*, if he can but *touch* the *hem* of *Evangelical Myſteries*: for he will never ſee a *full Commentary* upon the *Goſpel*, till he can behold the *naked face* of his *God*. Yet the *knowledge*, which he hath of him here, *imperfecta cognitio rerum nobiliſſimarum*, 'tis moſt *pleaſant*, and *delicious*. 'Tis better to know a little of *God*, and *Chriſt*; then to ſee all the *Creatures* in their full *beauty*, and *perfection*. The *gleanings* of *Spirituals* is better, then the *vintage* of *Naturals*, and *Morals*. The *leaſt Spangle* of *Happineſs* is better, then a *Globe* of *Temporals*. This ſets a *gloſs*, and *luſtre* upon *Chriſtian Religion*, and highly *commends* the *purity*, and *perfection* of it, above all other whatſoever, in that it hath τὰ βάθη τῦ Θεῦ. *Chriſt* tries all his *followers* by his own *Sun-beams*. Whereas the *dull*, and *creeping Religion* of *Mahomet* ha's nothing at all *above Nature*, and *Reaſon*; though it may have many things *againſt both*. No *need* of *Faith* there, there are no *Myſteries* in his *Alcoran*; unleſs of *deceit*, and *iniquity*. Nothing at all, *niſi quod de facili, à quolibet mediocriter ſapiente, naturali ingenio cognoſci poteſt*;

as that *ſolid Authour* very well obſerves. And therefore that *ſtupid Impoſtour* did not *ſeal* his *Words* with any *Miracles*; for there was not one *ſuper-natural Truth* to be *ſealed*, nor could he have *ſealed* it, if it had been there: but onely he *proſecutes* it with a *Sword*. *Mahomet's Loadſtone* do's not *draw* Men; but his *Sword*, that *conquers* them: he *draws* his *Sword*, he bids them *deliver up* their *Souls*, and tells them, that upon *this condition* he will ſpare their *Lives*. *Signa illa, quæ Tyrannis, & Latronibus non deſunt*; as he ſpeaks notably. But the very *Principles* of *Chriſtian Religion* are *attractive*, and *Magnetical*; they *enamour*, and *command*; they *overpower* the *Underſtanding*, and make it *glad* to look upon ſuch *Myſterious Truths*, as are reflected in a *Glaſs*; becauſe it is *unable* to behold them πρόσωπον πρὸς πρόσωπον. This ſpeaks the great preeminence of Mount *Sion* above Mount *Sina*. In the *Law* you have *the Candle of the Lord* ſhining; in the *Goſpel* you have the *Day-ſpring* from *on high*, the *Sun ariſing*. *Nature*, and *Reaſon triumph* in the *Law*; *Grace*, and *Faith flower out* in the *Goſpel*. By virtue of this *wiſe*, and *free diſpenſation*, *weak* ones chiefly receive the *Goſpel*: for they are as *well able* to *believe*, as any *other*; nay, they are *apter* to believe, then *others*. If it had gone onely by the *advancement* of *Intellectuals*, by the *heightenings*, and *clarifyings* of *Reaſon*; who then would have been *ſaved*, but the *Grandees* of the *World*, the *Scribes*, the *Phariſees*, the *Philoſophers*, the *Diſputers*? But *God* ha's fram'd a way, that *confounds* thoſe *Heads* of the *World*, and drops *Happineſs* into the *mouths* of *Babes*. There are ſome *Underſtandings*, that neither *ſpin*, nor *toil*; and yet *Solomon*, in all his *wiſdom*, and *glory*, was not *cloathed like one of theſe*: for this *way* of *Faith*, 'tis a more *brief*, and *compendious* way. *Longum iter per Rationem*; *breve per Fidem*. Very *few Underſtandings*, much leſs *all*, can *demonſtrate* all, that is *demonſtrable*: but, if *Men* have a power of *believing*, they may preſently *aſſent* to all, that's *true*, and *certain*. That, which *Reaſon* would have been *ſweating* for this *many a year*, *Faith* ſups up the *quinteſſence* of in a *moment*. *All men* in the world have not *equal abilities*, *opportunities*, *advantages* of *emproving* their *Reaſon*, even in things *Natural*, and *Moral*: ſo that *Reaſon* it ſelf tells us, that theſe are in ſome meaſure *neceſſitated* to *believe* others. How many are there, that can't *meaſure* the *juſt*

magnitude

magnitude of a *Star*; yet, if they will *believe* an *Aſtronomer*, they may *know* it preſently: and, if they be *ſure*, that this *Mathematician* hath *skill* enough, and will ſpeak nothing but *Truth*, they cannot then have the *leaſt ſhadow* of *Reaſon* to *dis-believe* him. 'Tis thus in *Spirituals*: ſuch is the *weakneſs* of *Humane Underſtanding pro hoc ſtatu*, as that they are *neceſſitated* to *believing* here; yet ſuch is its *happineſs*, that it hath one to *inſtruct* it, who can neither *deceive*, nor be *deceived*. God hath choſen this way of *Faith*, that he may *ſtain* the *pride*, and *glory* of *Man*, that he may *poſe* his *Intellectuals*, that *God* may *maintain* in Man *great apprehenſions of himſelf*, of his own *Incomprehenſibleneſs*, of his own *Truth*, of his own *Revelations*; as that he may keep a *Creature* in a *poſture* of *dependency*, ſo as to *give up* his *Underſtanding*, ſo as to be *diſpoſed*, and *regulated* by him. And if a *Cherubim* be *ambitious* of ſtooping, if an *Angelical Underſtanding* do ſo earneſtly παρακύπτειν, me thinks then the *Sons of men* might *fall down* at the *beautiful feet* of *Evangelical Myſteries*, with that *humble* acknowledgement, *Non ſum dignus ſolvere corrigiam hujus Myſterii*. Onely let thy *Faith* triumph *here*; for it ſhall not triumph *hereafter*: let it *ſhine* in *time*; for it muſt *vaniſh* in *eternity*. You ſee then, that *Reaſon* is no *enemy* to *Faith*: for all, that ha's been ſaid of *Faith*, it ha's been fetch'd out of *Reaſon*. You ſee there are *mutual embraces* 'twixt the *Law* and the *Goſpel*: *Nature*, and *Grace* may *meet together*; *Reaſon*, and *Faith* have *kiſſed each other*.

CHAP. XVII.

The Light of Reaſon *is a pleaſant Light.*

'TIs *Lumen jucundum.* All *Light* is *pleaſant*, 'tis the very *ſmile* of *Nature*, the *gloſs* of the *World*, the *varniſh* of the *Creation*, a *bright Paraphraſe* upon *Bodies*. Whether it diſcover it ſelf in the *modeſty* of a *morning* Buſh, and open its *fair*, and *Virgin-Eye-lids* in the *dawning* of the *day*; or whether it *dart out* more *vigorous*, and *ſprightful Beams*, *ſhining out* in its *noon-day-glory*; whether it *ſport*, and *twinkle* in a *Star*; or *blaze*, and *glare out* in a *Comet*; or *friſk*, and *dance* in a *Jewel*; or *diſſemble*, and *play the Hypocrite* in a *Glow-worm*; or *Epitomize*, and *abbreviate* it ſelf in a *Spark*; or ſhew its *Zeal*, and the *ruddineſs* of its *Complexion*, in the *yolk* of the *Fire*; or grow more *pale*, *pining*, and *conſuming away* in a *Candle*: however 'tis pleas'd to *manifeſt* it ſelf, it carries a *commanding luſtre* in its *face*; though ſometimes indeed it be *veil'd*, and *ſhadowed*; ſometimes 'tis *clouded*, and *impriſon'd*; ſometimes 'tis *ſoyled*, and *diſcolour'd*. Who will not *ſalute* ſo *lovely* a *Beauty* with a χαῖρε φῶς, *Welcome* thou *firſt-born* of *Corporeal Beings*; thou *Lady*, and *Queen* of *Senſitive Beauties*; thou *clarifier*, and *refiner* of the *Chaos*, thou *unſpotted Beauty of the Univerſe*: let him be *condemn'd* to a *perpetual night*, to a *fatal diſconſolate Grave*, that is not *enamour'd* with thy *Brightneſs*. Is it not a *pleaſant* thing to behold a *Sun*? nay, to behold but a *Candle*, a *deputed Light*? a *vicarious Light*, the *Ape* of a *Sun-Beam*? Yet there are ſome *ſuperſtitious* Ones, that are ready to *adore* it. How *devoutly* do they *complement* with a *Candle*, at the *firſt approach*? How do they *put off* the *Hat* to it, as if, with the *Satyr*, they meant to *kiſs* it. You ſee how *pleaſant* the *Light* is to them. Nay, that *learned Knight*, in his Diſcourſe *Of Bodies*, tells us of one *totally blinde*, who yet knew when a *Candle* came into the *room*, onely by the *quickening*, and *reviving* of his *Spirits*. Yet this *Corporeal Light*, 'tis but a *Shadow*, 'tis but a *black Spot* to ſet off the *fairneſs* of *Intellectual Brightneſs*.

Brightneſs. How *pleaſant* is it to behold an *Intellectual Sun*? Nay, to behold but *the Candle of the Lord*? How *pleaſant* is this *Lamp* of *Reaſon*. Πᾶν φυσικὸν ἡδύ. All the *Motions*, and *Operations* of *Nature* are *mix'd*, and *ſeaſon'd* with *ſweetneſs*. Every *Entity*, 'tis *ſugared* with ſome *delight*. Every *Being*, 'tis *roll'd up* in ſome *Pleaſure*. How do's the *Inanimate* Being *claſp*, and *embrace* its *Centre*, and *reſt* there, as in the *Boſome* of *Delight*? How *flouriſhing* is the *pleaſure* of *Vegetatives*? Look but upon the *beauty*, and *pleaſure* of a *Flower*. Behold the *Lilies* of the *Valleys*, and the *Roſe* of *Sharon Solomon*: in all his *Pleaſure*, was not *cloathed like one theſe*. Go then to *Senſitive Creatures*, and there you meet with *pleaſures* in a *greater height*, and *exaltation*. How are all the *Individua* amongſt them maintained by *acts* of *Pleaſure*? How are they all *propagated* by *acts* of *Pleaſure*. *Some* of them are more *merry*, and *chearful*, then the *reſt*. How *pleaſant*, and *jocund* is the *Bird*? How *Muſical* is it? How do's it *ſing* for *joy*? Did you never ſee the *Fiſh playing* in its *element*? Did you never ſee it caught with a *bait*, of *Pleaſure*? Do's not *Leviathan ſport* in the *Sea*, and *dally* with the *Waves*? If you look up higher to *Rational Beings*, to the *Sons of men*, you'l finde there a *more ſingular*, and *peculiar* kinde of *Pleaſure*, whileſt they have both a *Taſt* of *Senſitive Delight*, and a *Participation* of *Intellectual*. The *Soul*, and *Body* enjoying a *chaſt*, and *conjugal Love*: the *Pleaſure* of the *Soul* is more *vigorous*, and *maſculine*; that of the *Body* more *ſoft*, and *effeminate*. The *Nobler* any *Being* is, the *purer Pleaſure* it hath *proportion'd* to it. *Senſitive Pleaſure*, it hath more of *Dregs*: *Intellectual Pleaſure*, it hath more of *Quinteſſence*. If *Pleaſure* were to be meaſured by *Corporeal Senſes*, the *Brutes*, that are more *exquiſite* in *Senſe*, then *Men* are, would, by virtue of that, have a *choicer portion* of *Happineſs*, then *Men* can *arrive* to, and would make a *better Sect* of *Epicureans*; then *Men* are ever like to do. But therefore *Nature* hath very *wiſely provided*, that the *Pleaſure* of *Reaſon* ſhould be *above* any *Pleaſure* of *Senſe*; as much, and far *more*, then the *Pleaſure* of the *Bee* is above the *Pleaſure* of the *Swine*. Have you not ſeen a *Bee* make a *Trade* of *Pleaſure*, and, like a *little* Epicure, *faring deliciouſly every day*; whileſt it lies at the *Breaſt* of a *Flower*, *drawing*, and *ſucking out* the *pureſt ſweetneſs*? and, becauſe 'twill have *variety* of *Diſhes*, and *Dainties*,

Dainties, it goes from *Flower* to *Flower*, and *feasts* upon them all with a *pure*, and *spotless Pleasure*: when as the *Swine*, in the mean time, *tumbles*, and *wallows*, in the *mire*, *rolling* it self in *dirt*, and *filthiness*. An *Intellectual Bee*, that *deflowers* most *elegant Authours*; a *learned Epicure*, that *sups up* more *Orient Pearls*, then ever *Cleopatra* did; one, that *delights* in the *embraces* of *Truth*, and *Goodness*, hath he not a *more refin'd*, and *clarified Pleasure*, then a *wanton Corinthian*, that courts *Lais*; then a *soft Sardanapalus* spinning amongst his *Courtizans*; then a *plump Anacreon*, in *singing*, and *dancing*, and *quaffing*, and *lascivious Playing*? Τῶν ἡδονῶν τὰς σωματικὰς οἱ πρακτικαὶ, καὶ φιλόσοφοι τῷ χαίροντι τῆς ψυχῆς δι' ὑπερβολὴν, καὶ μέγεθος ἐναφανίζουσι, καὶ καταστέννυσι· as the *elegant Moralist* hath it: and 'tis as if he had said, The *delights* of a *studious*, and *contemplative Athenian*, or of a *couragious*, and *active Lacedemonian*, are *infinitely* to be *preferr'd* before the *pleasure* of a *delicate Sybarite*, or a *dissolved Persian*. The *delight* of a *Philosopher* do's *infinitely surpass* the *pleasure* of a *Courtier*. The *choicest Pleasure* is nothing, but the *Efflorescentia Veri, & Boni*; there can be no *greater Pleasure*, then of an *Understanding* embracing a most *clear Truth*, and of a *Will* complying with its *fairest Good*. This is ἐν θυμῷ χαίρειν, as the *Greeks* call it; or, as the *Latines*, *In sinu gaudere*. All *Pleasure* consisting in that *Harmonious Conformity*, and *Correspondency*, that a *Faculty* hath with its *Object*, 'twill necessarily *flow* from this, that the *better*, and *nobler* any *Object* is, the *purer*, and *stronger* any *Faculty* is; the *nearer*, and *sweeter* the *union* is between them, the *choicer* must be the *Pleasure*, that *ariseth* from thence. Now *Intellectual Beings* have the *bravest Object*, the *highest*, and *most generous Faculties*, the *strictest Love-knot*, and *Union*; and so can't want a *Pleasure* answerable to all this. *Epicurus* himself (as that known *Writer* of the *Philosophers Lives*, who himself also was a *favourer*, and *follower* of the *Epicurean Sect*, do's represent him) that *grand Master* of *Pleasure*, though sometimes he seem to *steep* all *Pleasure* in *Sense*, yet, upon more *digested thoughts*, he is pleased to tell us, that the *supreme delight* is *stor'd*, and *treasur'd up* in *Intellectuals*. Sometimes indeed he breaks out into such *dissolute* word, as these, Οὐ γὰρ ἐγώ γε ἔχω τι νοῆσαι, ἀγαθὸν ἀφαιρῶν μὲν τὰς διὰ χυλῶν ἡδονὰς, τὰς δι' ἀφροδισίων, καὶ τὰς διὰ μορφῶν. *I know no pleasure*, saith he, *if you take away the Bribes, and Flatteries of Lust*,

Luſt, the enticings, and blandiſhings of Senſe, the Graces, and Elegancies of Muſick, the Kiſſes, and Embraces of Venus. But afterwards he is in a far different, and more *ſober ſtrain*, and ſeems to drop a *Pearl*, though his *Auditours* prov'd *Swine*; his words were theſe, Οὐ τὰς ἀπὸ ἀσώτων ἡδονὰς, καὶ τὰς ἐν ἀπολαύσει κειμένας, *I mean not* (ſaies he) *the pleaſures of a Prodigal, or thoſe, that are ſituated in a carnal fruition*; ἀλλὰ νήφοντα λογισμὸν, καὶ τὸ μέγιστον ἀγαθὸν πειθοῦς· *I intend a rational pleaſure, a prudential kinde of pleaſure*: which makes him lay down this for an *Axiome*, Οὐκ ἔστιν ἡδέως ζῆν ἄνευ τοῦ φρονίμως, καὶ καλῶς, that is, *There can be no pleaſure, unleſs it be dipp'd in goodneſs, it muſt come bubbling from a Fountain of Reaſon, and muſt ſtream out virtuous expreſſions, and manifeſtations.* And whereas other in their *Salutations* were wont to write χαίρειν, he always writ Εὐπρασσεῖν. But that *ingenuous Moraliſt*, whom I mentioned before, who could eaſily *ſpy out* the minde of *Epicurus*, and who was of greater *candour*, and *fairneſs*, then to wrong his *Opinion*, doth yet ſo far lay it *open*, and *naked* to the World, as that he notably *detects* the *follies*, and *vanities* of that *voluptuous Philoſopher* in that *golden Tractate* of his, which he entitles, Οὐκ ἔστιν ἡδέως ζῆν κατ' Ἐπίκουρον, *Non poteſt ſuaviter vivere ſecundùm* Epicuri *decreta*; where he ſhews that this *jolly Philoſopher* makes the *Body* onely the *proper Centre* of *Pleaſure*; and, when he tells you, that the *Minde* hath a more *rarified delight*, he means no more, then this, that the *Minde* perceives the *pleaſure* of *Senſe* better then the *Senſe* do's, which makes the forementioned *Authour* paſs this *witty Cenſure* upon them, Τῷ ἡδονῷ, καθάπερ οἶνον ἐκ τοῦ πονηροῦ ἀγγείου, διαχέοντες· they pour no *pleaſure* upon the *Soul*, but that, which comes out of the *impure*, and *muſty veſſel* of the *Body*. The whole *ſum* of *Epicurus* his *Ethicks*, which he ſtiles his *Canonical Philoſophy*, is this, Τῷ ἡδονῷ, ἀρχῷ, καὶ τέλει λέγομεν τὸ μακαρίως ζῆν, that *Pleaſure* was the *Alpha*, and *Omega* of all *Happineſs*. To this purpoſe he wrote a *multitude* of *Books*, and ſcattered them like ſo many of his *Atomes*, and the *greedy Appetite* of his *licentious followers* was eaſily caught with theſe *baits* of *Pleaſure*; which made his *Opinions* to be ſtiled *meretricia dogmata*, that *curl'd* their *Locks*, that *painted* their *Faces*, that *open'd* their *naked Breaſts*, that *cloath'd* themſelves in *ſeſt*, and *ſilken apparel*, to ſee if they could thus entice the *World*; they were δογματικαὶ Σειρῆνες, that with a *melting*, and *delicate voice*, did

did endeavour to *ſoften*, and *win upon* the *Hearts* of *Men* as much as they could; the *quinteſsence* of all his *Doctrine* was this,

— *Dux vitæ dia Voluptas*;

as *Lucretius*, the *Epicurean Poet*, ſings. The practice of that *frolick Profeſſour* of *Pleaſure* did ſufficiently *explain*, and *comment* upon his *Minde*. His *dwelling* was in a *Garden*, a fit place to *crown* with *Roſe-buds*, ῥόδινον χορυφὰς, to *crop* the *tops* of *Pleaſure*, to let no *Flower* of the *Spring* paſs *untouch'd* of him; here he was *furniſh'd* with all his *voluptuous accommodations*, and he might *ſpread* like a *green*, and *flouriſhing Bay-tree*. But, amongſt all his *pleaſure*, me thinks none ſhould *envie* that (which yet the *Writer* of his *Life* is pleaſed to obſerve) that he was wont δὶς ἢ ἅπαξ ἐμεῖν ἀπὸ τροφῆς, to *vomit* twice a day conſtantly after *meals*, by virtue of his *exceſſive luxury*. O rare *Philoſopher*! that *Head* of a *vomiting Sect*, that lick'd up his, and their own *filthineſs*. Is this the *work* of an *Athenian*? is this his *mixing* of *Virtue* with *Pleaſure*? will he call this ζῆν ἡδέως· ſure he will not call this ζῆν φρονίμως· yet his *death* was very *conformable* to his *Life*; for he expir'd with a *cup* of *Wine* at his *mouth*: which puts me in mind of the *end* of the other *carouſing Epicure*, that merry *Greek*, *Anacreon*; who by a moſt *emphatical Tautopathy* was choak'd with the *husk*, and *kernel* of a *Grape*. So ſoon do's the *pleaſure* of an *Epicure* wither, ſo ſoon are his *Reſolves blaſted*, he *eats*, and *drinks*, and dies before to morrow. Αἱ ἡδοναὶ καθάπερ ἀνεμοὶ, &c. they ſeem to *refreſh*, and *fan* the *Soul* with a *gentle breath*, but they are not *certain*, nor *durable*. Thoſe *corporeal delights* (as that florid *Moraliſt*, *Plutarch*, tells us) ἕξαψιν ἅμα, καὶ σβέσιν ἐν αὐχμῷ λαμβάνουσιν· like ſo many *ſparks*, they make a *crack*, and *vaniſh*; like ſome *extemporary Meteors*, they give a *bright*, and *ſudden coruſcation*, and *disappear* immediately. The *pleaſures* of *Taſte* are but *in fine palati*; as that famous *Epicure*, *Lucretius*, tells us. Whereas *intellectual joy* ſhines with a *fix'd*, and *undecaying brightneſs*, and though theſe ἡδοναὶ ἔξω ἐγεγόμεναι (as *Plato* calls them elegantly) theſe *outward pictures* of *Pleaſure*, though they loſe their *gloſs*, and *colour*; yet the *inward face* of *Delight* maintains its *original*, and *primitive Beauty*. *Senſitive Pleaſure* is *limited*, and *contracted* to the *narrow point* of a τὸ νῦν· for *Senſe* hath no *delight*, but by the *enjoyment* of a *preſent Object*, when as *intellectual Pleaſure*

is

is not at all reſtrained by any *temporal conditions*; but can ſuck *ſweetneſs* out of time *paſt*, *preſent*, and *to come*: the *minde* do's not only drink *pleaſure* out of *preſent Fountains*; but it can *taſte* thoſe *ſtreams* of *Delight*, that are run away long ago, and can *quench* its *Thirſt* with thoſe *ſtreams*, which as yet run under *ground*. For do's not *Memory* (which therefore *Plato* calls ἀιδήσεων σωτηρία) do's it not *reprint*, and *repeat* former *pleaſure*? and what's *Hope*, but *pleaſure* in the *Bud*? do's it not *antedate*, and *prepoſſeſs* future *delight*? Nay, by virtue of an *intellectual percolation*, the *Waters* of *Marah*, and *Meribah* will become *ſweet*, and *delicious*. The *minde* can extract *honey* out of the *bittereſt Object*, when 'tis paſt, how elſe can you conſtrue it,

——*Hæc olim meminiſſe juvabit?*

Corporeal Pleaſure, 'tis but *droſſie*, and *impure*; the *Wine*, 'tis *daſh'd* with *Water*, there is a γλυκυπικρότης (as *Plato* in his *Philebus*, that *Book* of *Pleaſure*, doth very *plainly*, and *fully* explain it) and the inſtance, that there *Socrates* gives, is a *quenching* of *Thirſt*, where there's a very *intimate connexion* betwixt *vexation*, and *ſatisfaction*. Tell me, you, that *crown* your ſelves with *Roſe-buds*, do you not at the ſame time *crown* your ſelves with *Thorns*? for they are the *companions* of *Roſe-buds*. But *intellectual Pleaſure*, 'tis ἄλυπος, ἀπαθὴς, εἰλικρινὴς, *clear*, and *cryſtalline joy*, there's no *mud* in it, no *feculency* at all. Men are *aſham'd* of ſome *corporeal pleaſures*; the *crown* of *Roſes*, 'tis but a *bluſhing crown*: but who e're *bluſh'd* at *intellectual Delights*? *Epicurus* his *Philoſophy* was very well term'd νυκτερεινὴ φιλοσοφία, 'twas afraid to come to the *light*, whereas *intellectual pleaſure* need not fear the *light*, or the *Sun-ſhine*. Men *faint*, and *languiſh* with *ſenſitive pleaſures*.

Membra voluptatis dum vi labefacta liqueſcunt,

as *Lucretius* himſelf upon much experience acknowledges.

Laſſata viris, nondum ſatiata,

as the *Satyriſt* ſpeaks of the *eminent Wanton*. Nay, ſuch is the *ſtate*, and *temper* of the *Body*, σώματος φαυλότης, καὶ ἀφυία, as that it will better endure *extream Grief*, then *exceſſive Pleaſure*. Did you ne're hear of the *ſoft Sybariſt*, who complain'd in the *morning* of his *wearineſs*, and of his *pimples*, when he had lien all *night* onely upon a *bed* of *Roſes*: but who ever was *tir'd* with *Intellectual Pleaſure*? who ever was *weary* of an *inward complacency*? or who er'e *ſurfeited* of *rational joy*? O-

ther *Pleaſures* ingratiate themſelves by *intermiſſion*. *Voluptates commendat rarior uſus*; whereas all *Intellectuals heigthen*, and *advance* themſelves by *frequent*, and *conſtant operations*. Other *Pleaſures* do but *emaſculate*, and *diſpirit* the *Soul*; they do not at all *fill* it, and *ſatisfie* it. *Epicurus* may *fill* his with one of his *Atomes* as well, as with one of his *Pleaſures*. Whereas *rational Pleaſure* fills the *Soul* to the *Brim*; it *oils* the very *Members* of the *Body*, making them more *free*, and *chearful*. Nay, *ſpeculative delight* will make *abundant compenſation* for the want of *ſenſitive*; 'twill turn a *Wilderneſs* into a *Paradiſe*. 'Tis like you have read of the *Philoſopher*, that put out his *Eyes*, that he might be the more *intent* upon his *ſtudy*; he *ſhuts* his *Windows*, that the *Candle* might ſhine *more clearly* within: and, though he be rather to be *wondered* at, then to be *followed*, or *commended*, yet he did proclaim thus much by *this Act* of his, that he preferred one *beam* of *Intellectual Light* before the *whole glory* of this *corporeal World*. How have ſome been *enamoured* with the *Pleaſure* of *Mathematicks*? When ſaies *Plutarch*, did any *Epicure* cry out Βέβρωκα with ſo much *joy*, as *Archimedes* did Εὕρηκα? How have ſome *Aſtronomers* built their *Neſts* in the *Stars*? and have ſcorn'd to let any *ſublunary Pleaſures* rend their *thoughts* from ſuch *goodly ſpeculations*? The *worſt* of men in the mean time *glut* themſelves with *ſenſitive Pleaſure*. Χαίρουσιν οἱ ἄφρονες, καὶ οἱ δυσκολοὶ καὶ οἱ γαῦροι· as he in *Plato* ſpeaks. *Apollo* laughs but *once* in a *year*; when as a *Fool* laughs *all the year long*. And 'tis a great deal more conſonant to *ſound Philoſophy*, that *rationality* ſhould be the *ſpring* of *inward pleaſure*, then of *outward riſibility*. Amongſt all *mental* operations *reflex acts* taſte *Pleaſure* beſt: for without ſome *ſelf-reflexion* men cannot tell whether they *rejoyce*, or no; now theſe *acts* are the moſt *diſtant*, and *remote* from *ſenſe*, and are the *higheſt advancements* of *Reaſon*. *True Pleaſure*, 'tis *res ſeverâ* (as the *grave Moraliſt*, *Seneca*, ſpeaks) and 'tis *in profundo*, where *Truth*, and *Goodneſe*, thoſe *twin-fountains* of *Pleaſure*, are. *Senſitive pleaſure* makes more *noyſe*, and *crackling*; when as *mental*, and *noetical delight*, like the *touches* of the *Lute*, make the *ſweeteſt*, and yet the *ſtilleſt*, and *ſofteſt Muſick* of all. *Intellectual vexations* have moſt *ſting* in them; why then ſhould not *Intellectual delights* have moſt *honey* in them? *Senſitive pleaſure*, 'tis very *coſtly*, there muſt be χρημάτων πολυτελῶν,

much

much preparation, and *attendance*, much *plenty*, and *variety*.

Parcentes ego dexteras
Odi: Sparge Roſas.

'Tis *too dear* for every one to be an *Epicure*, 'tis a very *chargeable Philoſophy* to put *in practice*, whereas *rational delight* freely, and equally *diffuſes* it ſelf, you need not *pay* any thing for *fountain-pleaſure*, the *minde* it ſelf proves a *Canaan*, that *flows* with *milk*, and *honey*; other *pleaſure* a *ſick* man cannot *reliſh*, an *old* man cannot *embrace* it. *Barzillai* ſaies, he's *too old* to *taſte* the *pleaſures* of the *Court*. A *Crown* of *Roſe-buds* do's not at all become the *gray Head*. But this *noetical pleaſure*, 'tis a *delight* fit for a *Senatour*, for a *Cato*, 'tis an *undecaying*, a *growing pleaſure*, 'tis the *onely pleaſure* upon the *bed* of *ſickneſs*. The *minde* of him, that ha's the *Gowt*, may *dance*. 'Tis the *ſtaff* for *old age* to *lean* upon; theſe are the *roſæ in hyeme*, the *delights* of *old age*, how much is the *pleaſure* of a *wiſe Neſtor* above the *pleaſure* of a *wanton Menelaus*? The more *rational*, and *ſpiritual* any *Being* is, the *larger capacity* it ha's of *pleaſure*. Νῆς ὅτι βασιλεὺς ἐφανῆ ἡ γῆς, ſaith *Plato*: and, in a commendable ſenſe, it do's *Terram cœlo miſcere*, and *extract* what *ſweetneſs* it can out of *both*. The *purer Arts*, the *nobler Sciences* have moſt *pleaſure* annex'd to them; when as *Mechanical Arts* are more *ſordid*, and *contemptible*, being converſant about *ſenſitive*, and *corporeal Objects*. *Seeing*, and *Hearing* are the moſt *pleaſurable Senſes*; becauſe they receive their *Objects* in a more *ſpiritual*, and *intentional* manner, and are deſervedly ſtil'd, by the *Naturaliſt*, *Senſus jucunditatis*. Other *Senſes* are more *practical*, but theſe are more *contemplative*. Φάμεν γὰρ ὁρᾶματα, ἢ ἀκούσματα εἶναι ἡδέα· as *Ariſtotle* tells us: for theſe are the *ſenſus diſciplinæ*, they are the *adminiſtratores mentis*, they contribute moſt to *Reaſon*. The more any *Object* is *ſpiritualized*, the more *delightful* it is, there's much *delight* in the *tragical repreſentation* of thoſe things, which in *reality* would be *ſights* full of *amazement*, and *horrour*. The *ticklings* of *Fancy* are more *delightful*, then the *touches* of *Senſe*. How do's *Poetry inſinuate*, and *turn about* the *mindes* of men? *Anacreon* might take more *delight* in one of his *Odes*, then in one of his *Cups*. *Catullus* might eaſily finde more *ſweetneſs* in one of his *Epigrams*, then in the *lips* of a *Lesbia*. *Sappho* might take more *complacency* in one of her *Verſes*, then in her *Practices*.

The *nearer* any thing comes to *mental joy*, the *purer*, and *choycer* it is. 'Tis the *obſervation* not onely of *Ariſtotle*, but of every one almoſt, Ἔνια δὲ τέρπει καινὰ ὄντα. Some things *delight* meerly becauſe of their *novelty*, and that ſurely upon this account; becauſe the *minde*, which is the *ſpring* of *joy*, is more *fix'd*, and *intenſe* upon ſuch things. The *Roſe-bud* thus pleaſes more, then the *blown Roſe*. This *noetical pleaſure* doth quietly *poſſeſs*, and *ſatiate* the *Soul*, and gives a *compos'd*, and *Sabbatical reſt*. So that, as the forementioned *Philoſopher* ha's it, Χαίρουτες σοφόδεκα πάνυ δηῶμεν ἕτερον. Men, that are took up with *intellectual joy*, *trample* upon all other *inferiour objects*. See this in *Angelical pleaſure*; thoſe *Courtiers* of *Heaven*, much different from thoſe on *earth*, neither *eat*, nor *drink*, nor come near, nor deſire to come near any *carnal pleaſures*. The *painted*, and *feigned Heaven* of a *Mahomet* would prove a *real Hell* to an *Angel*, or *glorified Saint*. He plants a *Fool's Paradiſe* of his own, there are *Trees* of his own *ſetting*, and *watering*, the *fat*, and *juicy Olive*, the *wanton*, and *ſequacious Ivy*, and though he would not allow them *Vines* on *earth* (ſuch was his great *love* of *Sobriety*) yet he reſerves them for *Heaven*. What means that *ſenſual*, and *ſottiſh Impoſtour*, to give *notice* of *Heaven* by an *Ivy-buſh*? Do's he think, that *Goats*, and *Swine*, that *Mahomets* muſt enter into the *new Jeruſalem*? This is juſt ſuch a *pleaſure*, and *happineſs*, as the *Poets*, that *looſe*, and *licentious* Generation, *fancied*, and *carved* out, as moſt agreeable to their *Deities*. They *pour* them out *Nectar*, they *ſpread* them a *Table*, they *diſh* out *Ambroſia* for them, they allow them an *Hebe*, or a *Ganymede* to wait upon them, and do plainly *transferm* them to worſe then *ſenſitive Beings*: ſuch is the *froth* of ſome *vain imaginations*; ſuch is the *ſum* of ſome *obſcene Fancies*, that dare go about to *create* an *Epicurean Deity*, conformable to their own *luſt*, and *vile affections*. Judge in your ſelves, are theſe *pleaſures* fit for a *ſupreme Being*? is there not a *ſofter joy*? is there not a *more downy happineſs* for a *ſpiritual Being* to lay its *head* upon? That *Conquerour* of the *world* had far *wiſer*, and more *ſober-thoughts*, when he diſtinguiſh'd himſelf from a *Deity* by his *ſleep*, and *luſt*. And I begin to admire the *juſt* indignation of *Plato*, who (though neither he himſelf, unleſs he be mis-reported, could content himſelf with *intellectual pleaſure*, no nor yet with *natural*, yet he) would *baniſh* from the *Idea* of his *Com-*

mon-wealth

mon-wealth all ſuch *ſcandalous*, and *abominable Poetry*, as durſt caſt ſuch *unworthy*, and *diſhonourable aſperſions* upon a *Deity*, and make their *God* as bad as themſelves; as if they were to draw a *Picture* of him by their *own faces*, and *complexions*. Yet as all *other perfections*, ſo the *perfection* of all *true*, and *real pleaſure*, is enjoyed by *God* himſelf in a moſt *ſpiritual*, and *tranſcendent* manner. That, which is *Honour* with men, is *Glory* with him; that, which we call *Riches*, is in him his own *Excellency*. His *Creatures*, which are very properly (as the *Philoſopher* ſtiled *Riches*) πλοῦτος ὀργάνων, all *ſerviceable*, and *inſtrumental* to him: and ſo that, which amongſt men is accounted *Pleaſure*, is with him that *infinite ſatisfaction*, which he takes in his *own Eſſence*, and in his *own operations*. His *glorious decrees*, and *contrivances*, they are all richly pregnant with *joy*, and *ſweetneſs*. Every *providential diſpenſation* is an *act* of *choiceſt Pleaſure*. The *making* of all *Beings*, nay, of all *irregularities*, contribute to his own *glory*, muſt needs be an *act* of *ſupreme*, and *ſovereign delight*. The *laughing his enemies to ſcorn*, 'tis a *pleaſure* fit for *infinite Juſtice*; the *ſmiling* upon his *Church*, the *favouring*, and *countenancing* of *his people*, 'tis a *pleaſure* fit for *Mercy*, and *Goodneſs*. *Miracles* are the *pleaſure* of his *Omnipotency*. *Varieties* are the *delight* of his *Wiſdom*. *Creation* was an *act* of *Pleaſure*, and it muſt needs *delight* him to behold ſo much of his own *workmanſhip*, ſo many *Pictures* of his own *drawing*. *Redemption* was an *expreſſion* of that *ſingular delight*, and *pleaſure*, which he took in the *Sons of men*. Such *heaps* of *pleaſures*, as theſe are, never enter'd into the *minde* of an *Epicurus*, nor any of his *granting Sect*, who very near border upon *Atheiſm*, and will upon no other *terms*, and *condition*, grant a *Deity*, unleſs they may have one of their *own modelling*, and *contriving*; that is, ſuch a *Being*, as is wholly *immers'd* in *pleaſure*, and that *ſuch a pleaſure*, as they muſt be *Judges* of; a *Being*, that did neither *make* the *World*, nor takes any *care* of it, for that they think would be *too much trouble* to him, *too great* a *burden* for a *Deity*, 'twould *hinder* his *pleaſure* too much. May they not a great deal better tell the *Sun*, that it's *too much trouble* for it to *enlighten* the *World*; may they not better tell a *Fountain*, that it's *too much pains* for it to *ſpend* it ſelf in ſuch *liberal eruptions*, in ſuch *fluent communications*? Or, ſhall *Natural Agents* act with delight *ad extremum virium*, and ſhall not an *infinite*, and a

free,

free, and a *rational Agent* chooſe ſuch *operations*, as are moſt *delightful* to him? Would not *Epicurus* himſelf *chooſe* his *own pleaſure?* and will he not allow a *Deity* the ſame *privilege?* will he offer to ſet *limits* to a *Being*, which he himſelf acknowledges to be *above* him? muſt he *ſtint*, and *preſcribe* the *pleaſures* of a *God?* and *meaſure out* the *delights* of the *firſt Being?* Who ſhould think, that an *Athenian*, that a *Philoſopher* could thus far *dim* the *Candle of the Lord?* and couldentertain ſuch a *prodigious thought* as this, that the *Sun* it ſelf is *maintain'd* with the ſame *Oil*, as his *decayed*, and *corrupted Lamp* is? That gallant *Moraliſt*, *Plutarch*, do's moſt notably lay the *Ax* to the *root* of this *abominable Error*; for, ſaith he, If *Epicurus* ſhould grant a *God* in his *full perfections*, he muſt change his *life* preſently, he muſt be a *Swine* no longer, he muſt *uncrown* his *roſy head*, and muſt give that *practical obedience* to the *dictates* of a *God*, which other *Philoſophers* are wont to do; whereas he looks upon this as his *faireſt Roſe-bud*, as the moſt *beautiful Flower* in his *Garden* of *Pleaſure*, that there's no *Providence* to *check* him, or *bridle* him, that he is not ſo *ſubject*, or *ſubordinate*, as to *ſtand in aw* of a *Deity*. But that *brave Authour* (whom I commended before) ſhews the *inconſiſtency* of this *Tenent* with *true*, and *ſolid pleaſure*. For grant, O *Epicure*, that thou doſt not *care* for a *Deity* in a *calm*, yet what wilt thou do in a *ſtorm?* when the *North-winde* blows upon thy *Garden*, and when the *Froſt* nips thy *tender Grapes?* Thou doſt not *care* for him in the *Spring*; but wouldſt thou not be glad of him in the *Winter?* Will it be a *Pleaſure* then, that thou haſt none to *help* thee? none to *guide* thee? none to *protect* thee? Suppoſe a *Ship* ready to be *ſplit* upon a *rock*, or to be *ſoop'd* up of a *Wave*: would this then be a *comfort*, and *encouragement* to it, or would it take *pleaſure* in this, μήτε τινα κυβερνήτην ἔχειν, μήτε τὸν Διοσ κύρους, that it ha's no *Pilote* to *direct* it, it ha's no *tutelar Deities* to minde the *welfare* of it; but it muſt *ruſh on*, as well as it can? Thou *blinde*, and *fond Epicure*, thou knoweſt not the *ſweetneſs* of *pleaſure*, that might be extracted out of *Providence*, which is not φοβερόν τι σκύθρωπον, 'tis not a *ſupercilious*, and *frowning authority*; but 'tis the *indulgent*, and *vigilant* Eye of a *Father*, 'tis the *tender*, and *affectionate* care of a *Creatour*. One *bloſſome* of *Providence* hath more *joy*, and *pleaſure* in it, then all thy *Roſe-buds*. Where is there *more delight*, then in the *ſerving of a God?* Look upon

upon the *Sacrifices*: what *mirth*, and *feastings* are there? Ἀλλ' οὐκ οἴνου πλῆθος, οὐδὲ ὄψησις κρεῶν τὸ εὐφραῖνον ἐν ταῖς ἑορταῖς· *'Tis not the abundance of Wine, nor the abundance of Provision, that makes the joy, and pleasure there:* ἀλλὰ χρηστὴ ἐλπὶς ἀγαθῆ, καὶ δόξα τῆς παρεῖναι τὸν Θεὸν εὐμενῆ, καὶ δέχεσθαι τὰ γινόμενα κεχαρισμένως· *it's the presence of a propitious Deity, accepting, and blessing his Worshippers, that fills the heart with greater joy, then an* Epicure *is capable of.* Never was there a *Sect* found out, that did more oppose *true pleasure*, then the *Epicureans* did; they tell us, that they *take pleasure* in *Honour*, τὸ εὐδοξεῖν ἡδὺ ἡγοῦνται, they look upon it as a *lovely*, and *delightfull thing*; yet by these *Tenents*, and *Practices* of theirs, they quite *stain*, and *blot* their *honour*, and so lose that piece of their *pleasure*, which they pretend to. They say (if you'l believe them) that they take *pleasure* in *Friends*, when as they constitute *friendship* only κατὰ τὸ κοινάνειν ἐν ταῖς ἡδοναῖς, they must be *boon companions*, that must *drink*, and be *merry* together, and run into the same *excess* of *riot*. Have not *sensitive Creatures* as much *friendship*, as this *amounts* to? They tell us, they *love* the *continuation* of *Pleasure*, why then do they deny the *immortality* of the *Soul*? Δεῖ δὲ ἀϊδῶα μὴ εἶναι, 'tis the voice of *Epicurus*, and his *swinish Sect*, *There must be no eternity.* What? are they afraid their *pleasure* should last *too long*? or, are they *conscious* (as they may very well be) that such *impure pleasure* is not at all durable? Δὶς γὰρ οὐκ ἔστι γίνεσθαι, 'tis the voice of the same *impure* mouth, *There is no repetition of life.* What's he afraid of having his *pleasures reiterated*? Do's he not expect a *crown* of *Rose-buds* next *Spring*? or, is he so *weary* (as well he may be) of his *pleasure*, as that he will *prefer* a *non-entity* before it? This sure was the *minde*, and *desire* of that *Epicurean* Poet *Lucretius*, though a *Roman* of very *eminent parts*, which yet were much abated by a *Philtrum*, that was given him; a *just punishment* for him, who put so much of his *pleasure* in a *cup*: and this *desperate slighter* of *Providence* at length laid *violent hands* upon himself. Are any of you *enamour'd* with such *pleasure*, as this? you see what's at the *bottome* of an *Epicure's cup*: you see how *impatient* a *rational Being* is of such *unworthy delights*, and how soon 'tis *cloy'd* with them. You see the *misery* of an *Epicure*, whose *pleasure* was only in this *life*, and yet would not last out this *life* neither. But all *rational Pleasure*, 'tis not of a *span* long, but reaches to *perpetuity*. That

Moralist,

Moraliſt, whom I have ſo often mentioned, reckons up whole *heaps* of *Pleaſure*, which ſpring from the *continuation* of the *Soul*.

Αὖλαρ ἐγὼ κἀκεῖθι φίλους μεμνήσομ' ἑταίρους.

There (ſaies he) ſhall I have the *pleaſure* of *ſeeing* all my *friends* again; there I ſhall have the *pleaſure* of more *ennobled acts* of *Reaſon*; γλυκὺν γεύσας ἀἰῶνα, there ſhall I *taſte* the ſo much *long'd-for ſweetneſs* of another World. Οὐδὲ ὁ Κέρβερος, οὐδὲ ὁ Κώκυτος, &c. The *fear* of *future Miſery* cannot more *terrifie* a *guilty Soul* (the *fear* of which, 'tis like, made *Epicurus* put off all thoughts of *another life*, as much as he could; for elſe the *fear* of that would have been a *worm* in his *Roſe-bud* of *pleaſure*; but the *fear* of that ha's not more *horrour*, and *amazement* in it) then the *hope* of *future Happineſs* ha's *joy*, and *delight* annex'd to it.

Hoc habet animus Argumentum Divinitatis, quòd eum divina delectant; as that ſerious *Moraliſt*, *Seneca*, ſpeaks moſt excellently. The *Soul* by the *enjoyment* of God comes near the *pleaſure* of God himſelf.

The *Platoniſts* tell us, that *Voluptatis Generatio fit ex infiniti & finiti copulatione*; becauſe the *object* of *real Pleaſure* muſt be ἀυτάρκεις, τέλειον, ἱκανον, καθαρὸν, νοητὸν, μονοειδὲς, ἀδιάλυτον, τὸ ὄντως ἀγαθόν. An *intellectual* Eye *married* to the *Sun*; a *naked* Will *ſwimming*, and *bathing* it ſelf in its *faireſt good*; the *nobleſt* Affections *leaping*, and *dancing* in the *pureſt light*; this ſpeaks the higheſt *apex*, and *eminency* of *noetical Pleaſure*: yet this *pleaſure* of *Heaven* it ſelf, though by a moſt *ſacred*, and *intimate connexion*, it be *unſeparably* conjoyn'd with *Happineſs*, yet 'tis not the very *eſſence*, and *formality* of it, but do's rather *flow* from it by way of *concomitancy*, and *reſultancy*.

That, which moſt *oppoſes* this *pleaſure*, is that *prodigious*, and *anomalous delight* (not worthy the name of *Delight*, or *Pleaſure*) which *damn'd Spirits*, and *Souls degenerate* far below the *pleaſure* of *Epicurus*, that *delight*, which theſe take in *wickedneſs*, in *malice*, in *pride*, in *lies*, in *hypocriſie*; all which ſpeaks them the very *excrements* of *Beelzebub*, the *Prince of Devils*. But you, that are *genuine Athenians*, fill your ſelves with *noetical delights*, and envy not others their more vulgar *Beotick Pleaſures*; envy not the *rankneſs* of their *Garlick*, and *Onions*, whileſt you can *feed*, and

feaſt

feast upon more *Spiritual*, and *Angelical Dainties*. Envy not the *wanton Sparrows*, nor the *lascivious Goats*; as long as you can meet with a *purer*, and *chaster delight* in the *virginity* of *Intellectual embraces*.

Do you *devour* with a *golden Epicurism* the *Arts*, and *Sciences*, the *spirits*, and *extractions* of *Authours*. Let not an *Epicure* take *more pleasure* in his *Garden*, then you can do in your *Studies*; you may gather *Flowers* there, you may gather *Fruit* there. Convince the world, that the very *pith*, and *marrow* of *Pleasure* do's not dwell in the *surface* of the *Body*, but in a *deep*, and *rational Centre*. Let your *triumphant Reason* trample upon *Sense*, and let no *corporeal* Pleasures *move* you, or *tempt* you; but such as are *justly*, and *exactly subordinate* to *Reason*; you come to *Athens*, as to a *Fountain* of *learned Pleasure*; you come hither to snuff *the Candle of the Lord*, that is within you, that it may burn the *clearer*, and the *brighter*. You come to *trim* your *Lamps*, and to pour *fresh Oil* into them; your very *work*, and *employment* is *Pleasure*. Happy *Athenians*; if you knew your *own happiness*. Let him be condemn'd to *perpetual folly*, and *ignorance*, that do's not prefer the *pleasant light* of *the Candle of the Lord* before all the *Pageantry* of *sensitive Objects*, before all the *flanting*, and *Comical joy* of the *World*.

Yet could I shew you a *more excellent* way; for the *pleasures* of *Natural Reason* are but *husks* in comparison of those *Gospel-delights*, those *mysterious Pleasures*, that lie hid in the *bosome* of a *Christ*; those *Rose-buds*, that were *dy'd* in the *bloud* of a *Saviour*, who took himself the *Thorns*, and left you the *Roses*. We have only look'd upon the *pleasure* of a *Candle*; but there you have the *Sun-shine* of *Pleasure* in its *full glory*.

CHAP. XVIII.

The Light of Reason *is an ascendent Light.*

'TIs *Lumen ascendens*,

——— ὃν ὤφελεν ἀιθέρι Ζεὺς
Ἐννύχιον μέσ' ἄεθλον ἄγειν ἐς ὁμήγυριν ἄστρων,

as *Musæus* sings in the praise of *Hero*'s *Candle*. Yet I mean no more by this, then what that *known Saying* of Saint *Augustine* imports; *Fecisti nos* (*Domine*) *ad te, irrequietum erit cor nostrum, donec redit ad te.* The *Candle of the Lord*, it *came from him*, and 'twould fain *return* to him. For an *intellectual Lamp* to aspire to be a *Sun*, 'tis a *lofty strain* of that *intolerable pride*, which was in *Lucifer*, and *Adam*: but for *the Candle of the Lord*, to desire the *favour*, and *presence*, and *enjoyment* of a *beatifical Sun*, this is but a *just*, and *noble desire* of that end, which God himself *created* it for. It must needs be a *proud*, and *swelling Drop*, that desires to become an *Ocean*; but, if it seeks onely to be *united* to an *Ocean*, such a *desire* tends to its own *safety*, and *honour*. The face of the *Soul* naturally *looks* up to God,

——— *Cœlumque tueri*
Jussit, & erectos ad sidera tollere vultus;

'tis as true of the *Soul*, as of the *Body*. All *Light* loves to dwell *at home* with the *Father of Lights*. *Heaven*, 'tis *Patria luminum*, God ha's there fix'd a *Tabernacle* for the *Sun*, for 'tis *good to be there*; 'tis a *condescension* in a *Sun-beam*, that 'twill *stoop so low*, as *Earth*, and that 'twill *gild* this *inferiour* part of the *World*; 'tis the *humility* of *Light*, that 'twill *incarnate*, and *incorporate* it self into *sublunary Bodies*: yet even there 'tis not forgetful of its *noble birth*, and *original*, but 'twill still look *upwards* to the *Father of Lights*. Though the *Sun* cover the *Earth* with its *healing*, and *spreading Wings*; yet even those *Wings* love to *flie aloft*, and not to *rest* upon the *ground* in a *sluggish posture*. Nay, *light*, when it *courteously salutes* some *earthly Bodies*, it usually meets with such *churlish entertainment*, as that, by an *angry reverberation*, 'tis sent *back again*: yet, in respect of *it self*, 'tis many times an *happy reflection*,

flection, and *rebound*, for 'tis thus *neceſſitated* to come *nearer Heaven*. If you look but upon a *Candle*, what an *aſpiring*, and *ambitious Light* is it? though the *proper figure* of *Flame* be *Globular*, and not *Pyramidal*, (as the Noble *Verulam* tells us in his *Hiſtory of Nature*) which appears by thoſe *celeſtial Bodies*, thoſe *fine*, and *rarified Flames*, (if we may ſo call them with the *Peripateticks* leave) that *roll*, and *move* themſelves in a *globular*, and *determinate* manner: yet that *Flame*, which we uſually ſee, puts on the *form* of a *Pyramide*, *occaſionally*, and *accidentally*, by reaſon that the *Air* is injurious to it, and by *quenching* the *ſides* of the *Flame cruſhes* it, and *extenuates* it into that *form*; for otherwiſe 'twould *aſcend upwards* in one *greatneſs*, in a *rounder*, and *compleater* manner. 'Tis juſt thus in *the Candle of the Lord*; *Reaſon* would move more fully according to the *ſphere* of its *activity*, 'twould flame up towards *Heaven* in a *more vigorous*, and *uniform* way; but that it is much *quench'd* by that ἐυπερίστατος ἁμαρτία, and the *unrulineſs* of the *ſenſitive powers* will not allow it its full *ſcope*, and *liberty*: therefore 'tis fain to *ſpire* up, and *climbe* up, as well as it can, in a *Pyramidal form*: the *bottom*, and *baſis* of it borders upon the *body*, and is therefore more *impure*, and *feculent*; but the *apex*, and *cuſpis* of it catches at *Heaven*, and longs to touch *happineſs*, thus to unite it ſelf to the *fountain* of *Light*, and *perfection*. Every *ſpark* of *Reaſon* flies *upwards*, this *divine Flame* fell down from *Heaven*, and *halted* with its *fall*, (as the *Poets* in their *Mythology* tell us of the *limping* of *Vulcane*) but it would fain *aſcend* thither again by ſome *ſteps*, and *gradations* of its own framing.

Reaſon, 'tis ſoon *weary* with its *fluttering up*, and *down* among the *Creatures*: *the Candle of the Lord* do's but *waſte* it ſelf in vain in *ſearching* for *happineſs* here *below*. Some of the *choiceſt Heathens* did thus *ſpend* their *Lamps*, and *exhauſt* their *Oil*, and then at length were fain to lie down in *darkneſs*, and *ſorrow*, their *Lamps* did ſhew them ſome *glimmering appearances* of a *Summum bonum* at a great *diſtance*; but it did not ſufficiently *direct* them in the *way* to it, no more then a *Candle* can guide a *Traveller*, that is ignorant of his way. You may ſee ſome of the more *ſordid Heathen* toyling, and ſearching with their *Candle* in the *Mines*, and *Treaſuries* of *Riches*, to ſee, if they could *ſpy* any *Vein* of *Happineſs* there, but the *Earth* ſaith, *'Tis not in me*. You may ſee others

among them *feeding*, and *maintaining* their *Candle* with the *air* of *popular Applauſe*, *ſucking in* the *breath*, and *eſteem* of men, till at the length they *perceived*, that it came with ſuch *uncertain Blaſts*, as that they choſe rather to *cloyſter* themſelves up in a *Lanthorn*, to *put* themſelves into ſome *more reſerved*, and *retired condition*, rather then to be *expoſed* to thoſe *tranſient*, and *arbitrary Blaſts*, which ſome are *pleaſed* to *entitle*, and *ſtile* by the *name* of *Honours*. You might ſee ſome of them *pouring* the *Oil* of *Gladneſs* into their *Lamps*, till they ſoon *perceived*, that *voluptuous exceſs* did but *melt*, and *diſſolve* the *Candle*, and that *pleaſures*, like ſo many *Thieves*, did ſet it a *blazing*, and did not keep it in an *equal ſhining*. You may behold others, and thoſe the *moſt eminent* amongſt them, *ſnuffing* their *Candles* very exactly, and accurately, by *improving* their *Intellectuals*, and *refining* their *Morals*, till they ſadly perceived, that, when they were at the *brighteſt*, their *Candles* burnt but *dimly*, and *blewly*, and that, for all their *ſnuffing*, they would *relapſe* into their *former dulneſs*. The *ſnuffings* of *Nature*, and *Reaſon* will never make up a *Day*, nor a *Sun-ſhine* of *Happineſs*; all the *Light*, that did *ſhine* upon theſe *Ethiopians*, did onely *diſcover* their *own blackneſs*; yet they were ſo *enamour'd* with this *Natural Complexion*, as that they look'd upon it as a *piece* of the *pureſt Beauty*.

Nature, *Narciſſus*-like, loves to look upon its *own face*, and is much *taken* with the *reflexions* of it *ſelf*. What ſhould I tell you of the *exceſſive*, and *hyperbolical vapourings* of the *Stoicks* in their *adoring*, and *idolizing* of *Nature*, whileſt they *fix* their *Happineſs* in the τὰ ἐφ' ἡμῖν, *in their own compaſs*, and *ſphere*; theſe were (as I may ſo term them) a kinde of *Phariſees* among the *Heathen*, that ſcorn'd *precarious happineſs*: like ſo many *arbitrary*, and *independent Beings*; they *reſolved* to be *Happy*, how they *pleas'd*, and when they *liſt*. Thus do *fond Creatures boaſt* of their *decayed Lamps*, as if they were ſo many *Suns*, or, at leaſt, *Stars* of the *firſt magnitude*. The *Stoicks* ſpoke this *more loudly*, yet the reſt of the *Heathen* whiſpered out the ſame: for they were all of the *Poets* minde;

——— Natura beatis
Omnibus eſſe dedit, ſi quis cognoverit uti.

And they would all *willingly ſubſcribe* to thoſe *words* of *Saluſt*; *Falſò de Natura queritur humanum genus*: which indeed, if underſtood

ſtood of the *God* of *Nature*, they were *words* of *Truth*, and *Loyalty*; but, if they *meant* them (as certainly they did) of that *ſtrength*, which was for the *preſent communicated* to them, they were but the *Interpreters* of their *own weakneſs*, and *vanity*. Yet 'tis no wonder to hear any of the *Heathen Rhetoricating* in the *praiſe* of *Nature*; it may ſeem a *more tolerable piece* of *gratitude* in them to *amplifie*, and *extol* this *gift* of their *Creatour*: 'tis no wonder if ſuch an one *admire* a *Candle*, that ne're *ſaw* a *nobler Light*. But for ſuch, as are *ſurrounded*, and *crown'd* with *Evangelical Beams*, for *men* that *live* under *Goſpel-Sun-ſhine*, for them to *promiſe themſelves*, and *others*, that they may be *ſaved* by the *light* of a *Candle*; a *Stoick*, an *Academick*, a *Peripatetick* ſhall enter into *Heaven* before *theſe*. Yet I finde, that, in the very beginning of the *fifth Century*, *Pelagius* an *high Traitour* againſt the *Majeſty* of *Heaven*, ſcattered this *dangerous*, and *venomous Errour*, *endeavouring* to ſet the *Crown* upon *Nature*'s *Head*, and to place the *Creature* in the *Throne* of *God*, and *Grace*. The *learned Voſſius* in his *Hiſtoria Pelagiana*, (a Book full fraught with *ſacred Antiquity*) gives us this brief repreſentation of him, that he was *humani arbitrii decomptor*, *& Divinæ Gratiæ contemptor*, a *trimmer* of *Nature*, and an *affronter* of *Grace*. His *body* was the very *type* of his *Soul*, for he wanted an *eye*; he was but μονόφθαλμος: to be ſure he *wanted* a *ſpiritual eye* to *diſcern* the *things* of *God*. He was a *Scot* by *Nation*, a *Monk* by *Profeſſion*, a *man exemplary* in *Morals*, and not *contemptible* for *Learning*; for though *Hierom vilifie* him in reſpect of *both*, yet *Chryſoſtom* gives him a *ſufficient Commendamus*, and *Auguſtine* himſelf will ſet his hand to it, that *learned Adverſary* of his, *full* of *Grace*, and *Truth*, and the *very Hammer*, that *broke* his *flinty*, and *rebellious Errour* in *pieces*. If you would *ſee* the *riſe*, and *progreſs*, and *variations* of *this Errour*, how it began to *bluſh*, and *put on* more *modeſty* in *Semi-Pelagianiſm*; how afterwards it *cover'd* its *nakedneſs* with ſome *Popiſh fig-leaves*; how at length it *refin'd* it ſelf, and *dreſs'd it* ſelf *more handſomly* in *Arminianiſm*, you may *conſult* with the forementioned *Authour*, who kept a *Relique* of his *Pelagian Hiſtory* in his *own breaſt*, whileſt it *left* upon him an *Arminian tincture*. This *ſpreading Errour leaven'd* the *great lump*, and *generality* of the *World*, as the profound *Bradwardin ſighs*, and *complains*; *Totus penè mundus poſt* Pelagium *abiit in errorem*:

for

for all men are *born Pelagians*; *Nature* is *predominant* in them: it ha's took *poſſeſſion* of them, and will not eaſily *ſubordinate* it ſelf to a *ſuperiour Principle*. Yet *Nature* ha's not ſuch *a fountain* of *perfection* in it ſelf, but that it may very well *draw* from another. This *Heatheniſh Principle*, after all its *advancements*, and *improvements*, after all its *whitenings*, and *purifyings*, it muſt ſtand but afar *off* in *Atrio Gentium*, it cannot *enter* into the *Temple* of *God*, much leſs into the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, it cannot *pierce* withinthe *Veil*.

The *ennoblement* of *Intellectuals*, the *ſpotleſs integrity* of *Morals*, *ſweetneſs* of *Diſpoſitions*, and the *candour* of *Nature*, they are all *deſervedly amiable* in the *eye* of the *World*. The *Candle* of *Socrates*, and the *Candle* of *Plato*, the *Lamp* of *Epictetus*, they did all *ſhine* before *men*, and *ſhine more* then ſome, that would *fain* be call'd *Chriſtians*. *Nature* makes a very *fine ſhow*, and a *goodly glittering* in the *eye* of the *World*, but this *Candle* cannot *appear* in the *preſence* of a *Sun*; all the *paintings*, and *varniſhings* of *Nature*, they *pleaſe*, and *enamour* the *eyes* of *men*, but they *melt away* at the *preſence* of God. The *Lamp* of a *Moraliſt* may *waſte* it *ſelf* in *doing good* to *others*, and yet at length may *go out* in a *ſnuff*, and be *caſt into utter darkneſs*. The *harmonious compoſing* of *natural Faculties*, the *tuning* of *thoſe Spheres* will never *make up* an *Heaven fit* for a *Soul* to *dwell in*. Yet, notwithſtanding, whatſoever is *lovely* in *Nature* is *acceptable* even to *God* himſelf, for 'tis a *print* of *himſelf*, and he do's *proportion* ſome *temporal rewards* unto it: the *Juſtice* of an *Ariſtides*, the *good Laws* of a *Solon*, or a *Lycurgus*, the *formal Devotion* of a *Numa Pompilius*, the *Prudence* of a *Cato*, the *Courage* of a *Scipio*, the *Moderation* of a *Fabius*, the *publick Spirit* of a *Cicero*, they had all *ſome rewards* ſcattered among them. Nor is there any doubt, but that *ſome* of the *Heathen* pleaſed God better then *others*. Surely *Socrates* was *more lovely* in his *eyes*, then *Ariſtophanes*; *Auguſtus* pleaſed him *better*, then *Tiberius*; *Cicero* was *more acceptable* to him, then *Catiline*: for there were *more remainders* of his *Image* in the *one* then in the *other*; the *one* was of *purer*, and *nobler influence*, then the *other*. *Minùs malus reſpectu pejoris eſt bonus*. The *one* ſhall have *more mitigations* of *puniſhment* then the *other*; *Socrates* ſhall *taſte* a *milder cup of wrath*, when as *Ariſtophanes* ſhall drink up the *dregs* of *fury*; if *divine Juſtice* whip *Cicero* with *rods*, 'twill *whip Catiline* with *Scorpions*. An *eaſier*,

and

and *more gentle worm* ſhall *feed* upon *Auguſtus*: a *more fierce*, and *cruel* one ſhall *prey* upon *Tiberius*. If *juſtice* put *Cato* into a *Priſon*: 'twill put *Cethegus* into a *Dungeon*. Nor is this a *ſmall advantage*, that comes by the *excellencies*, and *improvements* of *Nature*, that, if *God* ſhall pleaſe to *beautifie*, and *adorn* ſuch an *one* with *ſupernatural Principles*, and if he think good to *drop grace* into ſuch a *Soul*, 'twill be *more ſerviceable*, and *inſtrumental* to *God* then *others*. *Religion* cannot deſire to *ſhine* with a *greater gloſs*, and *luſtre*, it cannot *deſire* to *ride* among *men* in *greater pomp*, and *ſolemnity*, in a *more triumphant Chariot*, then in a *Soul* of vaſt *Intellectuals*, of *Virgin*, and *undeflower'd Morals*, of *calm*, and *compoſed Affections*, of *pleaſant*, and *ingenuous Diſpoſitions*. When the *ſtrength* of *Nature*, and the *power* of *Godlineſs unite*, and *concentricate* their *forces*, they make up the *fineſt*, and *pureſt Complexion*; the *ſoundeſt*, and *braveſt conſtitution*, like a *ſparkling*, and *vigorous Soul*, *quickening*, and *informing* a *beautifull Body*. Yet this muſt be thought upon, that the different *improvement* even of *Naturals ſprings* only from *Grace*. For *Eſſentials* and *Specificals* (which are meer *Nature*) they are *equal* in *all*, but whatſoever *ſingular*, or *additional perfection* is *annex'd* to ſuch an *one*, *flows* only from the *diſtinguiſhing goodneſs* of an *higher cauſe*. That *Socrates* was any *better* then *Ariſtophanes*, was not *Nature*; but a *kinde* of *Common gift*, and *Grace* of the *Spirit* of *God*: for there are the ſame *ſeminal Principles* in *all*. *Auguſtus*, and *Tiberius* were *hew'n* out of the *ſame rock*; there are in *Cicero* the *ſeeds* of a *Catiline*: and when the one *brings forth* more *kindely*, and *generous*, the *other* more *wilde*, and *corrupted fruit*, 'tis accordingly as the *Countenance*, and *favourable Aſpect* of *Heaven* is pleaſed to give the *increaſe*; for as the *Philoſophers* tell us, *Motio moventis præcedit motum Mobilis*. Was there any *propenſion*, or *inclination* to *goodneſs* in the *heart* of a *Cicero* more then of a *Catiline*? 'twas only from the *firſt mover*, from the *finger* of *God* himſelf, that *tuned* the *one more harmoniouſly* then the *other*. As take two ſeveral *Lutes*, let them be made both *alike* for *eſſentials*, for *matter*, and *form*; if now the *one* be *ſtrung better* then the *other*, the *thanks* is not *due* to the *Lute*, but to the *arbitrary pleaſure* of him, that *ſtrung* it: let them be both *made alike*, and *ſtrung alike*, yet, if the *one* be *quickened* with a more *delicate*, and *gracefull touch*, the *prevailing excellency* of the *Muſick* was not to be *aſcribed* to the

nature

nature of the *Lute*, but to the *skill*, and *dexterity* of him, that did *move* it, and *prompted* it into ſuch *elegant ſounds*. The ſeveral *degrees* of *worth* in *men*, that are *above radicals*, and *fundamentals* of *Nature*, they are all the *skill*, and *workmanſhip*, the *fruits*, and *productions* of *common Grace*. For *Omnis actio particularis habet originem ab agente univerſali*. Now, if the *Univerſal Agent* did only *diſpenſe* an *equal concourſe* in an *equal ſubject*, all the *operations*, and *effects*, that flow from thence, muſt needs be *equal* alſo: if then there be any *eminency* in the *workings* of the *one* more then of the *other*, it can have no other *original*, then from that *noble influence*, which a *free*, and *ſupreme Agent* is *pleaſed* to *communicate* in *various meaſures*; ſo that *naked Nature* of it *ſelf* is a moſt *invalid*, and *inefficacious Principle*, that do's *crumble away* its own *ſtrength*, and do's *wear*, and *waſte* by its *motions*, and for every *act* of *improvement* it depends only upon the *kindneſs* of the *firſt Being*. They, that tell you *Nature* may *merit Grace*, and *Glory*, may as well tell you (if they pleaſe) that a *Candle* by its *ſhining* may *merit* to be a *Star*, to be a *Sun*. Nor yet is *Nature* always conſtant to its *own light*; it do's not *deal faithfully* with its *intimate*, and *eſſential Principles*. Some *darlings* of *Nature* have *abundantly* witneſſed this, whileſt they have *run* into ſome *unnatural practices*, that were the very *bluſhes* of *Nature*; if then *Nature* cannot tell how to *live upon Earth*, will it ever be *able* to *climbe up* to *Heaven*? *Si neſciat ſervire, neſcit imperare*. If it be not *faithfull* in a *little*, do you think that it ſhall be *made Ruler over much*? No certainly, *moral endowments*, when they are at the *proudeſt top*, and *apex*, can do no more, then what the great *Anti-Pelagian*, *Proſper*, tells us, *Mortalem vitam honeſtare poſſunt, æternam conferre non poſſunt*. God ha's *ordained* men to a *choycer end*, then theſe *natural faculties* can either *deſerve*, or *obtain*, or *enjoy*. *Nature*'s *hand* cannot *earn* it, *Nature*'s *hand* cannot *reach* it, *Nature*'s *eye* cannot *ſee* it. That *glorious*, and *ultimate end*, which muſt *fill*, and *ſatiate* the *Being* of *Man*, is the *beatifical viſion* of *God* himſelf. Now there is no *natural power*, nor *operation proportion'd* to ſuch a *tranſcendent Object*, as the *face* of *God*, as the *naked eſſence* of a *Deity*. *Inferiour Creatures* may, and do move within the *compaſs* of their *natures*, and yet they reach that *end*, which was *propounded*, and *aſſigned* to their *Being*: but ſuch was the *ſpecial*, and *peculiar love* of God, which he manifeſted to a *Rational Nature*,

as that it must be *advanc'd* above it self by a *supernatural auxilium*, before it can be bless'd with so great a *perfection*, as to arrive to the *full end* of its *Being*. Yet God has touch'd *Nature* with himself, and *draws* it by the *attractive*, and *Magnetical virtue* of so *commanding an Object*, as his own *Essence* is, which makes *Nature affect*, and *desire* somewhat *supernatural*, that it may make *nearer approaches* unto *happiness*: for this *end* God did assume *Humane Nature* to the *Divine*, that he might make it *more capable* of this *perfection*, and by a *strict love-knot*, and *union* might make it *partaker* of the *Divine Nature*; not, that 'tis *changed* into it, but that it has the very *subsistence* of its *Happiness* by it. Every *Being* do's *naturally long for* its own *perfection*, and therefore a *Rational Nature* must needs thus *breathe*, and *pant after* God, and the *nearer* it comes to him, the more *intensely*, and *vehemently* it do's desire him; for, as they tell us, *Motus naturalis velocior est in fine*, the *nearer* a *Body* approaches to its *Centre*, the more *chearfull*, and *vigorous* is its *Motion*. The *Understanding*, that sees *most* of God, desires to see *more* of him; its *Eye* will never leave *rolling*, till it *fix* it self in the very *Centre* of the *Divine Essence*. *Nature*, *that* has but some *weak glimpses* of him, and so it has but *faint*, and *languishing velleities* after him. Οἱ ὠδὶ ἐκ φύσεως νεύουσι πρὸς τὸ ἀγαθὸν, as he speaks of the *Heathens*; they seem to *nod* after a *summum bonum*. What the *states*, and *conditions* of those *Heathens* was, and is, in order to *eternal happiness*, we cannot *easily*, nor *certainly determine*; yet thus much may be *safely granted*, though we say not, with the *Pelagians*, that the *improvements* of *Nature* can make men *happy*; nor yet, with the *Semi-Pelagians*, that *natural preparations*, and *predispositions* do *bespeak*, and *procure Grace*; nor yet, with the *Papists*, and *Arminians*, that *works*, flowing from *Grace*, do contribute to *more Grace*, and *Glory*, yet this we say, that upon the *improvement* of any *present strength*, God out of his *free goodness* may, if he please, give *more*. As God *freely* gave them *Nature* (which makes *Pelagius* sometimes call *Nature Grace*) and as he *freely*, and out of his *Grace* gave them some *improvement* of *Nature*; so he might as freely give them *supernatural strength*, if it so please him. Yet a *Creature* cannot come to *Heaven* by all those *improvements*, which are built upon *Nature's foundation*: for, if it should *accurately*, and *punctually observe* every *jot*, and *tittle* of *Nature's Law*; yet this

natural obedience would not be at all *correſpondent*, or *commenſurate* to a *ſupernatural happineſs*, which makes Saint *Auguſtine* break out into ſuch an *expreſſion* as this; *Qui dicit hominem ſervari poſſe ſine* Chriſto, *dubito an ipſe per* Chriſtum *ſervari poſſit*: for this is the *onely* way, the *new*, and *living* way, by which God will aſſume *humane Nature* to himſelf, and make it *happy*. Yet notwithſtanding, their *cenſure* is too *harſh*, and *rigid*; who, as if they were *Judges* of *eternal life*, and *death*, damn *Plato*, and *Ariſtotle* without any *queſtion*, without any *delay* at all; and do as confidently pronounce, that they are in *Hell*, as if they ſaw them *flaming* there. Whereas the *infinite goodneſs*, and *wiſdom* of God might, for ought we know, finde out ſeveral ways of ſaving ſuch by the *Pleonaſms* of his *love* in *Jeſus Chriſt*; he *might* make a *Socrates* a *branch* of the *true Vine*, and *might* graff *Plato*, and *Ariſtotle* into the *fruitful Olive*; for it was in his *power*, if he pleaſed, to reveal *Chriſt* unto them, and to *infuſe Faith* into them after an *extraordinary* manner. Though indeed the *Scripture* do's not afford our *charity* any *ſufficient* ground to *believe*, that he did; nor doth it *warrant* us peremptorily to *conclude* the contrary. *Secreta Deo*, it do's not much concern us to know what *became* of them; let us then forbear our *cenſure*, and leave them to their *competent Judge*. But, when we mention *Socrates*, *Plato*, and *Ariſtotle*, and the *more eminent*, and *refined* ones among the *Heathens*, you muſt be *ſure* not to *entertain* ſuch a *thought* as *this*, that the *excellency* of their *Intellectuals*, and *Morals*, did *move*, and *prevail* with the *goodneſs* of *God* to ſave them more, then *others* of the *Heathen*, as if theſe were *diſpoſitiones de congruo merentes ſalutem æternam*; this indeed were nothing but *Pelagianiſm* a *little diſguiſed*: whereas you muſt *reſolve* it onely into the *Free Grace* of *God*, that did thus *diſtinguiſh* them here in *time*, and might more *diſtinguiſh* them *eternally*, if it *pleaſed* him to beſtow a *Saviour* upon them. Which *grace* of *God* is ſo *free*, as that it might *ſave* the *worſt* of the *Heathens*, and *let* go the reſt; it might *ſave* an *Ariſtophanes* as well as a *Socrates*, nay, before a *Socrates*, as well as a *Publican* before a *Phariſee*: not onely all *Heathen*, but *all men* are of themſelves in *equal circumſtances* in *order* to *eternal happineſs*; 'tis *God* onely, that makes the *difference*, according to his own *determinations*, that were *eternal*, and *unconditional*. Yet I am far from the minde of thoſe *Patrons* of *Univerſal Grace*, that make

make all men in an *equal propinquity* to *ſalvation*, whether *Jews*, or *Pagans*, or *Chriſtians*; which is nothing but *dight*, and *gilded Pelagianiſm*, whileſt it *makes Grace* as *extenſive*, and *Catholick*, a *Principle* of as *full latitude*, as *Nature* is, and *reſolves* all the *difference* into *Created Powers*, and *Faculties*. This makes the *barren places* of the *World* in as *good* a *condition* as the *Garden* of *God*, as the *incloſure* of the *Church*; it puts a *Philoſopher* in as *good* an *eſtate* as an *Apoſtle*: for, if the *remedium ſalutiferum* be *equally applied* to *all* by *God himſelf*, and *happineſs* depends onely upon mens *regulating*, and *compoſing* of their *faculties*; how then comes a *Chriſtian* to be *nearer* to the *Kingdom* of *Heaven*, then an *Indian?* is there no *advantage* by the *light* of the *Goſpel ſhining* among *men* with *healing* under its *wings*? Surely, though the *Free Grace* of *God* may *poſſibly pick*, and *chooſe* an *Heathen* ſometimes, yet certainly he do's there more *frequently pour* his *goodneſs* into the *Soul*, where he lets it *ſtream* out more *clearly*, and *conſpicuouſly* in *external manifeſtations*. 'Tis an *evident ſign*, that *God* intends more *Salvation* there, where he *affords* more *means* of *Salvation*; if then *God* do *chooſe*, and *call* an *Heathen*, 'tis not by *univerſal*, but by *diſtinguiſhing Grace*. They make *Grace Nature*, that make it as *common* as *Nature*. Whereas *Nature*, when 'twas *moſt triumphant*, *ſhining* in its *Primitive Beauty*, and *Glory*, yet even then it could not be *happy* without *Grace*. *Adam* himſelf, beſides his *integritas Naturæ*, had alſo *adjutorium Gratiæ*: for, as the *Schoolemen* explain it, though he had *vires idoneas ad præſtanda omnia naturalia*; *reipſa tamen nihil præſtitit ſine auxilio Gratiæ*. As, if you *expect* any *goodly*, and *delicious cluſters* from a *Vine*, beſides its own *internal form*, which we'll ſtile *Nature*, there muſt be alſo *auxilium Gratiæ*, the *Sun* muſt *favour* it, and *ſhine* upon it, the *Rain* muſt *nouriſh* it, and *drop* upon it, or elſe *Nature* will never be *pregnant*, and *fruitful*. *Adam's Candle* did not *ſhine* ſo *clearly*, but that *Grace* was fain to *ſnuff* it. *Nature*, though 'twere *complete*, and *entire*, yet 'twas *fain* to *ſtrengthen*, and *ſupport* it ſelf by its *twinings about Grace*, and for *want* of the *powerful ſupport*, and *manutenency* of *Grace*, *Nature* fell down preſently; it *ſtartled* from it ſelf, and *apoſtatiz'd* like a *broken Bow*. What mean the *Pelagians* to *tell* us of a *Naturalis Beatitudo*, when as *Nature* now is *ſurrounded* with ſo many *frailties*, and *miſeries*, ſo many *diſorders*, and *imperfections*? Yet, were it as *green*, and *flouriſhing* as

ever it was when 'twas *firſt planted* in *Paradiſe*, yet even then 'twould be *too remote* from *happineſs*: for *perfect Happineſs excludes*, and *baniſhes* all *futurity*, and *poſſibility* of *miſery*, which *Nature* never yet *did*, nor could *do*. And *happineſs* never *flows* out till the *Sun look* upon it, till it ſee the *face* of *God himſelf*, whom *Nature's Eye* will ne're be *able* to *behold*. Yet, Oh! how *deſirous* is *Nature* of this? how *inquiſitive* is *humane Nature* into the *Cauſes* of *things*, and *eſteems* it no ſmall piece of its *Beatitude*, if it can finde them out?

Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoſcere cauſas.

What a *goodly ſight* is it then to *behold* the *Firſt Cauſe* of *all Being*, and its *own Being*? how *fain* would an *intellectual* Eye *behold* him, that *made* it? *Nature longs* to ſee who 'twas, that *firſt contrived* it, and *fram'd* it, and *faſhion'd* it. The *Soul* would *fain* ſee it's *Father* of *Spirits*. The *Candle* would *fain ſhine* in the *preſence* of him, that *lighted* it up.

Yet *Nature* cannot ſee the *face* of *God*, and *live*.

Ante obitum nemo, ſupremáque funera, felix.

The *Moraliſts Happineſs* is *dormant* in the *night-time*: for there's no *operatio ſecundùm virtutem* then, nor can the *Soul*, while 'tis *clogg'd* with a *frail Body*, *climbe* to the ἀκρότης of *goodneſs*, or *happineſs*; the Soul here ha's not a *perfect enjoyment* of *inferiour objects*, much leſs of *God* himſelf; it ha's but a *ſhadowy ſight* of *Angels*, *propter connaturalitatem intellectûs noſtri ad phantaſmata*; and if *Nature's eye* cannot *look upon* the *face* of a *twinkling Star*, how will it *behold* the *brightneſs* of a *dazling Sun*? That *general knowledge*, which it hath of *God* here, is *mix'd* with much *error*, and *deceit*.

Nor can *Faith* look upon the *Divine Eſſence*; 'tis a *lovely grace* indeed, yet it muſt *die* in the *Mount*, like *Moſes*; it cannot *enter* into the *Land* of *Promiſe*: 'tis *auditui magis ſimilis, quam viſioni*; it *hears* the *voice* of it's *God*, it do's not *ſee* his *face*; it *enflames* the *deſire* of the *Soul*, it do's not *quench* it: for *men* would *fain ſee* what they *believe*. The *object* of *Faith* is *obſcure*, and at a *diſtance*: but the *face* of *God* is all *preſence*, and *brightneſs*. *Happineſs*, it conſiſts in the *nobleſt operation* of an *Intellectual Being*, whereas in believing there is *imperfectiſſima operatio ex parte intellectûs, licet ſit perfectio ex parte objecti*.

Nor yet is the *Divine Eſſence ſeen* in a way of *demonſtration*: for then onely a *Philoſopher* ſhould ſee *his face*, ſuch onely as had *skill*

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in *Metaphysicks*, who yet may be in *misery* for all that; for *Demonstrations* are no *Beatifical Visions*. *The damned Spirits* can *demonstrate* a *Deity*, and yet they are *perpetually banish'd* from *his face*: there can be no *Demonstration* of him a *priore*, for he is the *First Cause*, and all *demonstrations* fetch'd from such *Effects*, as *flow* from *him*, they do onely shew you that he *is*, they do not *open*, and *display* the *Divine Essence*, for they are not *effectus adæquantes virtutem causæ*. To *see God* in the *Creatures*, 'tis to *see* him *veil'd*, 'tis to see him *clouded*. The *soul* will not *rest contented* with such an *imperfect knowledge* of its *God*, it *sees* him thus here, and yet that do's not *hush*, and *quiet rational desires*; but do's *increase*, and *enlarge* them. Such *things*, as *last long*, are *perfected slowly*; and such is *happiness*. The *knowledge* of *men* here 'tis *too green*, and *crude*, 'twon't *ripen* into *Happiness*, till the *Sun shine upon* it with its *blessed*, and *immediate* beams. God therefore *creates*, and *prepares* a *Lumen Gloriæ* for the *soul*, that is, such a *supernatural disposition* in an *intellectual eye*, by which 'tis *clarified*, and *fortified*, and *rightly prepared* for the *beholding* the *Divine Essence*: which makes *Dionysius*, the *falsely-supposed Areopagite*, very *fitly* describe *Happiness* by this, 'tis πάσης ἐν θεῷ φωτὶ, the *Soul's shining* of it *self* in the *Lumen Gloriæ*. Some will have that of the *Psalmist* to be *sung* in the *praise* of *this Light*; *In Lumine tuo videbimus lumen*. That *Seraphical Prophet* do's thus *most excellently represent* it: *The Sun shall be no more thy light by day, neither for brightness shall the Moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory*; Isai. lx. 19. You have it thus *rendered* in the *Apocalypse*: καὶ ἡ σελήνη οὐ χρείαν ἔχουσιν ἵνα φαίνῃ ἐπ' αὐτῇ· ἡ γὰρ δόξα τοῦ Θεοῦ ἐφώτισεν αὐτήν. This *lumen gloriæ*, which is *similitudo quædam intellectûs Divini* (as the *Scholemen* speak,) *this light*, 'tis not so much for the *discovering* of the *object*, (for that's an *intellectual Sun*, *cloathed* with all *perfection*, and *brightness*) as 'tis for the *helping*, and *advancing* of a *created Understanding*, which else would be too much oppress'd with the *weight* of *Glory*, but yet this *augmentation* of the *visive faculty* of the *soul* by the *Lumen Gloriæ*, 'tis not *per intensionem virtutis naturalis*, but 'tis *per appositionem novæ formæ*: 'tis not the *raising*, and *screwing* of *Nature higher*, but 'tis the *adding* of a *new supernatural disposition*, that may *close* with the *Divine Essence*. For, as *Aquinas* ha's it, *Ipsa Divina Essentia copulatur intellectui, ut forma intel-*

intelligibilis. Humane underſtanding is as the matter *accurately prediſpoſed*, by the *Lumen Gloriæ*, for the *receiving* of the *Divine Eſſence*: as an *intelligible Form*, *ſtamps* an *impreſſion* of it *ſelf* upon it; it *prints* the *ſoul* with that *ſummum bonum*, which it ha's ſo much *long'd* for.

So that, though there be ſtill an *infinite diſproportion* between *God*, and the *Creature*, *in eſſe naturali*, yet there is a *fit*, and *juſt proportion* between them *in eſſe intelligibili*. Though an *eye* be *enabled* to *behold* the *Sun*, yet this do's not *make* it all *one* with the *Sun*, but it keeps its *own Nature* ſtill as much as it did before.

Nor is this *Viſion* a *comprehenſive Viſion*; for a *finite Being* will never be able *fully* to *graſp* an *infinite eſſence*. 'Tis true indeed, it ſees the *whole eſſence* of *God*, not a *piece* of *his face* onely, for *all eſſence* is *indiviſible*, eſpecially that *moſt ſimple*, and *pure eſſence* of *God* himſelf: but the *Soul* do's not ſee it ſo *clearly*, and ſo *ſtrongly*, as *God* himſelf ſees it, hence *degrees* of *happineſs* ſpring, for the *Lumen Gloriæ* being *variouſly ſhed* amongſt *bleſſed Souls*, the *larger meaſure* they have of that, the *brighter ſight* have they of the *divine Eſſence*. Several men may look upon the ſame *face*, and yet ſome, that have more *ſparkling eyes*, or ſome, that *ſtand nearer*, may *diſcern* it *better*. If a *multitude* of *Spectatours* were *enabled* to *behold* the *Sun*, yet ſome of them, that have a *more ſtrong*, and *piercing eye*, might *ſee* it more *clearly* then the *reſt*. In this *Glaſs* of the *Divine Eſſence glorified Souls* ſee all things elſe, that conduce to their *happineſs*. As *God*, by ſeeing himſelf, the *cauſe*, and *fountain* of *Beings*, ſees alſo all *effects*, that come *ſtreaming* from him: ſo theſe alſo, *looking* upon the *Sun*, muſt needs *ſee his beams*; they ſee the *Sun*, and ſee *other things* by the *Sun*: they ſee there *omnium rerum genera, & ſpecies*, they there behold *virtutes, & ordinem univerſi*. Yet, becauſe they do not *ſee* the *eſſence* of *God clearly*, and *perfectly*, (that is, *comprehenſively*) ſo neither can they ſee all thoſe treaſures of *myſterious Wiſdom*, of *unſearchable Goodneſs*, of *unlimited Power*, that *lie hid* in the *very depth* of the *Divine Eſſence*. *Non vident poſſibilia, nec rationes rerum, nec ea, quæ dependent ex pura Dei voluntate*; as the *Scholemen* do well determine: yet all, that a *glorified underſtanding ſees*, it's in one *twinkling* of its *Eye*, for it ſees all by *one ſingle Species*, by the *Divine Eſſence*. It *forgets* its *wrangling Syllogiſms*, it *leaves* its *tardy Demonſtrations*, when it once comes to an *intuitive knowledge*. *Non*

movetur

movetur de uno intelligibili in aliud, ſed quieſcit in actu unico: for the *ſtate* of *Happineſs* is a *Sabbatical ſtate*. The *ſoul reſts*, and *fixes* it *ſelf* in one *act* of *perpetual enjoyment*, and by *this participation* of *ſimultaneity* it partakes of *Eternity*; for that is *tota ſimul*.

Whether this *glorious Happineſs* be more *principally ſituated* in an *act* of the *Underſtanding*, or of the *Will*, I leave the *Thomiſts*, and *Scotiſts* to *diſcuſs* it; onely this I will ſay in the *behalf* of *Aquinas*, that the *Will* cannot *enjoy this happineſs* any *other ways*, then as 'tis a *rational Appetite*. For there is a *blinde Appetite* of *good* in *every Being*, which yet neither ha's, nor can have *ſuch happineſs*. As therefore the *Operations* of the *Will*, ſo the *Happineſs* of the *will* alſo ſeems to be *ſubordinate* to that of the *Underſtanding*. But it is enough for us, that an *entire Soul*, a *whole rational Being* is *united* to its *deareſt*, *faireſt*, and *ſupreme object* in a *way* of *pure intuitive ſpeculation*, in a *way* of *ſweeteſt love*, and *fruition*. Nor could *Nature* of it ſelf *reach* this: for an *inferiour Nature* cannot thus *unite* it ſelf to a *ſuperiour*; but onely by his *indulgence* raiſing it above it *ſelf*.

This *Candle of the Lord* may *ſhine* here *below*, it *may*, and doth *aſpire*, and *long* for *happineſs*; but yet it will not *come near* it, till he, that *lighted it up*, *be pleaſed*, to lift it up to *himſelf*, and there *transform* it into a *Star*, that may *drink* in *everlaſting light*, and *influence* from its *original*, and *fountain-light*.

THE

THE
Schisme.

1 Cor. 3. 4.

For while one saith, I am of Paul, ***and another, I am of*** Apollo, ***are ye not carnal?***

THE *Corinthians* were *Pauls* Epistle, as he himself stiles them; writ in a very legible Character, to be seen, and read of all men; and to be set as a Copy, for others to write after. No doubt but the Apostle had penned it very fairly; it was not writ with Ink (as he himself tells us), and yet I know not how, he meets with some blots and dashes in it; nay, the Epistle's ready to be torn asunder, and rent in pieces by strifes and divisions; *While one saith, I am of* Paul, *and another, I am of* Apollos. *Corinth* was the famous Μητρόπολις of *Achaia*, Ἀχαικὸν Ἑλλάδος ἄστυ, ὄφθαλμος Ἑλλάδος; or as *Tully*, *Lumen Graciæ*: a Mart-town of great resort, whence as *Eustathius* tells us: *Thucidides* termed it Ἐμπόριον Ἑλλάδος, fenc't with a Castle, which they called *Acron-Corinthus*, as the Poet loftily; *Qua summus caput Acro-corinthus in auras tollit, & alterna geminum mare protegit umbra.* So that 'twas for strength impregnable; for command, very powerfull; being able to cut off all passage by land, from one half of *Greece* to the other; and hence as *Casaubon* well observes out of the ninth book of *Strabo's* Geography;

phy; this was one of those Cities, which were termed *Compedes Graciæ*. It master'd the *Ionian* and *Ægean* Seas, on both which it had very commodious Havens; the Sea on each side washing it, whence he calls it, *bimaris Corinthus*, and the Greeks ἀλίζων☉, and ἁλισόφαν☉. The people (as in such places they use to be) were rich, and luxurious, proud, and contentious, πολλοὶ, καὶ πλέστοι, καὶ γέν☉ λαμπροὶ, and so on, as *Strabo* in the eighth of his Geography. And I find in *Hesychius* that Κορινθιάζειν is no better then πορνεύειν; and here liv'd *Lais*, that famous Courtizan, that asked *Demosthenes* so dear for repentance. The City was full of Philosophers, and Rhetoricians, full of Artificers, famous for new inventions, whence the *Lyrick* applyes that chiefly to them: πολλὰ δ' ἐν καρδίαις ἀνδρῶν ἔβαλον ὥρσε πολυάνθεμοι ἀρχαῖα σοφίσματα. But God tells *Paul* in a vision in the 8th. of the *Acts*; that he had much people in this City. The Apostle he spends a year and six moneths amongst them, preaching the Gospel, and planting of a Church, and when from thence he sailed into *Syria*, he left *Apollos* his successor for the watering of his plantation. Now in the Church which *Paul* had planted, and which *Apollos* had water'd, and which God had blest and given an increase unto; in the flourishing Church at *Corinth*, where there were so many Christians eminent for grace, and Religion, *Non cuivis contingit adire Corinthum*, every one could not reach to so high a degree of Piety; yet even here there are strifes, & divisions, and tumults; διχοστασίαι, one standeth for *Paul*, and another for *Apollos*. Weeds they'l spring up though *Paul* never planted them, and though *Apollos* never watered them, to be sure God he never blest them; and yet they'l find an increase. No Church so fair in this World as to be without spot and wrinckle, none so happy as to be wholly priviledged from jarres and dissentions: even in Paradise there was μῆλον ἔριδ☉; only in heaven there's, ἔνδοξ☉, καὶ ἄμωμ☉ ἐκκησία; and *Jerusalem* which is above, that's a City compacted, united within her self: Peace is within her Walls; and happinesse within her Palaces. Heaven's full of perfect harmony, there's musick without the least discord, but we can't look for a Church triumphant here below. And yet we meet with none so much blam'd for strife, and divisions as this of *Corinth*: indeed the very *Genius* of the people strongly inclined them this way; and though it be true that grace doth

not

not only polish and gild over nature; (Morality knowes how to do that) but even subdue it, and change the very frame and constitution of it: yet being that 'tis not wholly conquer'd here; 'tis like 'twill shew it self most in some domineering corruptions, which generally reign'd amongst them; even the Christians at *Corinth* are contentious: *Animi inflammati ebulliunt ad certamen*: they were wholly disjoynted in affection, and therefore the Apostle desires that they might be κατηρτισμένοι; and this is the very time, as *Herome* tells us when Episcopacy was first establish't in the Church; when one said I am of *Paul*, and another I am of *Apollos*, 'twas thought fit to set some prime Ruler over the rest for the better calming, and composing of these strifes, and tumults. And the Scholiast tels us that this *Apollos* mentioned in the Text was πρῶτος, ἐπίσκοπος Κορινθίων, *the first Bishop of* Corinth. Now as for the words, *I am of Paul, and I am of Apollo*, even amongst Expositors as well as amongst the *Corinthians* there are ἐριδες καὶ διχοστασίαι; for the better clearing of them it won't be amisse to compare them with that twin-place, 1 *Cor.* 1. 12. *Every one of you saith*; you see how quickly schisme had spread it self, how soon a little leaven had leaven'd the whole lump. Every one of you sayes, *I am of Paul, and I am of Apollo, and I am of* Cephas, (that's of Peter) *and I am of Christ*. The major part of Interpreters will by no means yield that the Apostle blames any such as said they were of Christ: but only complains of this, that whereas the greatest part of them had with full voyce cryed up *Paul* and *Apollo*, and *Peter*, only some few at length they stand for Christ; whereas all should have challenged this honourable and glorious title of Christian to themselves. *Pauci dixerunt quod omnes dicere debuerunt*, as he speaks: and one would have thought the very name Christian should have been better able to still these stirrings in the Church, then that of *Quirites* was presently to hush, and lay the commotions in *Cæsars* army. *Chrysostome* he thinks the Apostle brings it οἰκόθεν and puts in his own voyce; You indeed are for *Paul*, and *Apollo* and *Peter*, Ἐγὼ δὲ Χριστοῦ, *I am for none but Christ*: but others, and they of a very strong and piercing insight in the Scripture, think even such may justly be blamed by the Apostle that said they were of Christ; if they did this in a violent and contentious way either (first) so as to exclude all others from Christ that were not every way of

their mind, or else (secondly) so as to villifie the Ministers of Christ. For perhaps it might be spoken by some that had heard Christ himself preach with authority and power: and for them hence to slight *Paul*, and disesteem *Apollos*, surely this deserv'd a sharp, and cutting reprehension. A fond conceit rooted in the mindes of many now adayes; that if they had heard but Christ himself preach, they doubt not but they should have believed. Blessed indeed were the eyes that saw their Saviour, and the eares that heard the gracious words that flowed out of his Mouth; but yet such as believe not *Moses* and the Prophets, the Apostles and Ministers sent in the Name of Christ; neither would they believe it if they should hear Christ himself preaching unto them, discovering his sweetest love, and deerest affection, unbosoming and unboweling himself, wooing and beseeching them to be reconciled unto God. It has been well observed that we read of farre more converted by the Ministery of the Apostles then by Christ himself, because he provided to magnifie the Excellency of his spiritual Presence above his Personal. Even such may be blamed as say they are of Christ. Now as for the other branch, *I am of Cephas*, we never read of *Peter's* being at *Corinth*, 'tis like therefore 'twas spoke by some Jewes, that crept in amongst them, and extolled him as their Apostle: *Peter* being a Minister of the Circumcision, as *Paul* was of the uncircumcision. And therefore the Apostle useth the name *Cephas*, rather then *Peter*; it being *nomen Hebræo-Syrum*; with which the Jews were much better acquainted. The Popish Expositors they are of *Cephas*, *Baronius*, and his troops would fain perswade us that the Apostle doth not blame any such as said they were of *Cephas*, no more then he doth them that said they were of Christ. Such indeed as follow'd *Paul*, and *Apollos* must needs be schismaticks, but such as kept themselves to the prime Bishop, and chief head of the Church next under Christ, to *Peter*, these are Catholicks like themselves. Others that can't wink so much but that they must needs see *Cephas* followers come under the Apostles reprehension; they sweat and take great paines to very little purpose, whilest they go about to prove, that by *Cephas* here is not meant *Peter*, but some of that name, that preacht at *Corinth*, but who it should be they can't very well tell. You see how *Cephas*, who like his Saviour was, ἀκλεκτος καὶ τίμιος,

becomes

becomes to them λίθ προσκόμματος, καὶ πέτρα σκανδάλου. Was *Peter* any better than a σωτὴρ θεοῦ? and doth not the argument hold as strongly? Was *Cephas* crucified for you? or were you baptized into the name of *Cephas*? This indeed we'll easily grant, and 'tis by the joynt consent of all Interpreters, that under these names of *Paul*, and *Apollos*, and *Peter*; there is a reprehension wisely and warily couch'd of such false Apostles as were amongst them, whom *Paul*, 2 *Cor.* 11. 6. stiles τοὺς ὑπερλίαν ἀποστόλους; Words so big with *Emphasis*, as they hardly admit of a Translation, yet thus that place is rendred. *I was not a whit behind the very chiefest Apostles*: Where *Paul* doth not speak (as it is usually taken) in respect of such as were true Apostles, but only in reference to such as had nothing to set them out, but lofty words of their own, ὑπερβάλλοντα ῥήματα. One would have thought οἱ ὑπεραπόστολοι had been a swelling Title, and somewhat with the highest: but they in their own conceits are ὑπερλίαν ἀπόστολοι. *Paul* acknowledgeth himself lesse then the least of the Apostles, and unworthy to be called an Apostle; and yet he did μηδὲν ὑστερηκέναι τῶν ὑπερλίαν ἀποστόλων, he might well have the preheminence of them. These were they that thought to ingratiate themselves with the *Corinthians*, by an outward pomp of words, and splendour of humane wisdome, they made τὴν εὐγλωττίαν δέλεαρ τῆς ἀπάτης. So the *Scoliast*; they did ἰδιοποιεῖσθαι τὸν λαὸν τοῦ χριστοῦ, as *Phocius*, they did monopolize the people, when as they should μᾶλλον σωζάτειν, καὶ ἐνοποιεῖν; setting out Truths, in a painted and meretricious bravery; nay, blending them with errors and humane devices, with the crude imaginations of their own brain: And thus the Apostle tacitely insinuates an argument, *a minore ad majus*; If it were a grosse and carnal thing, as no doubt but 'twas, to side with *Paul* that planted the Church, and to glory in *Apollos* that water'd it: Then much more to side with such a false Apostle, that went about to overthrow it, and such another that meant to extirpate it. And that the Apostle thus aimes at them, 'tis clear out of the fourth *Chapter* of this Epistle, and the sixth *verse*. (Τὸ προσωπεῖον ἀπάρας ἐδείξε τὰ κρυπτόμενα πρόσωπα, *Chrysostome*:) These things sayes he, have I transfert'd in a figure to my self, and to *Apollos*: Ταῦτα δὲ μετεσχημάτισα. *Hæc transtuli in faciem meam*, according to the *Syriack*, Ταῦτα δὲ σωσκαλυφάμην; if we would render't

Hellenistically, as *Heinsius* tels us. These things have I hiddenly spoke, and yet not so secretly, but that they might very well take notice of it. But yet thus he did, that his reproof might be καθαρὰ, καὶ εὐπρόσοδος, as the Scholiast speaks: λόγ& εὐπαράδεκτος. *Chrysostome*, a word well entertained; that he might soften, and supple his reprehension, so as it might become a precious Oyl: that he might by no means exasperate these false Apostles; lest thus, while he spoke against Schisms, & tumults in the Church; he might encrease them which were already, and occasion greater. And therefore, as a Learned Interpreter hath well observed: 'tis like that they did not yet strike at the essentials, or fundamentals of Religion: for then *Paul* would have more openly, and piercingly reproved them. His words now were smoother then Oyl: but then they should have been very swords. You see the wisdome of our Apostle, and you see the pregnancy of Scripture-sence, which in the same speech hath several aimes, all full of excellent use. *Paul* here takes off the *Corinthians* from their siding with false Apostles, and from their over-esteeming conceit which they had of true ones. And though some take the former to be the main drift, and scope of the place: Yet I shall rather incline to them that rest in the latter, as the more proper and genuine meaning of it: having more vicinity with the letter of the Text, and being clearer out of the whole *Series* of the Chapter: For what is *Paul?* and what is *Apollo? Paul did* but *plant*, and *Apollo did* but *water*: 'Twas *God only that gave the increase; so that he that plants is nothing, nor he that waters, but God that gives the increase.* You see how the Apostle makes this τὸ ἔργον, to beat down those over-high thoughts which they had of such as indeed deserv'd esteem, and double honour: of such as were *nunciipulchri pedis*, as the Hebrews love to speak. Oh, how beautifull were their feet, that brought the glad tydings of Salvation: and yet such must not be adored, and deify'd; as if the gods had been come down amongst them, as so many Saviours that had been crucified for them, and into whose Name they had been baptized. Now that the *Corinthians* did thus glory in them, 'tis sure, and that in a double respect. 1. As being baptized by them: and thus, *I am of* Paul, *and I am of* Apollo; is as much as I am baptized by *Paul*, and I by *Apollo*; and this was stren then by an erroneous conceit amongst them, that the efficacy of the

the Ordinance depended upon the worthinesse of the Minister; Therefore *Paul* in the following words tels us for his part, that he baptized very few of them: lest they should say, that he baptized into his own name. And I find in very good Authors, that from this time, the form of Baptism in the Greek Church was altered: For whereas before, 'twas Ἐγὼ βαπτίζω, ever since this 'twas βαπτίζεται ὁ δεῖνα εἰς τὸ δεῖνα lest they should seem to baptize into their own name. It is not for me to question the wisdome of the Church, in altering their form: But this I am sure, that that which we still keep, is very warrantable: while the Minister saith, *I baptize thee.* 'Tis clear, not in his own name, while he addes, as they also did: *In the name of the Father, and of the Sonne, and of the holy Ghost.* But secondly, *I am of* Paul, and *I am of* Apollos: They are words of such as glory'd in the several Gifts, and diversity of Excellencies which they had in preaching the Gospel, and publishing the welcome newes of Salvation by Christ; and thus 'tis, I am *Pauls* disciple, and I am *Apollos* his. One likes the powerful plainnesse of *Paul*, another the ample plenty, and variety of *Apollos*: A third, the solidity, and perspecuity of *Cephas*. And here we will see as well as we can, by those obscure *vestigia* which we meet with all, wherein their several excellencies lay. And as for *Paul*, we find him himself yielding by way of concession, 2 *Cor.* 11. 6. that he was ἰδιώτης ἐν λόγῳ, rude in speech. Although indeed, I know not where to meet with more strong, and masculine Eloquence, then in this our Apostle; that eloquence that had ὄγκος καὶ βάρος, as *Eunapius* speaks: Eloquence more fitted, and suited to the persons to whom he spake, and the placee where he was: Yet this was that so much objected to him by those false Apostles: that prided themselves so much in a flaunting gaudy eloquence of their own; and esteemed *Pauls* preaching meer simplicity; and their followers, even the wiser sort of the *Corinthians* thought it no better then foolishnesse, as he himself tells us. But some of the most Christian sort amongst them, they ran into the other extreme; and were so farre in love with that as they lik't none else. He preach't in a plain and a familiar way, sharply convincing the judgement. We have these characters of *Apollo* in the 18th. of the *acts*: that he was, 1. ἀνὴρ λόγιος, אִישׁ רַבִּים, an eloquent man. 2. δυνατὸς ἐν ταῖς γραφαῖς, well;

well skilled in the Scriptures, so the Idiom carries it; we render't powerfull in the Scriptures. 3. ζέων τῷ πνεύματι, he was earnest in his preaching, fervent in spirit. 4. ἐλάλει καὶ ἐδίδασκεν ἀκριβῶς, he taught us accurately, exactly; we have it diligently. 5. He did παῤῥησιάζεσθαι. As the Heathens painted their *Apollo*, their god of eloquence; he had his harp, and his arrowes, his sweet and piercing expressions, there was the voyce of the Charmer, charming most sweetly: and there were arrowes in the hand of the Mighty: happy he, for he had his quiver full of them. I suppose he wrought chiefly upon the affections, in a more Rhetoricall manner. ———

Cephas, he laid down the Principles of Religion in a more Catechetical way; he opened the Scriptures, and discovered a treasure of Heavenly wisdom in every *iota* of holy Writ. Such places, as he in his Epistle calls τὰ δυσνόητα, he layed them γυμνὰ καὶ περιῃρημένα, that I may borrow the expression in the Hebrews, and so he was more for the enlightening, and information of the mind. *Peter*, he unsheathed the Sword of the Spirit: *Apollos*, he flourish't, and brandish't the glittering Sword: *Paul*, he strikes with it, and pierceth to the dividing assunder of the joynts and marrow: and to the discerning of the very thoughts and intentions of the heart: And though these here say no more, then *I am of* Paul, and *I am of* Apollos: Abrupt language will serve their turn: it is enough they can expresse their mindes: Yet no doubt, but some of the *Corinthians* could spin out their thoughts into a fairer thred, and thus one might speak for *Paul*. ———

What, did you ne're hear *Paul* preach? Did you ne're see him weeld those weapons of his warfare, which are not carnal: but mighty through God, to the pulling down of the strong Holds of Satan, and to the beating down every high, and towering imagination: which advanceth it self against the Knowledge of Christ: and captivating it into the obedience of Jesus Christ? Oh how he speaks, as if he were within a man: as if he supplyed the place of conscience! He has a window into the breast: he opens the window, and darts in a beam of irresistible light: Which though vain man may seek to imprison in unrighteousnesse, and thus become the Jaylor of Truth: Yet as the Light for a while, shut up in a Cloud: easily breaks prison, and shews its glorious face

face to all beholders: So the Truth discovers it self, will set it self at liberty; and he, when he sees his prisoner loose, like that other Jaylor in the *Acts*; fall down, and amazed, cryes out, *Sirs, what shall I do to be saved?* 'Tis hard to imprison so strong a light. *Cephas* indeed preacheth very well, and soundly; And *Apollos* perhaps with more Elegancy of expression, and greater discovery of affection; but give me the convincing strength of *Paul*, who though he be rude in speech, yet he comes in the very evidence and demonstration of the Spirit; as for me, *I am of Paul.*

Another he's for *Apollos*. 'Tis true, *Paul* preaches very *powerfully*, and so doth *Cephas* very *profitably*; but yet me thinks none so *movingly* as *Apollo*. O did you see with what a sweet facility he slides into his hearers? O how with a happy fluence he insinuates himself into them? Oh did you see how Πειθὼ and Ἀνάγκη met together, how sweetness and violence kiss'd each other? Did you mind with what a holy variety he refreshed his hearers, and how he led affection by the hand, which way he pleased? One while he dips each word in a tear; another while he steeps every phrase in honey; now he breaths out flames that he may thaw a frozen generation; by and by he speaks in a silken Dialect; and cloaths his speech with the soft raiment of a more pleasant eloquence. If he flames in terrors you'ld think the Pulpit a mount *Sinai*, nothing but thundring and lightning, and the voice of the Trumpet; so that the people exceedingly quake and tremble. If he breath out peace, and open the bowels of mercy, if he display the riches of reconciliation in Christ, why now it becomes a mount of Olives, nothing but peace and sweetness, and gentle air. Christ is seen in the mount, now his Doctrine drops as the rain, and his speech distilleth as the dew: as the soft rain upon the tender herbs, and as the showers upon the grass. Heavenly *Apollo*! How is my soul taken with thy powerful eloquence? O that I might for ever live under so happy a Ministry. Let whose will be for *Paul*, I am for *Apollo*. A third, he's for *Cephas*.

For my part, I like *Paul* well enough, neither can there be much fault found with *Apollo*: but yet none pleases me so well as *Cephas*. O how doth he explain the Oracles of God, and unriddle the mysteries of salvation? O how doth he stoop to the

lowest capacity, and feed us with the sincere milk of the word that we may grow thereby? how doth he come with line upon line, drop upon drop, precept upon precept, here a little, and there a little? O how doth he unveil and unmask heavenly truths; so as each eye may see their beauty, and every soul become enamoured with them? What a lustre doth it set upon the pearl of price, so as one would willingly part with all they have for the purchasing of it? Let others follow *Paul*, and admire *Apollo*: I am sure I profit by none so much as by *Peter*; *I am of Cephas.*

You see here the *Corinthians* vanity, and in it our propensity to glory in men, and that because we are carnal, which brings us to the Apostles censure pointed with a stinging interrogation, *Are ye not carnal?* οὐχὶ σαρκικοί ἐστε, *nonne homines estis?* So the *vulgar* Latine, it seems that makes it equivolent to be men, and to be carnal; indeed there's but little difference, *Paul* himself calls it in the former verse κατ' ἄνθρωπον περιπατεῖν. *Nonne coporei estis?* So the *Syriack* hath it, as it is usually translated, Don't you seem to be all body, to have nothing of a soul in you, nothing of a more refined part, whilst you thus judge only according to outward appearance? and so I suppose ἀνὴρ σαρκικὸς is a degree below ψυχικὸς, and yet he savours not the things of God, But the force of the Original there reaches further; even to this *Nonne cadaveroſi estis?* as the word נבלא, from whence it springs, plainly shews. Carnal men they are dead in trespasses and sins (τάφοι ἔμψυχοι, as *Lucian* calls old men) though they esteem it their only life, as he sings *Vivamus mea Lesbia.*

But here 'tis to be took in a more candid sense; for the Apostle speaks to such as were regenerate, and in the state of grace? to such as were νεόφυτοι, he himself calls them babes in Christ, so that here 'tis meant either (first) have not you such gross apprehensions as carnal men use to have? or else (secondly) are not ye carnal in this? and thus the most refined and spiritualized Christian is gross, and carnal in part. In the best soul there are Schisms and Divisions, even here and there are ἔριδες καὶ διχοστασίαι. Ἕκαστος ἡμῶν δίπλοῦς ἐστι καὶ σύνθετος, as the Moralist: Every one has a double self, an Antagonist within himself. We use to call a friend *Alter ego*; but here the ἄλλος ἐγὼ is the greatest enemy.

enemy. This *Plato* means when he tells us of his τὰ τῆς ψυχῆς ὑπεζύγια, τὸ χεῖρον πρὸς τὸ βέλτιον ζυγομαχοῦντα, καὶ τὸν ἡνίοχον διαταράττοντα. 'Tis like they reacht no further then the rebellion of the sensitive soul against the rational, the strugling of reason with appetite: But we know of a nearer, and so a sharper conflict between the flesh and the Spirit in the regenerate, the fight's described at large by our Apostle in the seventh to the *Romans*; and this is that which a Christian so much groans under; as *Porphyry* saith of *Plotinus*, that he so lived, ὡς ἀισχυνόμενον ὅτι ἐν σώματί ἐστι, we find it true in St. *Paul*, when he cries out, *O who'le deliver me from this body of death!* ὡς ἀισχυνόμενον, ὅτι ἐν σώματί ἐστι. But I shall let this pass as not being formally in the Text, but only vertually there; and by just consequence might be deduct from it, as many the like observations also might; and wee'l look upon the several aggravations in these words: *Are ye not carnal?* (first) *You*, that for time and means might have been spiritual; Αἴζηµαι Λυκόεργε τέας χεῖρας, as he in the Greek Epigram calls out to *Lycurgus*, that cut down so many Vines because they brought forth too much fruit, the blood of the grapes which he thought too generous: he speaks to him that he would be pleased to cut down his, because it brought forth none at all. What could they have done more to yours then they have done? and when they looked for grapes, do you bring forth wild grapes, full of sowrenes and bitternes, nothing but strife and contention? is this the fruit of *Pauls* planting, and *Apollo's* watering? Nay how can they gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles! You that have drunk in the rain, which so often fell upon you: do you now bring forth nothing but briers and thorns! Αἴζηµαι Λυκόεργε τέας χεῖρας, or else you may look for the terrible curse upon the fig-tree, *Never fruit grow on thee more.* Is this your best improvement of your so many precious and golden opportunities? have you thus learned Christ? hath the bright Sunshine of the Gospel beamed out so strongly and gloriously upon you, and can't it so much as warm your affections, while you thus neglect and abuse the means of grace, *Are you not carnal?*

2. *You* that would seem to be spiritual, are ye not carnal? What's become of your fair shews, and promising out-sides, and specious professions! are they vanisht into this nothing, or

worse then nothing! are our budding hopes so soon blasted, and do your forward resolutions so quickly languish? *You* that would have counted it an injury not to be thought Christians, and members of the Church, what do you mean to tear and rend the body in pieces? *You* that would have been lookt upon as living stones, fit to build God an house, an habitation for the God of *Jacob*, do *you* now go about to demolish so fair a structure, and to bring into the Temple the noise of axes and hammers? *You* that would have been thought sharers in the communion of Saints, and to have had a chief part in that Spiritual consort, do *you* now put all out of tune by your strifes and dissentions? while you shew no better fruits then these; what ever you seem to be, *are ye not carnal?*

3. Some of *you* that are truly spiritual, yet here in this, *are ye not carnal?* τις ἐβάσκανεν ὑμᾶς; *who hath bewitcht you, O* Corinthians! *that having begun in the Spirit, you should end in the flesh?* *You* that are reconciled to a God of Peace, and redeemed by a Saviour that breathed out nothing but love; *You* that are sanctified and seal'd by the Spirit of unity, and have embraced a Gospel of peace in all meekness and subjection of mind, laying down your weapons of defiance; why do you now resist the goodness of so gracious a God, and kick against the bowels of so sweet a Saviour? why do you grieve the Holy Spirit, and disgrace the Gospel, as if that taught you to be contentious? nay *You* that know that 'twas the hand of omnipotency that pluckt you out of the jaws of Hell and destruction; and how 'twas not in the power of man or Angel to unfetter you of the least corruption; *You* that know how jealous God is of his honour, and how he takes it more heinously to be robbed of it by his own people; whilst you now attribute all to men, as if they were the Authors and Finishers of your faith, *are ye now not carnal?*

4. Even in that which you think your selves spiritual, *are ye not carnal?* Perhaps you think you honour *Paul*, and reverence *Apollo*, and give due respect to the Ministers, but know that they are the friends of the bridegroom, and would have presented Virgin-souls unto Christ, and whilst you dote upon other loves, and fix your thoughts on inferior objects, you break *Paul*'s heart, and discourage *Apollo* in his labour. *Paul* took you for his Crown, and Joy, but you prove no better then a crown

of

of thorns, and peirce him through with many sorrows. *Paul* called you his Epistle, but you prove his blot, and now methinks you should correct your own thoughts, and even acknowledge your selves *carnal*.

5. In all this I appeal to your selves? *Are ye not carnal?* Be your own Judge, collect your thoughts together: consider it but with a serious and composed Spirit: carry your selves to the rule, to the law, and to the testimony; see whether this be to be carnal or no, if you deny it, why thus you'l prove your selves carnal, and more carnal then we hope you are: No question but you are *carnal*. And thus much may serve for clearing of the Text. We'l now sum up the words together, and then they will amount to this proposition.

That *it is a gross and carnal thing to glory in the worthiness and excellencies of them that dispense the Mysteries of salvation.* And (first) as it seeks to eclipse and obscure the glory of God. *Nam ea est conditio imperandi, ut non aliter ratio constet, quam si uni reddatur.* God hath taken all means for the brightning of his own Crown, and he that dares set it upon a creatures head; he that goes about to wrest the Golden Scepter out of Gods own hand, and to place a creature in his Throne, must needs be *reus læsæ Majestatis* in a high degree. *Nobis obsequii gloria relicta est.* As he in the forenamed Historian told his Emperor, though a cruel Tyrant; this is all the honour left to us, and it is enough to be wholly subject to so great and good a God, and to give all the glory unto him. *Let not then the wise man glory in his wisdom;* no neither let others glory in his wisdome, for it is gross idolatry to attribute that to man which is due to God, to make them אלהים which at the best are but אלילים, even these Idols are nothing. Now God that made us, and knows our mold and fashion, the weakness and frailty of our nature; how we use to pore upon the immediate agent, as present to our senses, and obvious to our apprehensions; though far inferior, and of a more ignoble being, as wholy dependant upon a higher cause: he therefore chose himself so weak an instrument, as we could not possibly imagine, that that should have sufficient influence for the producing of so great an effect; as by the few words of a weak frail man, a precious and an immortel soul should be eternally saved, which most make a greater work then that of the creation;

creation; that so we might be necessitated to look higher to the powerfull hand of God that brings so great things to pass. And this is his usual method and manner of dealing. Thus hath he chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise: and 'tis plain as they tell us in Opticks, that Μεγαλόφθαλμοι *non sunt acuti visus*, they give the reason, *propter radios in illis dispersos magis & dissipatos*: Men of vast Intellectuals, of very fair eyes μεγαλόφθαλμοι they do but μωραίνειν in spirituals; they have some broken and scattered notions, which cannot represent heavenly truths in their proper *species*: when as some of a less eye, oh how quick and peircing are they into these holy Mysteries, and such as are dim-sighted in Philosophy become eagle-eyed in Divinity. *Chrysostome* tells us of two in his time, a Greek and a Christian, that were very hot in dispute, whether *Paul* or *Plato*, were the better Scholler. The Christian he amplifies St. *Paul's* wisdom and excellency, the Greek scorns him, as rude and simple, and his writings not comparable to *Plato's* Philosophical and lofty stile. The father he comes as 'twere to moderate; and when he had magnified St. *Pauls* learning, he seems to chide the Christian, that he did not yield the other what he would have. Grant indeed that *Paul* came in a more plain and unlearned way, κατηγορία τοιαύτη ἐγκώμιον ἔστιν, οὐ βλασφημία τῶν ἀποστόλων, ἀλλὰ δόξα.

Nothing tended more to the advancement of the Gospel, to the stopping of their mouths, then the considerations of this, that a few weak men by the foolishness of preaching: the preaching of a crucified Saviour confounded the grand σόφοι of the world, and more prevailed upon the hearts of men, though prepossest with contrary principles, then ever they could do with all their wisdom: For an handfull of naked impotent men to conquer an whole host of armed Champions. These are λαμπρὰ τὰ νικητήρια, as he there speaks. Alas *Moses Atticissans* had a veil upon his face, and ὁ θεὸς could not see into so divine a mystery; nay, *God hath chosen the* τὰ μὴ ὄντα, *the meer Non-entia* of the world, *to bring to nought the things that are.* A strange Paradox, and enough to amaze an *Aristotle*, to hear of a *Non Ens* annihilating an *Ens*; and yet no principle surer, or clearer in all his Metaphysicks, if it be took in this spiritual meaning: and that because, *God hath chosen* the things which *are not at all*

in

in mens apprehensions; and of a very thin and weak being in themselves. *He hath chosen these to bring to nought the things that are.* That thus his power may be the more eminent in their weakness, and his Majesty shine more gloriously in their contemptibleness. God could have clothed some bright *Seraphim* with light as with a garment, and sent him to have sparkled out Divinity amongst us. He could have made his Angels λειτουργικὰ πνεύματα, even in this sense ministring Spirits, for the good of them that should have been heirs of salvation: But then, we should have been took up too much with the glitterring of the creatures, and our eyes dazled with their brigstness. God therefore hath made these *stars*, even of the first magnitude to disappear, that the *Son* may be all in all. He hath hid the pearl in a shel, and shut up his treasure ἐν ὀστρακίνοις σκεύεσι: by an infinite condescension he speaks to us by *Moses*, and thus delivers the Gospel too by the hand of a Mediator. He hath sent us men ὁμοιοπαθεῖς *Paul* and *Apollo*, and these fishers of men they came not with their silken line, and their golden hook; with the inticing words of mans wisdom; as they do that go about δελεάζειν ὑμᾶς; no, they lay down the naked simplicity of the Gospel. *Paul* doth but plant, and *Apollos* doth but water; and God is pleased by so weak means, in so plain a way, to bring about his own glorious ends *Ipsum cœlum stultitia petimus*, in a bitter sense then e're the Poet meant it, even by this foolishness of Preaching. Why then do you gaze on *Paul*, and glory in *Apollos*: as if it were *Pauls* great parts that raised the Gospel, and *Apollos* eloquence that set it off? What's this, but to oppose the Almighty, and to counterplot wisdom it self? God took this as a main way for the advancing of his glory, and you make't (as much as in you lies) wholly derogatory from it: and judge you, whether this be to be carnal or no. Εἰς κύριε μὴ ἡμῖν, μὴ ἡμῖν, ἀλλὰ τῷ σῷ ὀνόματι δὸς δόξαν. *Not unto us, O Lord, not nto us: but unto thy Name be given the glory.*

2. It is carnal, as it takes from the word of God, from its innate strength and excellency: from its divine Majesty and Royalty.

1. From its strength and excellency. The Gospel shines with its own beams, and need not borrow light from *Paul*, nor lustre from *Apollo*. When God hath once writ with his own finger upon

upon the Tables of stone, they need then no humane polishing; and the Gospel is very gloriously cloathed with such ornaments as Christ hath put upon it. The Image of God stamp'd upon the word, and this superscription is that which hath made it so currant, and all other writings to be but κίβδηλόν τι in comparison of it. And in the plain preaching of the word, what a force and energy goes along with it; This is the voice of the Lord so powerfull, that brings down the lofty Cedars in *Lebanon*, and crusheth the strongest Oaks in *Bashan*. Mans eloquence doth but weaken and soften the voice; and whilst it would make it more pleasant, makes it less powerfull. That which *Plutarch* tells us of the *Spartans*, who for brevity were wont to speak as it were characters, and sentences *in punctο*; and for the weightiness of speech, they speak in the lump and massy sentences; he sayes of them, ὁ λόγος Λακωνικὸς οὐκ ἔχει φλοῖον; tis true here, *Verbum est Dei sine cortice*; 'tis all pith and strength, σωμᾶται εἰς τὸ δραστήριον, as he there goes on, it is edged into efficacy. God himself hath been pleased to whet his sword; as the *Lacedæmonian*, when he was asked whether his sword was sharp or no; replyed that it was ὀξυτέρα διαβολῆς, sharper then a Calumny. 'Tis like his sword was not so sharp as his expression; but to be sure this two-edged sword, as 'tis τομωτέρα ὑπὲρ πᾶσαν μαχαίραν so 'tis ὀξυτέρα πάσης διαβολῆς, it can pierce through all oppositions, cut asunder the contradictions of men, the most Gordian knot, the most *nodosum ingenium*, as he calls *Tiberius*: but then the quickning power of the Spirit must go along with it, as that famous Captain when he had lost his sword; he told his enemies, it was not so much the sword, as the arm; unless the arm of the Lord be revealed, there is none will believe our report, unless this formative vertue go along with it: instead of σπέρμα μόνον, it becomes but σπέρμα ἄκαρπον. Our Apostle in the second Chapter of this Epistle, tells us of a demonstration of the Spirit; Now ἀπόδειξις (as he hath it) is φῶς ἀληθείας, the native gloss of truth, which clearly shews it, and presently convinceth a man, there's no disputing against a demonstration. The word that evidences it self, and the Ministers they may strongly perswade; but unless the Spirit demonstrate, the soul hath never compleat satisfaction; and the Spirit that may save extraordinarily without the Word, but the Word cannot possibly save without the Spirit:

but

But if this accompany it: O then, there is a glorious Twinlight springing from them both; and irradiating the soul with powerfull, and enlivening beams arising with healing under its Wings. O then, the Sword of the Lord, and of *Gideon* conquer most victoriously, and then there's none able to withstand it; though like *Mars* himself, he be *tunica tectus adamantina*, and though this be in the hand of the weakest Messenger; he that will resist it, must ϑυμαχεῖν, and such a one hath no great hope of victory, but he must fall down with Saint *Pauls* Idiot; and cry out, Surely God is in you of a truth. Why then do ye attribute all to *Paul*, and ascribe the glory to *Apollo*; as if the Word were a dead Letter, till quicken'd by *Paul*; and an empty breath, unlesse animated by *Apollo*: as if *Paul* did not only plant, but blesse; and *Apollo*, not only ποτίζειν, but ἀυξάνειν; *Et Deus interim nihil faceret.* He stood as a Spectator all the while: when as indeed, *Paul* is but at the best; *Echo Domini*; he reflects the sound of the Gospel; the Echo that never speaks till it be spoken to: What I have received from the Lord, that deliver I unto you, and not as that doth *dimidiata verba*; no, he acquaints you with the whole Will and Counsel of God. And *Apollo* is but as *Aristotle* calls a servant, ὄργανον ἔμψυχον; he is *Cythara Dei*; strung and tun'd by him, touch't by his Spirit, and then making a most sweet and gracefull melody. *Paul* may spend his strength in vain, and *Apollo* may stretch forth his hand all the day long to a gainsaying, and disobedient people. *Peter* himself may toyl all night, and catch nothing: Men of most rare accomplishments, and of indefatigable industry may spend all their dayes, and not save a soul; and others of far weaker abilities, may add daily to the Church such as shall be saved. God by his secret judgement may blast the labours of the one, because men glory too much in them: and by his goodnesse he may give encrease to the other, because he hath more glory by them. This we are sure, 'tis the same Word preach't by *Paul*, and by o her his fellow-labourers; and the Spirit breatheth when it pleases, and blowes where it lists. And though these here had some more plausible excuse for their siding with *Paul*, and glorying in *Apollo*, as men furnisht with extraordinary gifts, and the blessing of the Spirit in those Primitive times accompanying their labours in a more then usual manner; yet you hear the Apostles sharp

reproof of them, even for this: *Are ye not carnal?* But then

2. As it takes from the Majesty of the Word. Is it fit that the Word of God should stoop to mans fancy? Why, here's *Paul* and *Apollo*, men of admirable endowments, and of most exact holinesse preaching the same Gospel, and yet 'tis embrac't by some, when coming from one; and neglected, when hublisht by another. It is the same truth, but not in the same dresse: It is a sign, they never receiv'd the love of the Truth; plain Truth won't please them, it must be set out in such attire, as may best satisfie their eye: though sometimes not becoming the purity of so chast a Virgin. This *Lumen siccum* (as he speaks) doth parch and offend many mens soft natures. And though no doubt but *Paul* and *Apollo* deny their own excellencies, and become wholly subservient to the Gospel; yet even in them they find somewhat to preferre one before the other. And unlesse the Word of God were, as the Jewes tell us of the Manna, though very fabulously, (yet we have the same in the *Apocrypha* in the 16 of *Wisdome*; that whatsoever Character, or *Idea* of taste a man shap't to himself in his fancy when he was eating the Manna, as most pleasant and delightfull to him, it serv'd to the appetite of the eater, and was temper'd to every ones liking:) unlesse the Word of God had so many several reliſhes, agreeable to every ones liking: Even this, though Angels food shall be loathed, and nauseated, and surely this argues a carnal Spirit. Must the νόμος βασιλικὸς bow to you? and the Gospel of the Kingdom become so basely serviceable, as to do homage to your lusts? Must that Word which should search the Conscience tickle the fancy, and feed a worm of curiosity that never dyes? What are these but as *Plutarch* calls, inquisitive delatours ὠτάγγελοι, or in the Apostles phrase, *men of itching eares*, that catch more after an elegancy then after a promise, and are better pleas'd with a criticisme then with a practical Truth. You know whose speech 'twas, *Pruritus disputandi est Ecclesiæ scabies.* Wee'l mould it a little to our purpose, *pruritus auriumest animæ scabies.* 'Tis carnal, as it takes from the Word of God, from the strength of it, from the majesty of it.

3. (Which is the main Argument urged by our Apostle) as it breeds ruptures in the Church, schisms, and divisions, which;

First,

First, Hinder the communion of Saints: For all communion flows from union, and division takes that away. Some go about to make unity the very form of being, to be sure, it tends much to the well-being of the Church. Oh how happy, and pleasant a thing it is to see the Churches children spreading themselves like Olive-branches round about her Table in a peaceable, and flourishing manner! But when they shall τὰς τῶν ἀδελφῶν λαμπρότητας, ἑαυτῶν ἀμαυρώσεις νομίζειν, (as he speaks) *think that the brightnesse of their Brethrens condition, doth but obscure, and shadow theirs*; and thus: τὸ δ' ὅλον ἄγκιστρον προσδύντες, (as he most elegantly,) *if there be the least anfa or occasion of strife, Passion presently hooks it in*, and is too apprehensive. When one shall say, I am of *Calvin*, and another, I am of *Luther*; when as they might both meet in the name of Christian; nay, when by most ridiculous dissention (for we have heard of such a ζωμαχία) when one shall say, I am of *Martin*, and another, I am of *Luther*; whereas they did but divide *Martin Luther*, for they were both of his Religion; what must this needs bring, but a deformity, and confusion upon the face of the Church, תהו ובהו enough to make up a *Chaos*.

Secondly, These Schisms, and Divisions, they stop the progress of the Gospel. If Christians would but take the *Moralists* counsel: ἔξω τρέπειν, κατὰ διχοστατεῖν τὸ βάσκανον το *spend, and derive their malice some other way*; as civil wars are often quench't by turning upon some common enemy: This was alwayes the *Cretians* custome, and from thence 'twas called *Syncretismus*: If we could hear of some happy *Synchristianismus*, when the Hearts, and Tongues, and Pens of all them that profess the same faith in sincerity, would agree amongst themselves, and wholly oppose the main adversary: If we had not such narrow, and contracted souls; if God would be pleased to give us a larger heart, so as every one would become a κοινὸν ἀγαθὸν, wholly let go his private aimes, and study the publick good; what might not united forces do? How quickly would all difficulties vanish? every Mountain become a plain, the seven Hills amongst the rest? And the goodly fabrick of the Church would go up with the shoutings, and acclamations of Grace, Grace, and quickly be at the top of its spiritual Glory. O how should every one with the consideration of so happy a time have πλαι τυχὼν τὸν χεῖρα δουναι, as *Eunapius* speaks

speaks most elegantly; a sweet *Chorus* of well tun'd affections, and a spirit tripudiating for joy, as *Abraham* did ἀγαλλιᾶσθαι, when he foresaw Christs day, though that were afar off, and this near at hand.

Thirdly, Schismes and Divisions give great advantage to the enemies, and set up the Kingdom of Satan, the Prince of the Ayre. The Church thus becomes militant against her self, and the enemy becomes triumphant. The devil danceth at discord: and as St. *Chrysostome* observes, when he heard that so goodly, and populous a City as this of *Corinth*, πόλις μεγάλη καὶ πολυάνθρωπος was like to entertain the Gospel; he knew no better way to hinder the success of it, then by presently planting a spirit of discord amongst them: as well knowing, that a Kingdom divided against it self, could not long stand. And all his agents that are subordinate to him, *Nihil (pene nisi) per discordias habent*, as *Tacitus* saith notably of some in his time; and as he of others, they do *per abrupta inclarescere, sed in nullum Reipublicæ commodum*. We might learn more wisdom of them that are wiser in their generation, then the children of Light; what a strict union and confederacy have they among themselves, as that in *Job* is usually allegorized: *These scales of the* Leviathan *are shut together, as with a close seal*, in respect of their secrecy, and combinings; and if they chance to be at variance, and jarre amongst themselves, they have a sure way of meeting, and reconciliation by a joynt opposing of the Church. But then as it gives this generall advantage, so more specially, as it is the Original of all errors, and the inlet of all heresies. When men by a strange προσωποληψία shall set upon some one as an Oracle, and perpetual Dictatour in Divinity; If such a one broach an errour, O how greedily do they drink it as if 'twere pure Nectar, some saving Truth! when at the best it is but the poyson of Aspes, a deady, and desperate errour. The devil thus serves them as *Agrippina* did *Claudius*; he mingles poyson in their delicate meat, and they fall to't with an appetite. As that great Scholar hath well observed; they were alwayes learned men, which have been *hæreticorum Coryphæi*: So withall they have been such, as by some deceitful carriages have won the hearts, and esteem of men, and thus could spread their infection farther. And though 'tis true, that *Paul*, and *Apollo* here mentioned in the Text, were in a manner priviled'd

viledg'd persons, acted by an extraordinary spirit; no fear of this in them: yet some that are admired as much, or more then ever they were; we can't tell how to secure them from it. And this is the third respect why 'tis carnall to glory in men, because it breeds Schismes and Divisions in the Church, which hinder the communion of Saints: stop the progresse of the Gospel; give great advantage to the enemies, they being bolder to oppose, and that being weaker to resist, and then in a more special way, 'tis laid open to all errours, and heresies.

Fourthly, As it drawes evil out of good; and surely this if any thing else argues a carnal Spirit. Gods attributes shine very gloriously, his wisdome and power more especially and eminently in extracting good out of evil; the least touch of Providence turns all to gold, even sinne that seems to be all drosse, a meere obliquity, a Transgression of the Law; yet even this by the over-ruling Hand of an infinite Wise God, becomes a clear illustration of his Glory, and the crucifying of the KORD of Life, shall tend to the salvation of the Church: And a Christian thus far participates of the divine Nature, as that he can draw good out of evil too, sweetnesse out of the worst condition, and gain strength by his corruptions. What then, must it needs shew but a divelish, and envenomed spirit, that assimilates to it self, to turn every thing to poyson, and this is the nature of corruption. Every thing that a carnal man toucheth, is defiled: he soyles every Ordinance, and discolours every blessing: turnes the Grace of God into wantonnesse, he fights against God with his own Weapons, with his most precious favours ἀργυρεαῖς λογχαῖσι, by a most strange Chymistry; he extracts drosse out of the purest refined gold; flegme out of quintessence; dregs out of the purest spirits; a savour of death from that which breaths out nothing but life, and happinesse. 'Tis clear in the Text. What a choyce and magnificent gift was this a δῶρον βασιλικὸν, to adorne the Church with all variety of excellencies? These made up the ἱματία πεποικιλμένα, they the Needle-work in the Spouses Garment, the *opus acellatum*, Gods πολυποίκιλος σοφία, I and his πολυποίκιλος χάρις abundantly displayed themselves in them:

These were the *Donaria* which Christ gave at his Triumph; when he led captivity captive, he gave gifts unto men. And see what use, and improvement they make of them. O how quickly do they become δῶρα ἄδωρα, καὶ ὄνειρα ὀνήσιμα. Strifes and Divisions, Bitternesse and Contention, these are the best fruits they gather from so great a mercy. They that glory in some excellencies vilifie meaner; nay, they vilifie choyce ones too: For such as glory in *Paul*, sleight *Apollo*; and such as admire *Apollo*, disesteem *Paul*, and both rend the Church in pieces. Do you thus requite the LORD, O ungratefull People, and unwise? ὄντως ἐστὶν ἀπόβλητα τὰ δῶρα τὰ παρὰ τοῦ Διός. *Lucian* though an Atheist, could say so much, *No gift coming from above is so mean, as to be despised, none so great, as to be gloried in.* Me thinks the diversity of gifts in several men, hath some resemblance with the diversity of colours in several bodies. Some bodies you see are cloathed ἐν λαμπρᾷ ἐσθῆτι, in bright, and orient colours. Nature took a Sun-beam for her Pensil, and flourish't them most gloriously; they have πλῆθος φωτὸς συνεστῶτα, as the Philosopher speaks, a greater collection, and condensation of Light, and are varnish't over: other sullen, and discontented bodies in sad, and dusky colours, drawn with a coal ἐν φυσαρᾷ ἐσθῆτι. Now the brightest colours they have *aliquid umbræ*; and the darkest, they have *aliquid lucis*. And some bodies they are content with one colour; others have a pleasant variety, and are set out with a rich Embroidery. See the same in the excellencies of the mind: These τὰ τῆς ψυχῆς χρώματα, these *interni colores*, as I may so call them; which are divine Light, severally distributed unto souls, where some have a fairer gloss set upon them, a twinkling, and glittering soul, all bespangled with Light: others have more sad, and dark coloured spirits. Now the brightest they have somewhat of a cloud; darknesse and imperfection enough to take them off from boasting; and the darkest they have somewhat of a beam, some light, and excellency; enough to keep them from discouragement. Some are apparently eminent in one gift, others have variety of colours, τὴν ψυχὴν ποικιλωτέραν, *animum variegatam*. They that glory in some one excellency; what do they but as if a man

should

flouriſh of outward formality, and thou thought'ſt to put me off with a mock-worſhip, with a meer outſide and ſurface of devotion, in giving me a ſhell, and nothing of the kernel: Thou couldſt ſin againſt me when thou liſt, and then thoughtſt to appeaſe me with a ſacrifice. They were white as milk, and ruddier then *rubies*, in their glorious profeſſion, but within they were blacker then a coal; *When you faſted, you did faſt unto me? I hate your burnt offerings; my ſoul nauſeats your ſolemn aſſemblies:* ἐχθρῶν δῶρα ἄδωρα καὶ οὐκ ἀνήσιμα, *Bring me no more vain oblations; Odi Danaos & dona ferentes.* He that will be my ſervant, let him ſeal up every ſpiritual ſervice with integrity of heart. A pure ſoul that's the only preſent fit for a God, δῶρον τῷ Θεῷ ἐνδιδυναμενον, a gift that may be united to God himſelf, as *Hierocles* ſpeaks; *Sacrifices and burnt-offerings he would not have*, then thou ſhouldſt have ſaid, *Lo, I come to do thy will, O my God.* Thou ſhouldſt have preſented thy ſelf a living and a reaſonable ſacrifice; for without this, all others were no better then πυρὸς τροφὴ, *ignis pabulum*, as the *Pythagorean* hath it; a ſincere ſpirit that ſhould have been חלב זבחך, *Thou didſt not make me to drink the fat of thy ſacrifices.* Well, but they ſtay not here, *Thou haſt made me to ſerve with thy ſins, and thou haſt wearied me with thine iniquities; thou haſt made me to ſerve with thy ſins*; that's either

1. Thou haſt ſo abus'd my patience, and long ſuffrance, and hath heapt ſin upon ſin, as if I had been a very ſervant, that was bound to endure all theſe thine iniquities; Or elſe,

2. It is a more prophetical paſſage looking upon Chriſt, who took upon him the form of a ſervant, and bore our ſins in his body upon the tree, And thus the *Septuagint.*

3. Thou haſt made me to ſerve with thy ſinnes, whilſt thou doſt theſe things under a ſhew of ſtrict holineſs, and care of pleaſing me, by vertue of my law in rererence to my command; as a peculiar people that ſerved an holy God, and had righteous Laws; and yet while thou neglecteſt the more weighty things that I require of thee, thou doſt diſhonour my name, and wrong my Law; and degenerate from thoſe noble Principles that I had planted in thee. For what will the heathen ſay; that I am a God that delight in the blood of bulls and goats, and give thee liberty in other things to do what thou liſt? *Thou haſt made me to ſerve with thy ſins.* And conſider what a ſtrong indignity this is offer'd

to the great God of Heaven and Earth to make him a servant, and then to serve sin which he so much hates and abhors, that he can't endure to look upon it, as that which strikes at his very being; *Thou hast made me to serve with thy sins.* And *thou hast wearied me with thine iniquitiss.* All outward performances though never so pompous, they do but weary Almighty God, unless they flow from a sincere spirit: They thought they had pleased him with sacrifices; but he tells them, *they weary him with iniquities.* And see here how the mighty God of *Jacob*, the Rock of ages; Omnipotency it self is weary: he is prest with sins, and wearied with iniquities. Well, what follows upon all this? *I*, even *I am he that blot ont thine iniquities for my own sake, and will not remember thy sins.* Surely *Israel* could not look for this in the next verse. It must needs come in, ἀλλ' ἀναισχυντίαν. One would have thought it should have been, *I*, even *I am he*, that will revenge these thine iniquities: *Thou hast me to serve with thy sins*, and I'le make thee to serve with my plagues: *Thou hast wearied me with thine iniquities*, and I'le weary thee with my judgements: Mine indignation shall flame out against thee, and I'le pour out the dregs of my wrath upon thee; it is *I*, even *I am he*, that will set thy sins in order before thee. One would have thought it should have run thus: but God, he comes in the still voice, *I*, even *I am he that blot out thine iniquities. Thou hast made me to serve with thy sins*, and I'le make thee a servant to my self; *Thou hast wearied me with thine iniquities*, and I'le load thee with my mercies: *Thou hast blotted out my testimonis*, and I'le blot out thine iniquities: *Thou hast not remembred my Covenant*, and I'l not remember thy sins. Thus doth Gods goodness contend with a sinfull Nation, thus doth he conquer rebellion, and triumph over sin. Indeed his very drift is to make a glorious illustration of free grace; and therefore he first discovers his peoples sin, and then displayes his own mercy. He first shews you *Israels* stiff-neck and iron sinew, and then opens his own tender bowels, and deareſt compassions: He bids you take notice of the blackness of the *Etheopian*, and then tells you how white he will make him. He would have you consider well the deep dye, the bloody dye of the Scarlet, and then see it become as white as snow. Look upon the vastness of the *Egyptians* Army, and see them all drown'd in a Red-sea. Cast a sad eye upon a

large

large volum of iniquity, and behold them all blotted out in a moment. The ſinfulneſs of ſin ſets a glorious luſtre upon free-grace: when ſin becomes exceeding ſinful, then grace becomes exceeding glorious. *I*, even *I am he, that blot out thine iniquity.* There's much Emphaſis in redoubling the words, and it ſtills many objections that might riſe up in a wavering ſoul. And

1. *I*, even *I*, whom thou haſt offended: For what might the diſtruſting ſoul object and ſay: Is it thou, O God, that will blot out mine iniquities? It is thy ſacred Majeſty which I have provok'd: and 'tis thy glorious Name which I have profan'd; 'tis thy righteous Law which I have violated: and 'tis thy Covenant which I have broken; and is it thou, O God, that wilt blot out mine iniquities? הֵן אָנֹכִי אֲנֹכִי, 'tis *I*, even *I am he that blot them out for mine own ſake.* Gods goodneſs runs over to a ſinfull Creature; and where ſin hath abounded, there grace doth ſuperabound. Conſider,

(1) There is not ſo much evil in ſin, as good in God. Sin indeed is thus infinite, as it is againſt an infinite being: I, but there is an abſolute infiniteneſs in God. And this is no extenuation of ſin to advance grace above it.

(2) There is not ſo much ſin in man, as there is goodneſs in God. There is a vaſter diſproportion between ſin and grace, then between a ſpark and an Ocean. Now who would doubt whether a ſpark could be quencht in an Ocean? Thy thoughts of diſobedience towards God, have been within the compaſs of time: but his goodneſs hath been bubbling up towards thee from all eternity. He hath had ſweet plots of free Grace, and gracious contrivances of love towards thee, from everlaſting. The devils themſelves, though irreverſibly ſealed up to deſtruſtruction; yet they are ſo bad as God is good. There can't be a *ſummum malum*, as there is *ſummum bonum*. *I*, even *I am he that blot out thine iniquities*; ; even *I* whom thou haſt thus offended.

2. *I*, even *I*, whoſe royal Prerogative it is to pardon tranſgreſſion, and to blot out ſin; for otherwiſe the ſoul would ſtill be left rolling and fluctuating. I, this were welcome news indeed to hear of iniquity blotted out, and they were Meſſengers of beautifull feet, that could bring me ſuch Goſpel-tidings; but O 'tis not ſo eaſie a matter to have ſin remitted, & pardoning-mercy is not ſo ſoon obtained: Who is it that can waſh off guilt from

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the ſoul, and ſet at liberty a captivated ſpirit? Why, 'tis God himſelf that undertaks ſo great a work; it is I, even *I am he that will blot out thine iniquities*, and it includes theſe two particulars.

(1) God, he can blot out iniquities. For (firſt) the offence is wholly againſt him, and therefore he can freely paſs it by: Sin is ſo far an evil, as it oppoſes his will, the rule of Goodneſs, and as it prevaricates from his Law, the expreſſion of his will, and that the ſupreme Law-giver can pardon.

(2) Chriſt he hath made full ſatisfaction to his juſtice, ſo that now 'tis but dipping the pen in the blood of Chriſt, and daſhing out of iniquity: Nay, Chriſt himſelf hath blotted out, even this hand-writing that was againſt us, and nail'd it to his Croſs. Chriſt on the Croſs had a ſpung given him dipt in Vineger, and a Chriſtians ſins do *incumbere in ſpongiam*, that I may ſpeak in *Auguſtus's* phraſe. And hence there are ſuch wooings and beſeechings of ſouls to come in, and be ſubject to the Scepter of Chriſt: for God hath more ſatisfaction to his Juſtice by every Believer, than by the damned that ly roaring in hell to all eternity, for they are never able to diſcharge the debt; but every Believer by his ſurety hath paid the utmoſt farthing.

2. Only God can blot out iniquities. I, even *I am he, and none elſe*. A poor creature may ſoon involve it ſelf in ſin and miſery, there is none but hath power enough to damn himſelf; *Thy deſtruction is of thy ſelf, O* Ephraim. But 'tis beyond the ſphere of men or Angels activity to blot out the leaſt ſin, or to diſentangle the ſoul of the leaſt corruption; they can neither take off the guilt of ſin, nor yet ſubdue the power of ſin. There's none but knows how to wound himſelf; I, but he muſt have skill that knows how to cure him; 'tis eaſie enough to run into debt, and many find it hard enough to diſcharge it; There's none but can heap up ſin, and treaſure up wrath, and wound conſcience: I, but who is there that can appeaſe wrath, and calm conſcience, and ſcreen a ſoul from a conſuming fire? Sin is an offence againſt an infinite juſtice, ſo that infinite being can either diſpence with it, or ſatisfie for it. It is not the bleſſed Virgins milk can waſh out ſo deep a ſtain, it is not this can whiten the ſoul; no, if the Saints robes be waſht white, it muſt be in the blood of the Lamb. And the power of the keys can't reach thus far, A

Miniſter

Miniſter can no more by any way of efficiency remit a ſin, then he can create a world. And I know not what a Popes indulgence ſhould do, unleſs it be to ſend ſome ignorant people to hell with more cheerfulneſs and alacrity, that they may *in Cœlum deſcendere*, as the *Satyriſt* ſaid *Nero* did; when they looked for heaven, drop into hell irrecoverably. The mighty hand of God himſelf muſt be put to the blotting out of iniquities; 'tis I, even *I that blot out thy tranſgreſſions*; even I whoſe royal prerogative 'tis to pardon tranſgreſſion, and to blot out ſin.

3. *I*, even *I* that have manifeſted mine anger againſt thee, in puniſhing thee for thine iniquities; even *I am he that will blot them out*, for the ſoul will ſtill be doubting and miſgiving; why, 'tis thou, O God, that haſt ſhot off ſo many threatnings againſt us, and ſpent all thine arrows upon us: Thou haſt hewn us by thy Prophets, and ſlain us by the words of thy mouth: Thou haſt dipt thy pen in gall, and writ bitter things againſt us: Thou haſt follow'd us with an whole Army of judgements, and every way ſhown thy ſelf an angry God againſt us; and wilt thou now blot out our iniquities? The Text hath the ſame anſwer ready for this too; 'Tis *I*, even *I am he, that will blot them out*; and it ſpeaks theſe two things.

(1) God, he is not long angry. בשצף קצף as 'tis in the 54 of *Iſaiah*, verſe 8. *In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlaſting kindneſs will I have mercy on thee, ſaith the Lord thy Redeemer.* God as he is not Ὀξύθυμος, quickly provokd', ſo neither is he Βραδύθυμος, long diſpleaſed. *God is Love*, ſaith the Apoſtle; now Love is hardly provoked, and 'tis quickly reconcil'd; *God is Love.* He writes not injuries in Marble, his Law indeed he writes in ſtone: I, but the breach of the Law, he writes that in the duſt. All the wrong hath been done to him, and yet he beſeeches us to be reconciled: he's far more ready to offer mercy, then the creature is to embrace it: and more willing to ſpeak peace, than man is to hear it. Where will you meet with a man ſo propenſe to put up a wrong, and ſo ambitious to forgive an injury? But *as far as the heavens are above the earth, ſo far are his thoughts above our thoughts*: He writes not our ſins in ſo deep a character, but that they may be eaſily blotted out.

(2) God requires no more humiliation, then to bring a ſoul unto

unto himself, and make it capable of mercy. Many a weak Christian questions his condition, because he hath not fill'd Gods bottles so full of tears as others, he hath not had such rendings of heart, such breakings and piercings of spirit, such scorching pre-apprehensions of Hell, and wrath as others have had: I, but let such a one consider, that God is very gracious in his dealings, and we must not look for the like degrees of humiliation in all: some have a quicklier delivery, and are sooner freed from the pangs of the new birth, some hearts were more wrought upon in a more winning and melting way; others are beat in pieces by a stroke of Omnipotency. But this we are sure, that soul's humbled enough that's brought to a sight and sense of his sin, so as to see the necessity of a Saviour, and to prize him, and love him as the fairest of ten thousand. When God hath made a soul to see his sins, he's ready to blot them out: 'Tis I, even *I am he, that blot out thine iniquities*; even I that have punisht thee for them, and shewn mine anger against them.

I might add, that 'tis a note of Gods complacency in his own goodness, he doth even glory in the riches of his free grace: and therefore it is so often repeated, *I*, even *I am he*, that will *do it for mine sake*: but I hasten to the next words.

Blot out thine iniquities,] There are many things wrapt up in this expression: I'le be more brief in them then to promise brevity. And

(1) Blotting out of iniquities, implies that they were all written and took notice of.

1. They were written in Gods book. God, he is not only καρδιογνώστης, but μείζων καρδίας, and knows all things, every idle word, every vain extravagant thought, every glance of the soul: the least tendency to sin, the first bublings up of original corruption, they are all took notice of; In this book are all thine iniquities written.

2. Thou hast a book within thine own breast, and Conscience hath the pen of a ready writer; it can write as fast as the soul can dictate. *Calamum in corde tingit*, and with an accurate pencil, it can give thee a full pourtraicture of thy most closetted behaviour, of thy most reserved actions and thy most retired motions: and though there be a curtain drawn over them here, yet then they shall be made very apparent. God shall give conscience an

Imprimatur,

Imprimatur, and such works as thou wouldst have suppreſt, shall be publisht to the eyes of men and Angels, and the λόγος κριτικὸς shall pass censure upon them; Sins of the smalleſt print, of the most indiscernable character, shall be made clearly legible, and become as Atomes in the presence of the Sun-beam. With what a furious reflexion wilt thou then read over thine own sinfull life; when all thine iniquity shall stare thy soul in the face to all eternity? When as a Christians life shall be set out in a new Edition, *Multo auctior & emendatior*; for all *Errata* shall be corrected, and with a happy *Index expurgatorius*. Every iniquity shall have a *Deleatur*, and all *Desiderata* shall be suppli'd, the Book shall become perfect, and be lookt on as a fair Object to all Eternity. This is the first thing impli'd in blotting out of iniquity, that they were all written and took notice of.

(2) Every transgression leaves a blot: For even remission of sins is expreſt by blotting out of iniquity. Although the blot was here greater, before 'twas blotted out; for *blotting* out of iniquities, is the wiping out of a blot. Besides the guilt of sin, and the power of sin, there's the *Macula peccata* too, *the stain of sin*.

(3) You see here the nature of Justification, and how in it *Remissio est imputativa*; it doth not take away the being of sin, but takes it away from being imputed, and laid to the charge of the soul. Sins in Scripture *Idiom* are ὀφειλήματα. Now in Justification there's a crossing of the Book, a blotting out of the debt, so as it can't be required of the soul. And the justified person in the 32 *Psalm*, is stil'd כְּסוּי חֲטָאָה, one whose *sin is cover'd*, which supposes the being of it; and though our adversaries urge the force of the other phrase נְשׂוּי פֶּשַׁע, one whose *sin is took away*; yet 'tis sufficiently clear'd by the following words, לֹא יַחְשֹׁב לוֹ עָוֹן יְהוָה, *God will not impute iniquity unto him*; and 'tis rendred in the New-Testament by ἄφεσις ἁμαρτιῶν, which cannot be posibly meant of taking away the being of sin; for it is attributed to men, when they are bid to forgive one another their trespasses; now they can't forgive sin so. And they meerly wrangle when they tell us that λογίζεσθαι and חשב signifie *putare* and not *imputare*; for we deny not but λογίζεσθαι signifies *putare*; but λογίζεσθαι τινὶ must needs be *imputare*, and so חשב לו, as might appear by many instances, as the learned *Chamier* hath observed.

4. Look upon the fulneſs of the diſcharge. The ſoul may reſt ſatisfied, and roſe it ſelf upon the free grace of a God in Chriſt, and lay all the ſtreſs of its ſalvation upon it; the debt is blotted out: and it were injuſtice to ask it twice: And *ſhall not the Judge of all the world do right?*

5. Conſider the eaſineſs of it. The hand was longer a writing, then it is a blotting out; the hand was wearier with writing then it is with blotting out; I *have blotted out thy tranſgreſſions as a thick cloud*, Iſa.44.22. Now, how is a cloud *blotted* out? Nay indeed, what is a cloud, but a *blot* upon Natures faireſt and well-flouriſhed *letter*? A Sun-beam comes, ruſhes in upon it, wipes away the cloud. The Sun fights againſt it; Ἀφανιεῖ λογχαῖσι, it raiſes a glorious army of beams, which quickly puts the enemy to fight, they *ſcatter* the cloud. And I'le blot out thy tranſgreſſions like a cloud. An act of Grace, a beam of mercy ſhall not blot out a whole cloud of tranſgreſſions, which otherwiſe would have proved a cloud of witneſſes againſt the ſoul. מחיתי כעב פשעיך.

6. Here is the extent of Remiſſion, a great debt may be *blotted* out as well as a leſs; a great ſum may be *blotted out* as well as a ſmall one, though not ſo eaſily, though not ſo ſuddenly.

7. This explains that, how *God ſees not iniquity in* Jacob, *nor ſin in* Iſrael: He looks upon his people as in a ſtate of grace, and reconciliation; now as the *Arabick* proverb pithily, *Favoris oculus velut nox eſt ad omnem labem.* He ſees not iniquity in *Jacob*, for he ſees it *blotted out*, he ſees it covered: that he ſees it not at all, makes Omniſcience blind.

Thine iniquities] (1) Thine, very *heinous* in their own nature, as the Prophets continually complain: it turns every Prophecy to a משא, *Oneroſa Prophetia.*

(2) more heinous, becauſe *thine.* The ſins of *Iſrael* pierce deeper, grieve God moſt: κὶ σὺ & τέκνον: It was a notable ſpeech of *Coſmus* Duke of *Florence*: I have read (ſaith he) that I muſt forgive mine enemies, but never that I muſt forgive my friends: The ſins of Gods friends, of his people provoke him moſt. Every ſin is took notice of: I, but the ſin of *Judah* is *writ with a pen of Iron, and the point of a Diamond*, בצפרן שמיר, with the claw of an Adamant. They are againſt beams of ſtronger light, againſt bowels of tender mercy, againſt nearer and ſweeter

ſweeter relations, againſt greater expectation: God *lookt for grapes, and they bring forth wild grapes.* Yet, I *will blot out thine iniquities.* Not only ſome of the leſs, and call thee to account for the greater; no, ſuch as are the moſt deeply aggravated, the moſt frequently reiterated, thine iniquities indefinitely. God never blots out one iniquity, but he blots out all; *Juſtificatio eſt ſimul & ſemel*, and it doth *extendere ad futura peccata* For,

1. It puts a man into a ſtate of grace and reconciliation, and within the Covenant of Grace, ſo that his perſon and ſervices are accepted.

2. Suppoſe a man had all his ſins remitted, and only one, the leaſt retained; yet ſuch a one were ſtill σκεῦος κατηρτισμένον εἰς ἀπώλειαν, *a veſſel fitted, and framed, and faſhioned for deſtruction*, ſeeing the guilt of the leaſt ſinne binds over to eternal puniſhment.

For mine own ſake] (1) Excluſively, for nothing at all in you; as in that Twin-place, *Ezek.* 36. 22. There you have a clear comment upon the words; *Thus ſaith the Lord God, I do not this for your ſakes, ſaith the Lord God; but for mine holy Names ſake, which ye have profaned amongſt the Heathen.* Mark under what notion it runs, for that holy Names ſake, which you have profaned. And in this Chapter we have in hand, in thoſe verſes that are preparatory to the Text, we ſhewed you how ſtrangely *Iſrael* behaved themſelves, *v.* 22. *Thou haſt not called upon me, O* Jacob. Why, one would have thought that they might have opened the mouth for mercy, that they might at leaſt have petitioned for Grace; ſurely, 'twas worth the asking: No, but *I was found of them that ſought me not.* The learned *Chamier* goes on, and ſhews how there is an exact removal of all ſuch works as the Papiſts make ſatisfactory.

(2) *For mine own ſake*, it includes for my Chriſt his ſake; and that eternal Covenant of love and peace which I have founded in him. For God in himſelf is an holy and juſt God; and now by reaſon of ſin, an offended and provoked God; and would quickly prove a puniſhing and revenging God; did not a *Jupiter* μειλίχιος ſtep in and aſſwage an angry Deity.

(3) *For mine own ſake*, for my Names ſake, and for mine Honours ſake; leſt the Heathen triumph, and ſay, *Where is now*

your God? O the infinite goodneſs of God and that by a moſt gracious and free act of his own will, hath knit and united his own glory, and the ſalvation of his people together! He hath wrought *Iſraels* name in the frame of his own glory, ſo that now 'tis for His Honours ſake to ſave *Iſrael*; He blots out iniquities for his own ſake. God will not ſuffer the luſtre of his Crown to be dim'd and eclips'd; he will be ſure that none of his Jewels ſhall fall off from it. 'Tis as impoſsible for *Iſrael* to periſh, as for to loſe his Glory.

And will not remember thy ſins,] The ſinfull ſoul is full of doubts and ſuſpicions; Certainly, ſaith he, if God ſhould let me alone now, he will call them to account hereafter; If he ſeem to blot them out now, he will write them again ſometime or other. No, ſaith God, *I'le blot out thy tranſgreſsions, and will not remember thy ſins*. 'Tis an ordinary ſpeech in the mouth of ſome ſilly ones, they will forgive, but never forget, it had need have a very candid conſtruction, a grain of ſalt is ſcarce enough to make it ſavory; but God never forgives, but he doth forget too; when he blots out iniquities, he remembers them no more. When the ſins are laid upon the head of the ſcape-goat, they are then carried into a land of forgetfulneſs.

I ſuppoſe you recall the uſual rule; *Verba memoriæ denotant affectum & effectum*: He will not remember them ſo as to call thee to account for them, ſo as to upbraid thee with them, ſo as any way to puniſh thee for them.

Guilt and puniſhment are correlates, ſuch Twins as live and dye together, when the one's remitted, the other's never retain'd. For,

1. 'Twere injuſtice to puniſh where there is no fault. God indeed may of out of his abſolute dominion and ſovereignty, inflict an evil upon an innocent creature, but then it falls not under the formal notion of a puniſhment; and doth inflict evils upon his own people, which flow from a fatherly caſtigation, and not from a judicial proceeding.

2. 'Tis againſt the very nature of remiſsion. Do you call that forgiving of a debt, to caſt a man into priſon for not diſcharging it? or is that pardoning of a Traitor, to behead him for his Treaſon.

3. 'Tis injurious to the full ſatisfaction of Chriſt; who drunk

up

up the whole cup; all the dregs of wrath, not a drop of that bitter cup left for a Christian, no ὑστερήματα there; they do indeed pledge him, but 'tis in a sweeter draught, and not at all in satisfaction to divine Justice. 'Tis an impious speech, and fit for the mouth that spoke it; worthy of a Jesuite, that calls Christians sufferings, *Fimbrias meritorum Christi*; but he may touch this hem of the Garment, and find no vertue coming out from it. Christs resurrection was a full and plain acquittance, a clear and apparent sign that iniquities were all blotted out.

Quest. But doth not God revive former sins, and reprint such iniquities as he hath once blotted out?

Answ. He doth indeed, but in abundance of love and bowels of free grace: not as an angry and revenging God; but 'tis to make thy repentance for them, more deep and serious. And though God remember them no more; yet there's good reason that the soul should still remember them, (First) to make it more thankfull to him that he blotted them out. (Secondly) to walk more humbly. (Thirdly) more watchfully and accurately, ἀκριβῶς.

And thus we have took a brief survey of the Text; we'l now strain the quintessence of all into one observation, *justifying grace is free grace*: He blots out iniquities for his own sake: Every justifi'd person is a monument of free grace, or in the *Psalmists* language; he's crown'd with loving kindness and tender mercies. *Observ.*

The grace of God is free grace; and that

First, If you look to the *Spring* from whence it flowes. That Original Goodness, that fountain-mercy in Election, when he singl'd out a peculiar people to himself; there were beamings out of his love, and blossomings of his grace towards thee from everlasting; He was plotting and studying thy happiness, long before thou hadst any being. Thou wert Gods Jewel from all eternity, his כלי חמדה; he casts a propitious glance upon thee, *And thy time was the time of love*; He took thee as the Jewel out of the rubbish of ruinated mankind, out of the *Massa corrupta*, and in his due time he means to polish thee, & to set a glorious lustre upon thee. Now what was there that God should smile on *Jacob*, and frown on *Esau* from all eternity? What was there in thee to perswade him to all this? what were the motivs?

Where

Where were the arguments? What was the Rhetorick?

1. It was long before thou hadst any being, thou wert hid in the barren womb of nothing; thou hadst no desire, no thought of happiness, and I cannot well understand the merit of a *Non-entity*.

2. God might have had great revenues of glory out of thy eternal ruine, now that he should choose to glorifie the riches of his mercy in thy happiness and salvation, was most free grace. Two books were before him, he might have writ thy name in his black book, with fatal and bloody characters, and made his Justice glorious in thy misery and damnation; I, but he took the book of life, and with the point of a Diamond writ thy name there, thus to make his love wonderfull in thy salvation.

3. Consider how few God then chose unto himself. Out of those many worlds which he might have made, out of that which he did make; he pickt out a few here and there, they all make up but μικρὸν ποιμνίον, a little diminutive flock, a little little flock, μικρὸν ποιμνίον. The major part of the world κεῖται ἐν πονηρῷ, it lies drencht and drowned in wickedness. How comes it now that thou dost not go with the generality; but art one of the little number, is not this free grace? God hath riches of grace for many more, and yet he would spend it all upon a few; he would contract and concentricate his love in them, *& quanto pauciores filios habet tanto cariores*. 'Tis St. *Pauls* reason, that he might make known the riches of glory upon the vessels of honour; this was the very end, that they might admire his goodness the more, and tell stories of free grace to all eternity.

4. Don't think that this was out of any provision of worth and excellency in thee more then in another. For

1. This makes the prime wheeling cause wholly dependent upon inferior movers. The great Creator of Heaven and Earth, must wait upon mans *liberum arbitrium*; if the Creature please to determine thus or thus, then he must copy out his decree accordingly.

2. They speak as if they had never seen the ninth to the *Romans*. What was it that prevailed with the Potter, to make one vessel to honour, and the other to dishonour? Was it because this was the more refined Earth, and so fitter for a vessel of Honour? No saith St. *Paul*, of the very same *lump*, *he made*

one

one a veſſel to honour, and another to diſhonour, And *God lov'd* Jacob, *and hated* Eſau, *before they had done either good or evil*; Now if *Jacob* would certainly have done good of his own accord, 'twas all one, as if it were done already in reſpect of Eternity, all things being equally preſent to that.

3. This takes away all method, and order of proſecution, for the end is alwayes in intention before the means. God firſt reſolves to ſave *Jacob*, and then provides means accordingly.

4. It quite demoliſheth the goodly and fair ſtructure of grace; no diſcriminating grace, 'tis no longer *for his own ſake*, but *for your ſakes* now. A man now makes himſelf to differ, free-will muſt be ſet on the throne, 'tis a *Roman*, and muſt not be bound; and free-grace muſt lie at the footſtool, and be trampled on as they pleaſe. But all they that know what Grace is, and have had any gracious impreſſions upon their own ſpirits, will eaſily tell you who it was that made them differ, even he who choſe them, not becauſe they were any better then others, but he choſe them, and ſo would be ſure to make them better; and if they be lovely, it is with the comlineſs which he hath put upon them. Grace is free, if you look to the fountain of it, the primitive goodneſs of God in election, bubling out from all Eternity.

Secondly, If you look to the ſeveral *ſtreamings* out of the fountain, you muſt admire the riches of free-grace; For,

1. Gods giving of his Son, and founding an eternal Covenant of love and peace in him; the richeſt and precioueſt ſtream that ever flowed to the ſons of men. Now if there were an Aſſembly of thoſe bright and intelligent creatures gathered together, the moſt glorious Cherubims and glittering Seraphims, & if this myſtery which they now pry into, were fully unſeal'd, and explain'd unto them; O how would they ſtand gazing upon the riches of free-grace, how would they think eternity it ſelf too ſhort for the admiring of it, and what could they reſolve it into but meer love. *God ſo loved the world*, ſo freely, ſo fully, ſo unconceivably, *that he gave his only Son*, &c. What was there in thee to draw a Saviour down from heaven? Was there ſuch an attractive and magnetical vertue in an undone & bankrupted creature? How didſt thou perſwade him to diſrobe himſelf

ſelf of light; as of a garment, to cloud and eclipſe the luſtre of his Divinity, by the interpoſition of a pale mortal body! What was it that mov'd him to take upon him the ſeed of *Abraham*, and not the nature of Angels, to let paſſe thoſe fair and eminent beings, and to advance a poor crawling worme! Out of what Topicks didſt thou fetch an argumett that prevail'd with him, to eſpouſe thee to himſelf in Mercy and Truth, and ſo to love thee as to die for thee? I know thy thoughts are ſwallowed up with the conſideration of ſo boundleſſe and bottomleſſe a Love, and deſire ſome time for aſtoniſhment.

2. What ſhould I tell you of thoſe free expreſſions and manifeſtations of this his Love: thoſe freſh eruptions and ebullitions of it in the Goſpel? I mean thoſe precious Promiſes, that are ſo many ſeveral ſproutings and branchings out of the Covenant. The Goſpel's like a ſweet and precious Honey-comb, theſe are the ſeveral droppings of it, that flow freely from it. Indeed the the whole Goſpel like the midſt of *Salomons* bed in the *Canticles*, is pav'd with Love.

3. Think upon thoſe free offers of grace, and tenders of reconciliation: how he woes you to receive mercy, how he beſeeches you to be happy, how he entreats you to be ſav'd, to accept of Him and of heaven, of Grace and of Glory. So that if you look to the ſtreamings out of the Fountain: you ſee they all carry with them the riches of Grace.

Thirdly, Conſider the ſeveral *conveighances* of it, how God diffuſes this his goodneſſe to thy ſoul: and thou ſhalt ſee how thou haſt liv'd upon the expences of free Grace all thy daves. And for this, obſerve how he tun'd all Circumſtances in a ſweet and harmonious way; ſo as they did all ſweetly agree and comfort in thy happineſſe; and how all providential paſſages did joyn for thee, and συνεργεῖν, *work together* for thy good: As

1. 'Twas out of the Riches of free Grace, that he planted thee in a place of light, when he ſhut up & impriſon'd the reſt of the world in a palpable darkneſſe. The Goſpel ſhines out but upon a little ſpot of ground which God hath enclos'd for himſelf, and ſtiles it his Garden. *Paul* plants it, and *Apollos* waters it, and he himſelf gives it an encreaſe: The reſt of the World lyes like a barren

barren and deſolate wilderneſs, the Word of the Goſpel never dropt upon it; nothing but Briars and Thorns fit for the fire. Now, how fell thy lot in ſo fair a ground; and who is it that gives thee ſo goodly an Heritage? Who is it that ſhines thus upon thy Tabernacle, and fixes it in a land that flowes with Milk and Honey? Give a reaſon if thou canſt, why thou wert not plac't in ſome obſcure Corner of *America*, and left only to the weak and glimmering light of nature? Prethee, tell me who that was that open'd for thee ſo many wells of ſalvation, and feaſted thee with all thoſe ſpiritual dainties and delicacies that are diſht out in variety of Ordinances? I would fain know who that was that cruſh't the Honey-comb on purpoſe, that it might drop upon thy ſoul? Prethee, tell me, if thou can'ſt, who that was that beſpoke a place for thee in the Church, among the aſſembly of the Saints? Hath God dealt ſo with every Nation, or have the Heathen knowledge of this Law? Aſcribe this then to free grace.

2. That ſalvation ſhould wait upon thee ſo long, and when thou hadſt repuls't ſo many rich offers of grace and mercy; that ſtill it ſhould be importunate with thee: if mercy had knock't once or twice, nay according to the rule, *ſi ter pulſanti, &c*; if it had then bid thy ſoul farewell, thou hadſt dropt into hell irrecoverably. How many years hath free grace ſtood at the door, and begg'd for ſome admiſſion, and thou haſt not ſo much as bid it welcome? Free Grace follows thee, and purſues thee, and will not let thee go till thou haſt a bleſſing. Would any friend have given thee ſo many invitations after thou haſt rejected them? Are there not many of the damned that muſt lye roaring there to all Eternity, that never taſted of ſo much goodneſs and long-ſufferance as thou haſt done; O, why wert not thou ſent thither amongſt the reſt? that that Spirit which thou haſt ſo much griev'd, and ſo often vext, ſhould ſtill breath upon thee, and follow thee with ſecret whiſperings, and gentle ſolicitations to entice and allure thee to goodneſs; what canſt thou call this but free grace?

3. Conſider in what ſtate thou wert all the while; an Enemy, a Rebel, ſtudying how to be damn'd; galloping to hell and deſtruction with full careere, a Scholars pace: who was't now that ſtopt thee in thy courſe? who bridl'd in the proud

waves and said, *Hither ye shall go, and no further?* *Saul* when he is breathing out of slaughters, and making havock of the Church, even then he becomes a *Paul*. When the soul is even ripe for Judgement, then mercy shines out upon it. And that which would seem the most reasonable time for vengeance, is made a blessed opportunity of shewing mercy.

4. Consider the efficacious and overpowering work of grace? he must force thee to be happy, and necessitate thee to salvation, and compell thee to come in. It is not enough to provide the means, but he must strongly apply them; unless the arm of the Lord be reveal'd, there's none will believe our report. It may be thou cam'st occasionally to hear a Sermon; well, God hath the two-edged sword in his own hand; he brandish't the glittering sword, he fought against thee, he wounded thee, and frighted thee out of thy sins. Well, thou wentest away with groans, and sighs, and tears; like a Hart stuck with an arrow, panting and breathing, and fain wouldst have some refreshment; Ere long he met with a faithfull Messenger, and sent thee some balm from *Gilead*; he began to let in some of his love to thy soul, and to cheer thee with Gospel Cordials, and were they not all bought with the riches of free grace? or it may be thou cam'st into a Church with a mind, to smile at Religion, to laugh at goodness, to mock at Piety; or else to guesse the best: thou camest for flowers, and not for fruit, to crop an Elegancy, to take acquaintance of a Nation, or fine expression; *as he* once to hear an eloquent *Ambrose*. Thou cam'st for a bait, but meet'st with an hook, and 'twas happy for thee that thou wert so caught; Thou thought'st only to see the flourishing of the sword, but thou felt'st the edge of it, and 'twas well for thee that thou wert so wounded.

5. Remember the manner how he thus wrought upon thee: it may be it was with softer and gentler impressions, in a winnig, in a melting way: he drew thee with the cords of a man, and sweetly dissolv'd thy stony heart. 'Tis true, the Law had its work and struck thee with the flaming edge of a curse, but the Gospel presently brought oil and powr'd it into the wounded spirit. The love of Christ was the powerfull *Suada*: Heavens Rhetorick: there was *Demosthenes* his double Deity in it, πειθὼ and ἀνάγκη, it,

it conſtrain'd thee to obedience: And was it not mercy to be dealt withal in ſo mild a way? Well but what if thou wert a more knotty and obdurate piece, and it was not a little matter would tame thy unruly ſpirit? God came in a more victorious and triumphant manner, and led Captivity captive, when he gave gifts unto thy ſoul. He was fain to batter down ſtrong holds, and bring to the ground towering imaginations. Thou hadſt a rockly and flinty ſpirit, and was not his word an Hammer? did not he take it into his own hand? he ſmote the ſtony rock indeed, ſo as the waters guſhed out: Well, and had he no bowels all the while? was it not abundance of mercy to take pains with ſuch an obſtinate ſinner? Refer it you to what you will, we'l put it under the head of free grace.

6. Think upon thoſe mountains of oppoſition that were beaten down, when this goodly fabrick of the Temple went up with the ſhoutings and acclamations of free grace. The ſtrong man was diſpoſſeſt, all the plots and ſtratagems of Satan were fruſtrated. God cruſht his deſigns, and blaſted his interpriſes, and broke his ſnares, and reſcu'd thee out of the paw of the Lion. 'Twas much love and grace to ſet a ſilly bird out of the ſnare, to ranſom a poor captive, to break the chain, and beat off the irons, to diſentangle a ſoul, and ſet it at liberty. And then he armed thee againſt the diſgraces and frowns of the world, and fortified thee againſt the ſmiles and blandiſhments of the world, and carried thee againſt the potent ſtreams of examples, which all ran another way: free grace hid thy ſoul under the ſhadow of its wings.

7. Haſt thou not freſh ſupplies of free grace flowing in continually upon thy ſoul, and maintaining it to all eternity? If God in this new creation had given thee, as he did at the firſt, a ſtock of grace, and left it to thine own improvement, thou would'ſt have ſpent it immediately: Thou haſt ſomewhat of free grace, every moment of thy ſpiritual being. God feeds and preſerves the *humidum radicale* of the ſoul, or elſe it would quickly waſte away. He ſends thee in rich influences and auxiliary forces, and keeps thee by his mighty power through faith unto ſalvation. And this is no ſmall work of grace, *Conſervatio*, you know, 'tis *continuata creatio*.

8. Compare thy ſelf with thoſe that have had none of all this

kindneſs ſhown unto them, ſuch as God hath left to themſelves in the ſeverity of his juſtice, and this will ſet a goodly gloſs upon free grace.

1. Many of them are ſuch as have improv'd their preſent ſtrength far better. Many Heathens have liv'd more accurately and exactly then ſome Chriſtians in their unregenerate condition, and yet one out of all ordinary poſſibility of ſalvation, and the others efficaciouſly called. He may do with his own what he will, and he hath mercy on whom he will have mercy. Thus Publicans are before Phariſees and ſwelling Juſtitiaries: that free grace may be more apparent and conſpicuous.

2. Some have deſired more ſtrength, and in their way pray'd for it too, and it may be have had the prayers of others too, and yet have gone without it; but thou haſt not call'd upon me, O *Jacob*; *I was found of thee, when thou ſought'ſt me not.*

3. He paſt by men of moſt admirable endowments, moſt rare accompliſhments, that in all probability would have done him a great deal more honourable ſervice, then thou art like to do. Would not an *Ariſtotle* have made a glorious Convert, and fill'd the world as full of Divinity as he did of Philoſophy? but God paſſeth by theſe ſtately Cedars of *Lebanon*, and chooſeth a few contemptible Shrubs, and this is the good will of him that dwelt in the buſh; he hath choſen the τὰ μὴ ὄντα, the meer *non-entia* of the world, to bring to nought the things that are.

So, that if thou look to the *fountain*, or the *ſtreams*, or the *conveighances*, you meet with nothing but free grace.

Fourthly, I might draw an head of arguments, *a Minori ad Majus*, common and reſtraining grace is free grace, how much more juſtifying and ſaving grace, that one is not ſo bad as another is meer grace, *&c.*

This truth is full of Uſe: Richly laden with fruit, if we had time to gather it: I'le put point at it.

Uſe. Let none dare to abuſe the grace of God, to ſtill malignant and venomous conſequencies out of ſo ſweet and flowery a truth. *Cum gratia Dei ſit mellea, ne comedas eam totam.* Ther's none but love to hear of free grace; O this is a ſoft and downy Doctrine, a ſilken truth: O 'tis a gentle breath that fans the ſoul, and gives it ſweet refreſhment. O 'tis a pleaſant thing to ſit under the ſhadow of free grace, and ſee Gods goodneſs

ſtream

ſtreaming out before thee! But take heed who e're thou art, of turning this grace of God into wantonneſs; and know, that 'tis free grace in another ſenſe too: God may take't away when he it pleaſeth, thou know'ſt not which is the laſt offer: Believe it, he that neglects this very preſent offer, ventures eternity. And know withall, that as there are more liberal aſperſions of grace in time of the Goſpel, ſo there are larger viols of wrath too. Vineger you know 'tis בן־יין *filius vini:* and the ſweeteſt wine degenerates into the ſharpeſt vineger. Grace abus'd, turns to fury. What, to ſin againſt God, becauſe he is good? therefore to offend him, becauſe he is mercifull? to multiply iniquities, becauſe he blots them out for his own ſake? to kick againſt bowels of mercy, and to rebel againſt the golden Scepter, when 'tis ſtrecht out, and motions of reconciliation propounded? truly this will be the very ſting of hell, the *Emphaſis* of damnation, this will heat the furnace ſeven times hotter: 'twill teach the worm that never dies to gnaw more cruelly, and put new ſtings into the eternal Scorpions: 'twill prepare flaming ingredients for the cup of wrath, and fill it up to the very brim. O how fain would'ſt thou then change places in hell with a Turk, or an Infidel, and be ambitious of ordinary damnation. But truly there is no ſtronger argument againſt ſin to an ingenuous ſpirit, then free grace. Becauſe God is ſo prone to pardon, therefore the ſoul is ſo loath to diſpleaſe.

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Childs Return.

Prov. 23. 26.

My Son, Give me thine Heart.

THere have been ſuch noble and generous ſpirits in ſome of the people of God, that they have been frequent in ſuch enquiries as theſe: What ſhall we render the Lord for all his mercies? And, what ſhall we return him for all his goodneſs? And he in the Prophet *Micah* (though he be of a different temper from theſe) yet he ſeemeth to be very ſolicitous and deſirous to know what he ſhould bring unto the Lord. For thus you may hear him ſpeak in the ſixth of *Micah*: *Wherewith* (ſaith he) *ſhall I appear before the Lord? Will the Lord be pleaſed with thouſand of Rams*, &c? No, ſaith the Prophet: *He hath ſhewed thee, O man, what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee, but that thou ſhoula'ſt do juſtly* &c. *He hath ſhewed thee, O man, what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee*, but that thou ſhouldſt give him thine heart, and that thou ſhouldeſt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy ſoul, and with all thy ſtrength. And therefore he here asks it of thee, תְּנָה בני לבך לי, *My Sonne, give me thine heart.*

Theſe words are ſpoken by *Solomon*, but not in his own Name. It had been too much for *Solomon* to have askt it for him-

himself. It doth not become the mouth of any Creature to ask the heart to it self. But *Solomon* speaks it in the name of wisdom, and so in the name of God himself, the eternal fountain of Wisdom. It is he that calls unto the sons of men, and bids them to give him their hearts.

And though I know that the Hebrew *Idiom* sometimes by giving the heart, imply no more, then the serious consideration, and pondering of a thing, the laying it to heart, as we use, to speak; yet I shall take the words here in a fuller sense, as the heart in a special manner is due unto God.

Now as in proverbial speeches there useth to be, so it is here. There is abundance of rich variety, a great deal of Treasure lockt up in a few words; we will open some of them to you. And,

I. For the **Relation, My Son.** Five things are very considerable.

1. He speaks here to a *Son*, and not to a *stranger*. No wonder that Stangers give not their hearts to God; no wonder that a pagan gives not the heart unto God. Such as are Aliens from the Common-wealth of *Israel*, and Strangers to the Covenant of Grace. Such as are at a great distance from him: nay, that live without God in the world, such as lie like the dry heath, and the barren wilderness, the word of the kingdom never dropt upon them, but thou art a *son* in near relation to him; He reveals his mind to thee: he manifests and displayes himself to thee: he makes his goodness pass before thee. Thou hast the continual droppings of the word upon thee: his Prophets are sent to thee early and late: thou hast the happy Sun-shine of his presence with thee, enough to warm and soften a stony heart, and out of such stones to raise up children unto *Abraham*. Though an *Indian*, though an *American* do not give the heart unto God, yet a Christian should. Though a Stranger do not give him the heart, yet a *Son* should.

2. A *Son*, and not an *Enemy*. God doth not expect the hearts of Enemies; such as are in open hostility, and opposition against him such as are said to be *haters of him, and hated by him*, such as bid him, *depart from them, for they do not desire the knowledge of his wayes*; he doth not look for the hearts of these. He doth indeed many times turn the heart of an Enemy, meet the heart

of

of a *Soul*, while he is breathing out ſlaughters againſt the Church: but whil'ſt he is in a ſtate of enmity, he doth not look for the heart from him. Nay, if any Enemy could give the heart unto God, it would not be accepted by him. He will not accept of a Traitors heart. But thou art reconciled to him, ſo far from being an Enemy, as thou art a *Son*. Thou haſt all expreſsions of love from him; and thine heart it is expected by him, and it will be accepted of him. Though an enemy do not give the heart unto God; yet a *Son* ſhould.

3. A *Son*, and not a *Slave*. A Slave doth a great deal of work and drudgery, more work then a *Sonne*; but he doth not give the heart all the while. He works out of fear, he looks upon it as a task, as a burden; he watches an opportunity for ſhaking off the yoke. But now Religion doth not come thus to enſlave men, but to enlarge them, to ennoble them: it comes to beat off the chains and fetters, to bear open the Priſon-doors: it brings a perpetual Jubilee, a perpetual Triumph along with it. Religion floweth out of filial principles: *My Son*, hear my words, and *My Sonne*, give me thine heart. If the *Son* make you free, why then you are free indeed; and if you be free like *Sons*, why then you are free indeed. The Goſpel brings with it a filial Liberty, a filial Plerophory: an Evangelical yoak, is a ſoft and pleaſant yoak: a Saviours burden is *onus alarum*, it do's no more load the ſoul, then wings do a bird, which advance and promote its flight towards heaven. In ſin there is nothing but ſlavery: in Religion there is perfect liberty. Though a Slave do not give the heart unto God: yet a *Son* ſhould.

4. A *Son*, *Non ſic olim*. Thou wert not alwayes ſo. There was a time when ye were Sons of wrath, as well as others: Children of Diſobedience, as well as others. Adopted Sons were not alwayes Sons: now the Sons of God are Sons by Adoption. And let it ſuffice you (ſaith the Apoſtle) that in thoſe former times of your ignorance, of your folly and vanity, that then you gave your hearts unto other Objects: but now that you are come into a ſtate of Son ſhip, now that ye have this great and honourable Goſpel-priviledge to be called a Son of God: now withdraw your hearts from former objects. Let them not be beſtowed upon former vanities, do not embaſe them ſo much: fix them only upon your God. Though once thou didſt not give thy heart

heart unto God; yet *now* thou art a *Sonne*, thou ſhould'ſt.

5. A *Sonne*: and ſo in way of mutual affection, thou art to give the heart unto him. He hath given thee his love, and his heart, and his bowels are towards thee: and wilt not thou return ſome affection to him again? Relations they conſiſt in a mutual χάρις, in a graceful and reciprocal reſpect which they have one to another. Is there the love of a Father in him, and ſhall not there be the obedience of a Son in thee? Is there a flame in him, and is there no ſpark in thee? Is there no reflecting of a Sun-beam? Is there no repairing of the ſtreams into the Ocean? *As Bath-ſheba* ſpeaks very affectionately to her Son *Solomon, What my Son? and what the Son of my Womb? and what the Son of my Vowes? Wilt thou give thy ſtrength unto Women?* So here, What my Son? and what the Son of my loves? and what the Son of my hopes? Wilt thou give thy heart unto another? Wilt thou give thy ſtrength unto a Creature? ἦ σὺ ὦ τέκνον, Wilt thou thus diſhonour, and provoke thy God? *Cor* it is *magnes Cordis*: If love will not draw thee, what will? and if a preventing love will not prevail upon thee, what love will? And if God have not the hearts of Sons, where ſhall he have any hearts to praiſe him? Who will admire him and adore him, if his Sons will not? And then he hath given thee his only Son, he hath given thee a Saviour, that hath given his heart to thee, that hath given his life for thee, that had his heart pierct through for thy ſake; and is there no attractive power in all this? That is the fifth thing, thou art a *Son*, and ſo in way of gratitude, and mutual affection, thou art to give thine heart to him.

II. The **manner** of yielding up the heart unto God, which is here expreſt by way of giving, which includes ſeveral things in it.

1. Give it *Cheerfully*. *God loves a cheerfull Giver.* Religion ſhould be full of alacrity, it doth not come to extort the heart, to hale men to obedience, but to lead them by a ſweet and eaſie manuduction: it doth not *rapere Cor*, but *allicere*. It doth not ſtorm the Caſtle, but hath it fairly yielded up upon terms of agreement. That efficacious work of Grace in converſion doth indeed overpower the hearts of men: but it is by making them willing, not by drawing them whilſt they are unwilling, but it takes away that Nolence and Reluctancy that is in the hearts of

men, and thus compells them to come in. What freer then a Gift? Now the heart is to be given unto God. The Will hath never more freedome, then when it moves towards God. And those heavenly duties, and spiritual performances are to flow freely from the soul, like those voluntary drops that come sweating from the Honey-comb of its own accord, without any pressing, without any crushing at all. It is only the dregs of Obedience that comes forth with squeezing and wringing. The better any thing is, the more freely doth it diffuse it self. There should be no need now of binding the sacrifice with cords unto the Altar, unless it be with the cords of love: those soft and silken knots of affection. Cheerfulness puts a gloss and lustre upon religion, and makes it amiable, even in the eyes of the world. And truly I cannot tell how any one can give the heart to God, unless he serve him with alacrity.

2. Give it *presently*. You know, *Bis dat, qui cito dat*. Give it him now, he calls for it: it must be *donum hodiernum*. Now that it is called to *day, harden not your hearts*. Give him a tender heart: *Udum, & molle lutum es*. Now give thine heart to be framed and fashioned by him, to be stamp'd and sealed by him. *Da primitias cordis*, Give him the first fruits of thy time, the first fruits of thy strength: He is the *Alpha*, the first of Beings, and therefore whatsoever hath any priority and superiority, belongs to him. And truly grace it is very sweet and pleasant in the bud, Ὠκυμαι χάριτες γλυκερώτεραι. O how pleasant it is to see a Virgin-light, a Morning-light of education shining out upon the soul, and in some measure preparing and predisposing the heart for the wayes of God. O this is an happy prejudice, an early preposession of the soul. And this is that which the wise Man here intends, when he speaks to a Son, to one of tender age. And do but consider it: can you give your heart unto God too soon? Why shouldst thou defer thine own welfare? or is it comely then to offer thine heart unto God, when thou canst give it to none else? *Da florem, non facem*. Give it presently.

3. *Give it*, do *not lend it only*. In giving there is an alteration of the propriety, which is not in lending. When thou hast given thine heart unto God, thou art no longer thine own then. There are some that will *lend* their hearts unto God, upon some special occasionss for an hour at a Sermon, for a little while in prayer:

lend

lend it him upon a Lords day, upon a day of Humiliation, and then call for the heart again, and bestow it upon their lusts. But so great a Majesty will not borrow of Creatures; he will not receive hearts, unless they be wholly given him.

4. *Give it*, do *not sell it.* 'Tis very sordid and odious to be hirelings in Religion. They sell their hearts unto God that serve him for by-ends, and self-respects. This is *Donum Hamatum*, a gift with a hook in it; they give somewhat, that they may catch more. They sell their hearts unto God for some temporal ends. Hence it is that the Church hath so many friends in prosperous dayes. There are many that sell their hearts unto God. You know in the Gospel there were some that followed Christ for the Loaves, and not for the Miracles. There are some that love the Additionals in Religion, more then the Principals. Success and Victories are the only arguments to convince some of the rightness of a cause. Esteem of men, worldly advantages, and accommodations; these make many men take a little tincture of Religion, who otherwise would not have so much as a shew of it. Whereas Religion should be loved for her beauty, and not for her dowry. God should be loved for those Excellencies and transcendencies that are in himself; for those treasures of goodness and wisdom that are stored up in his own glorious Essence. Thou should'st love him, though he did not love thee again. Why should'st not thou love a thing truly amiable, though thou hast no benefit by it? for thy happiness is but an inferiour and secondary thing, and is not to have so much of thine heart as he is to have. Thou art only to love thy self, as thou art somewhat of him; thou art to love heaven, as the enjoyment of him; thou art to love the Gospel, as the great expression of his love, and all the promises of the right hand, and the left, as the various manifestations of his goodness. Thou art first to give thine heart unto thy God, and then to other things in such measure and proportion as they are subordinate to him.

5. *Give* thine *heart*, do *not keep it thy self.* Would'st thou be trusted with thine own heart? Would'st thou be left to thine own deceitfull spirit? The best upon earth may very well put up that prayer; *Domine, libera me a malo homine meipso.* Lay up thine heart in the hand of a Saviour. Leave it there as a sacred *depositum.*

Canſt thou lay up thy Jewel in a ſafer Cabinet? Let him keep thine heart by his mighty power through faith unto ſalvation.

6. *Give it.* God is pleaſed to call that a Gift, *which is indeed a Debt*: All thy *Eſſe*, and thy *Poſſe*, and thy *Poſſidere* is due to him, yet that thy heart may come in a way of freeneſs, and that he may ſhew thee, how it is accepted by him; he calls it a Gift, ſuch a Gift as doth enrich the Giver, not the Receiver. It is an honour to thee, 'tis no benefit to him; His glory doth not ſhine with borrowed beams; 'Tis neither in the power of a Creature to eccliſpe the brightneſs of his Crown, nor to add one ſpark to it. If thou doſt ill, what hurt hath he by it? or if thou doſt well, what good flowes unto him? any otherwiſe then as he hath joyned his own glory, and the welfare of his People together. Thy goodneſs may profit thy ſelf, and it may extend to men like thy ſelf, but it can make no additions to that which is already perfect. Thy heart is due to him, and 'tis thy honour that thou mayſt give it him.

III. **To whom the heart muſt be given.**

1. Not to any created being. No Creature can be a Centre for the heart to fix in. The heart was not made for any creature, nor proportioned to it. *Wilt thou ſet thine heart upon that which is not?* Wilt thou give thy heart to vanity and vexation? Wilt thou ſet thine heart upon that which hath wings, and can fly away when it liſteth? Riches have wings: honours and pleaſures have wings, all Creature-comforts have wings, and can fly away when they pleaſe. And therefore

2. Give not thine heart to the world. Give it not to the ſmiles, and blandiſhments of the world: Let it not be broken with the frowns and injuries of the world; *Let not your hearts be troubled*, (ſaith Chriſt) *For I have overcome the world.* And be not over-careful for the things of the world: μὴ μεριμνᾶτε, a *Pythagorean* would render it, *Cor ne edite.*

3. Give it not to Satan. The Devil that old Serpent would fain be winding and inſinuating into hearts: he ſeeks them, and deſires, and would fain by any means obtain them: and we ſee how many give their hearts unto him. But what, wilt thou give thy Darling to the Lion? Wilt thou give thy Turtle as a prey to the Devourer? Wilt thou give thy heart to the Deſtroyer?

4. Give

4. Give it not to Sin, to Luſt. Give it not to a *Dalilah*. To give it to ſin, is to give it to a Privation, to a Non-entity. Give not thy heart to that which will weaken it; to that, that will defile it; to that, that will wound it; to that, that will ſting and diſquiet it. O! keep it calm and ſerene; keep it pure and unſpotted, keep it in its proper freedom and enlargement.

IV **We come to conſider the Gift it ſelf, what it is that is to be given to God: The Heart.**

1. *Not* thine *outward man only*, not thy Body only. God dwells not ſo much in theſe Temples made with hands, as in broken and contrite ſpirits. For he himſelf is a Spirit, and the Father of Spirits, and he will be ſerved in Spirit and Truth. He doth not ask for a ſhell, but for a kernel: He doth not ask for a Casket, but for a Jewel. Give him the kernel, give him the Jewel, give him thine heart. No queſtion, but the body alſo is to be preſented to him, but it is no otherwiſe accepted of him, then as it is animated, and enlievened by an obedient heart. For how elſe can it be λογικὴ λατρεία, as the Apoſtle there calls it. Give me thine heart, (1) Not thine ear only. Though it be very commendable to incline an ear unto Wiſdom, and to receive the gracious words that flow from its mouth, yet the ear is only to be a gate, and entrance to let it into the heart, and to *hear* in Scripture-Language is to *obey*. The Word of God muſt not hang like a Jewel only in the ear, but it muſt be cabinetted and lockt up in the heart as its ſafeſt repoſitory. (2) Not thy tongue only. Religion is not only to warm thy mouth, but 'tis to melt the heart: it doth indeed ſeaſon the diſcourſe, ſo as ſavory words come out of ſuch a mouth. It doth ſet a watch before the lips, and bridle that ſame unruly evil: but can you think that it reacheth no farther then thus? Can you think that Religion dwells here? Is it only a Lip-labour, only a matter of Diſcourſe? Nay, are there not many that draw near unto God with their lips, and yet their hearts are far from him? (3) Not thine head only. Religion 'tis not a meer notion, it doth not conſiſt only in ſpeculatives. You ſee many times that men of the vaſteſt Intellectuals, are moſt defective in Practicals. Who of the Heads of the world believed Chriſt? Who of the Scribes and Phariſees believed in Him? There may be precious pearly truths in a venemous head. And indeed the head can never be given unto God, till the heart be given him alſo.

2. *The*

2. *The heart; not appearances only*: Not a ſurface, not a colour, not a ſhadow only, but a Reality. God is a pure Act, pure Entity and Reality, and therefore appearances, that do meerly pretend to Entity, muſt needs be very remote from him. And this is the weakneſs of ſuperſtition, it gives him only a complement, a ceremony. They tell him they are his ſervants. What more ordinary complement in the mouths of men? they give him outward adoration; they bow the knee to Chriſt, and ſo did they that crucified him: What do you more then they? And this is the vanity of Popery, it doth not give God the heart. That ſpiritual *Jezabel* gives him only a painted face, ſhe doth not give him the heart. She is clothed in Scarlet, but ſhe embraces a Dunghill. She puts on an outward meretricious bravery; but within there is nothing but rottenneſs. But the ſpouſe of Chriſt is all glorious within. When the ſhadows were multiplied, God called for the heart then in the times of the Law, much more now in the times of the Goſpel.

3. *The heart, the whole heart.* Not a piece of it, not a corner of it only. The true Mother would not have the Child divided. God indeed loves a broken and a contrite heart; but he won't accept of a divided heart. This is that royal Law, the great Commandment, *Thou ſhalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart:*

Οὐκ ἀγαθὴ πολυκοιρανίη, εἷς κοίρανος ἔστω, Εἷς βασιλεύς.

But the Divil obſerves the other rule; *Divide & impera*: He would ſeem to be very moderate, to be content with a piece of the heart only; but 'tis becauſe he knows by this means he ſhall have all. For God won't have any of it, unleſs he have it entire. And this is one great happineſs that comes by Religion; the heart is thus united and fixt upon one ſupreme Object. Luſts, they do divide the heart and diſtract it; —*duplici in diverſum ſcinderis hamo* (as the *Satyriſt* ſpeaks very elegantly). The ſoul doth as it were, bite at two baits at once, and is caught with two ſeveral hooks; this puls that way, and that puls another way. Pride calls for this thing, but Covetouſneſs forbids it: which muſt needs breed a great confuſion and tumultuation in the ſoul. But when the heart is given unto God, and yields to his Scepter, then

then other Lords ſhall no longer rule over it. When a Saviour comes into the ſoul, the winds, and the ſtorms, and the waves obey him.

4. Give thine *Heart*, that is, all *the powers and faculties of thy ſoul.* Give him thine underſtanding; ſet open the windows of thy ſoul, for the entertaining of ſuch light as ſhines from Heaven. Give thine underſtanding to be enformed by him, to be captivated by him: Give it as wax to the ſeal, to receive ſuch ſtamps, and impreſſions, as he is pleaſed to put upon it. Give him thy will, that which glories ſo much in its own liberty, let it be ſubject to him. Give him thine affections, thoſe ebbings and flowings of the heart, *Fluxus, & refluxus cordis*; Let thy joy be ſubject to him; let thy truſt and confidence be upon him; *Let all that is within thee, bleſs his holy name.*

And thus we have run over the words in a way of Explication, and we ſhall give you the ſum of all in one Obſervation. That,

The Heart is to be conſecrated unto God.

I. Becauſe 'tis due to him. Look upon the heart, ſee whoſe Image and Superſcription it hath; if the Image of God be upon it, (as ſure you cannot but ſee that, though it be much defac'd) *Give then unto God the things that are Gods.* If thou wilt not give men their due, yet ſure thou wilt not with-hold from him his due. It is due unto him upon a four-fold account.

1. As he is the *Maker* of Hearts; the Creator of them. All the ſtrength of created beings is due to him; and the nobler any being is, the more ſtrongly it is engaged to him; for it hath received the more from him. Now the heart of man it is a chief piece of Gods workmanſhip, 'tis Σοφῦ τέκτονος καλὸν ποίημα: 'tis due to him, as it was made by him, and 'twas made upon this condition, that it ſhould return to him.

2. As he is the *Lord*, and *Ruler* of Hearts, Καρδιοκράτωρ. His Throne 'tis in the hearts of men, and 'tis he only that hath Dominion and Soveraignty over them. It is the great uſurpation of Popery, that would tyrannize over the hearts of men. That proud Antichriſt would ſit in the Temple of God: but there is none Lord of the Conſcience, but God alone: And he can frame them, and faſhion them, and diſpoſe of them as he pleaſeth.

He

He can rule those hearts that are most large, and unlimited, and unrestrained. The hearts of Princes he can wind them, which way he will, even as the Rivers of waters.

3. As he is the *Judge* and Searcher of hearts. We only can see the outward surface, and appearance of things, as the *Opticks* say, *Solæ superficies vi entur*: but God he sees into the depth, and bottom of things. We look only to the fruit and branches, but he searcheth to the root and foundation.

4. As he is *Sponsus Cordis*: 'Tis the Prophet *Hosea*'s expression, *I have espoused thee to my self in mercy, and goodness, and faithfulness*: so that it is an Adulterous heart that now goes after Creatures: *Ye Adulterers*, (saves the Apostle) *know ye not that the love of the world is enmity against God*? And the Apostle speaks of presenting Virgin-hearts unto Christ.

II. 'Tis very pleasing and acceptable to him. For,

1. He asks it of thee. He knocks at the door, he wooes thine heart, and invites it to himself; and what is the whole mind of the Gospel, but to draw hearts unto God with all arguments of Love?

2. 'Tis thy *Totum posse*. Now saith the Apostle, he accepts according to what a man hath. Thou thus castest all thou hast into the Treasury; and if thou hadst more, thou would'st give it him.

3. 'Tis a pregnant gift, a comprehensive gift, and contains many other things in it. As the Apostle saith, *He having given thee his Son; how shall he not with him give thee all things also?* This is the spring of motion, that sets the wheels on working. When this royal Fort is taken, all the rest will be yielded up presently. When the *Heart indites a good matter*, then the *Tongue will be like the Pen of a ready Writer*; then thy *Glory will awake*, thy Tongue will praise his name, and encourage others in his wayes, then thy bowels will be enlarged, and thy hands open to the necessity of the Saints: then there will be a Covenant made with the eyes, and a watch set before the door of thy lips, then thy feet will run to the place where his honour dwelleth, and all the members of the body will become instruments of righteousness unto Holiness. Which shews the vanity of those ignorant ones, who thank God, though they cannot express themselves, yet their hearts are as good as the best: though there be not one beam

beam of light in, nor one ſpark of love in them, whereas a good heart never wanted for ſome real expreſsion. He in the *Comadian* was never deſervedly laught at; who would ſeem to be angry, but could expreſs it no otherwiſe, then by ſaying *Iraſcor*, whereas true anger would ſoon have ſhewn it ſelf in its own proper colours, in its ſudden, and extemporary ſparklings, in its vehement and furious flamings. They that can ſhew a good heart no otherwiſe then by ſaying they have a good one; they do even deſire us not to believe them.

They that offered up ſacrifices, were wont to judge of them moſt according to the inwards, and God doth thus judge of performances. For,

1. The leaſt performances, if the heart accompany them, are accepted by him. That *Perſian* Monarch was famous for accepting a little water from the hand of a loving Subject: And doth not Chriſt accept of the ſame? *He that ſhall give a cup of cold water to a Diſciple, in the name of a Diſciple, ſhall not loſe his reward.* What though thou canſt not bring ſuch coſtly ſacrifices, thou canſt not offer up Hecatombs? Well then, bring thy Turtle Doves, and young Pigeons; and theſe ſhall be accepted by him. Thou haſt no Gold, nor Jewels; thou canſt not bring any ſilk, and purple to the Tabernacle; yet bring thy goats hair, and Badgers skins, and theſe ſhall be welcome to him. Thou canſt not bring Cedars to the Temple, thou canſt not poliſh, and carve, and guild the Temple; Well; but canſt thou be any way ſerviceable to it? even that ſhall be rewarded by him. A few broken ſighs if they ariſe from a broken heart, are very potent and rhetorical. A few tears, if they flow from this fountain, are preſently botled up; he puts your tears in his Bottle.

2. God accepts of your intentions, if they flow from a pure heart, though they be blaſted in the bud, though they be cruſht *in Ovo*, though they never come to the birth.

In magnis voluiſſe ſat eſt.

It was in *Davids* heart to build a Temple, that's enough. The Schoolmen do very well determine, that *Tota bonitas moralis, & malitia eſt in voluntate.* God judgeth of the ſouls complexion by thoſe inward productions, though men judge only by outward expreſsion. That two-edged ſword of God doth thus pierce to the marrow, to the very intentions of the heart. The Law of

God it reacheth intentions, as our Saviour in those heavenly Sermons of his upon the Mount doth spiritualize it, and paraphrase upon it. And God doth in especial manner punish naked intentions, because men cannot punish them. The venome of the seed of the Serpent doth most shew it self in intentions. God restrains the outward acts for his peoples sake. But the strength of sin is most vigorous in its first eruptions and ebullitions, and so the strength of goodness too.

3. When the heart is entire. Though there be obliquities and irregularities, yet they are past by, and not so much attended to. No doubt but *Abrahams* faith staggered, when he was put to an equivocation, and we cannot easily excuse *Jacobs* supplantings, and *Rebekka's* deceits, and *Rahabs* dissemblings; and the *piæ fraudes* of the Fathers. There was so much frailty and imperfection in all these, as did plainly spot and blemish them; and yet the heart being right, God accepts of that, and covers the rest with his pardoning love.

4. Hence it is, that God looks not to the outward lump, and heap of performances, but looks to the manner of them, and the Spirit from whence they come. This might spare many a Papist his beads, which he thinks so necessary for the numbring of his prayrs.

The glimmering light of nature taught the heathen thus much, that the gods did not expect any benefit from them, but only a gratefull acknowledgement. And this is the reason they give, why they consecrated to their gods barren trees, which indeed were green and flourishing, but brought forth no fruit at all, as the *Laurell* to *Apollo*, the *Ivy* to *Bacchus*, the *Mirtle* to *Venus*, the *Oak* to *Jupiter*, the *Pine* to *Neptune*, the *Poplar* to *Hercules*; and so in many of the rest. And they will tell you, that the gods did not look for any fruit from their worshipers, but lookt for homage, and obedience, and thankfulness. And it is that which ingenuity teacheth men, not to look to the quantity and value of a gift, but to respect the affection of him that gives it. Away then with those vain ones, that think to bribe heaven with their gifts, and to stop the mouth of Justice with their performances. All duties and performances they are but to comment and Paraphrase upon the heart. In prayer God expects a flaming heart; in hearing of the Word, he looks for a melted heart; in fasting, rend your hearts, and not your clothes; in thanksking, he listens to hear whether

ye:

ye make melody in your hearts. Religion it doth ſpiritualize performances, and doth ſhell them, and doth take the kernel; it doth extract the ſpirits and quinteſſence of them.

5. Hence it is, that without this, the moſt pompous performances are ſcorned and rejected. A ſacrifice without an heart is an abomination to him, *I hate your burnt-offerings, my ſoul nauſeats your ſolemn Aſſemblies.* Odi Danaos, & dona ferentes. *Bring me no more vain oblations:* ἐχθρῶν δῶρα ἄδωρα, κ' οὐκ ὀνήσιμα. A corrupt heart, it ſoils every ordinance, it ſtains and diſcolours every Duty, it envenoms every mercy. If ſuch a one pray, 'tis eſteemed howling; if he mourn, 'tis hanging down the head like a bul-ruſh; if he ſacrifice, 'tis cutting off a dogs neck; if he rejoyce, 'tis but a blaze, a crackling of thorns under the pot.

6. In Heaven when outward performances ſhall vaniſh, yet then God ſhall have thine heart, and thou ſhalt have his face; thy well-beloved ſhall be thine, and thou ſhalt be his. When Preaching ſhall ceaſe, and prayer ſhall ceaſe, when Sacraments ſhall diſappear, yet then thy naked heart ſhall be offered unto God; it ſhall twine about the chiefeſt good, and by a near and immediate union ſhall enjoy it for ever.

III. *The heart* is to be given unto God, becauſe thou haſt promiſed it him. Remember that Primitive and Original vow in Baptiſm. God then may take poſſeſsion of the heart, if he pleaſe; for he hath the key of all hearts; he hath the key of an Infants heart, and can open it if he pleaſe. But however there is an engagement upon thee by this to give him thine heart. And ſure there are few but ſome time or other, have given him ſeveral other promiſes of their hearts. Didſt thou never offer thine heart unto him in a ſtorm? in a judgement? in a ſickneſs? Well then, withal remember that God takes no pleaſure in fools, that make vowes and break them. His promiſes to thee are ſure: why ſhould thine be deceitful?

IV. Give thine heart unto him, that he may make it better. It may be thou haſt a flinty and unmalliable heart; give it to him, and he will melt it, and diſſolve it. It may be thou haſt a barren and unprofitable heart; give it to him, and he will make it fruitfull; he will bid it increaſe and multiply. It may be thou haſt an unquiet and diſcompoſed heart; give it to him, and he will tune it. It may be thou haſt a narrow and contracted heart; give it to him, and

he will enlarge it. It may be thou haſt a droſſy and corrupt heart, give it to him, and he will purifie and refine it.

V. Give it him, that he may make it happy, that he may fill it with his love, that he may ſatisfie it with himſelf, that he may ſeal it with his Spirit. It hath toiled already ſufficiently, and wearied it ſelf among vanities; it hath gone from flower to flower, and can extract nothing but bitterneſs; and ſtill Deſire, which is *hiatus cordis*, opens its mouth wide, and cryes aloud, Give, give. Go then to the Fountain, to the Ocean, and there fill thy ſelf. Doſt thou think thou canſt ſuck any ſweetneſs from the breaſt of a Creature? no, but go to the fulneſs and exuberancy of a Deity, and then ſtretch thy deſires to the utmoſt compaſs, widen thine heart as much as thou canſt, yet there will be enough to make thee run over with happineſs.

That's the firſt thing, why the heart muſt be given to God? We'l conſider in the next place, when the Heart may be ſaid to be given to him?

(1) When thou acteſt out of a principle of love towards him. What's love but a giving of the heart? as *Dalilah* ſpeaks to *Sampſon*; *How canſt thou ſay thou loveſt me, when thy heart is not with me?* A lover not only *quærit coſtam ſuam*, as the Jews ſpeak, *ſed quærit cor ſuum*, for he hath given that to another. And where there is mutual love, there's a mutual exchange of hearts. God loves himſelf in thee, and thou findeſt thy ſelf in God. His thoughts are for thy wel-fare, and thy thoughts are for his glory. In love there is a mixing and blending of beings; 'tis *fibula animarum*; nay, it knits, and weaves ſouls together. *Knit my heart unto thee, O God*, ſaith the Pſalmiſt.

(2) Then thine heart is given unto God, when thou doſt act out of ſincerity, when thou art an *Iſraelite* without guil. This is Evangelical perfection; it is that Evangelical allowance, which is put into the ballance of the Sanctuary, ſo as a Chriſtian is not found too light. As for keeping every jot and *apex* of the Law, let them ſpeak of it that could ever do it. Thy Saviour hath kept it for thee in the full rigor and exactneſs of it; and thoſe ſpots which thou findeſt in thine own heart, thou muſt waſh them out in the blood of the Lamb; thou muſt whiten thine heart in that *Fountain* which is *ſet open for the houſe of* David, *and for the inhabitants of* Jeruſalem, *for ſin, and for uncleanneſs*. If thou beeſt ſincere

ſincere, and cordial, and faithfull with thy God, then thine heart is given to him.

(3) Then thou doſt give thine heart unto God, when thou doſt fully comply with him in thoſe glorious ends, in thoſe great intereſts, and deſigns which he doth propound to himſelf; when thou doſt ſubmit thy will unto his, and conform thy deſires unto his; when thou doſt wholly reſign up thy ſelf unto him, and ſweetly cloſe with his providence, though never ſo myſterious, and unſearchable; when thou doſt pluck out thy right eye for him, and cut off thy right hand for him; when thou thinkeſt not thy life too dear for him.

(4) Then thou doſt give thine heart unto God, when thou doſt ſerve him with vigour and intention. Luke-warm *Laodicea* could not give the heart unto Chriſt. *Epheſus* when ſhe falls from her firſt love, her heart is unbended preſently, performances come dropping from her in a weak, and languiſhing manner. Whereas ſpiritual productions they ſhould be ſtrong and maſculine, ſpringing, and ruſhing forth with a ſacred *impetus*, as Gods love comes ſtreaming to thee with an irreſiſtable fulneſs. Thine heart ſhould boyl up a good matter, as the *Pſalmiſt* ſpeaks. But ſome are ſo cold, and flat in performances, as that you would wonder where the heart was all the while; & to be ſure wherever it was, it was an heart of ſtone, a *Nabals* heart, an heart ſunk within them. Popery layes muh ſtreſs upon the intention of the Prieſt, but the people in the mean time may be as remiſs as they pleaſe. As implicit faith, ſo implicit prayers, and implicit performances muſt ſuffice them. But if they had but a Bible, or ſuch a one as they could underſtand, they might turn to that ſame place, *Curſed is every one, that doth the work of the Lord negligently*. Offer ſuch blind and lame ſacrifices, offer them to thy Prince. Offer ſuch imperfect obedience to the Pope. See whether he will accept of it. I remember I have read of one of them, who when his Catholick Creatures deſired a further latitude, and diſpenſation in ſome matters of religion that were of leſs conſequence, he returned him a favourable & indulgent anſwer, but withal, he encloſed this very Text, *O fili mi, prabe cor tuum mihi*. Thus Popery would rob God of the heart. & give it to a creature.

(5) Then thou giveſt thine heart unto God, when thou giveſt it unto the people of God. *Inaſmuch as you did it unto one of theſe*,

you:

you did it unto me, saith Christ. There's an union between God and his people; and therefore if thine heart be united to them, it is united to him also. And how sad is it, that those hearts should jar amongst themselves; who yet harmoniously meet in the close in the union with their God!

And thus we have seen why the heart must be given unto God, and when it is given to him. We will now shut up all in a word of Application.

1. See then how powerfull Religion is, it commands the heart; it seizeth upon the vitals. Morality that comes with a pruning knife, & cuts off all sproutings, and wild luxuriances; I, but Religion lays the ax to the root of the tree. Morality looks that the skin of the Apple be fair; but Religion searcheth to the very core. Morality chides outward exorbitances, but religion checks secret inclinations. Or at the best in Morality there is but a polishing, a guilding, a carving of the heart; but in religion there is a new framing, a new modelling; nay, a new creating. That's the power of godliness, it changeth the heart.

2. See also the odiousness of an Hypocrite. He doth not give God the heart, and yet will give any thing else: I, and will seem to give that too. He hath לב ולב, which the Apostle renders by ἀνὴρ δίψυχος. Now an heart, and an heart, 'tis as odious as a weight, and a weight, as a ballance, and a ballance. Treachery and Perfidiousness is that, which is so much detested by men, as that which cuts the sinews of humane Society: and though there be some that will practise it, yet there are scarce any that will in expres terms patronize it;

Il. I. v. 312. Ἐχθρὸς γάρ μοὶ κεῖνος ὁμῶς Ἀΐδαο πύλῃσιν, &c.

as he there speaks. Now as perfidiousness hinders commerce and intercourse with men, so hypocrisie must needs hinder communion with God. Can you think that a painted Sepulchre is a fit place for his Spirit to dwell in? This is that which Christ doth so much upbraid; *Thou blind Pharisee*, thou that never reflectest upon thine own heart, thou that keepest a continual poring on the outside only, and lookest to the painting, and whiting, and daubing of that; dost thou think thus to please the pure, and bright, and piercing eye of Omniscience? Thou hast not the black skin of the *Ethiopian*; thou hast not those eminent spots of the

Leopard;

Leopard; I, but thou haſt the plague of the heart, thou haſt the Leproſie within, and is not that more deadly and dangerous? The heart of a Publican is far whiter then thine.

3. See then the bitter root of Apoſtacy. There are ſome that never gave their hearts unto God, no wonder if they fall from him. Hypocriſie 'tis the ſeed of Apoſtacy. *Take heed*, ſaith the Apoſtle, *leſt there be in any of you an heart of unbelief, as that you depart from the living God*. He that hath a *Judas* his heart in him, will at length betray a Saviour; He that hath a *Demas* his heart in him, will at length embrace the preſent world. An Apoſtate did but lend the heart unto God for a while, and now he calls for it again.

4. Ye ſee the ſecurity of a weak Chriſtian, he hath an heart as well as others, and he hath given that to his God. He hath a vital Principle, an immortal Principle within him. What though the ſturdy Oaks of *Baſan* be broken? what though the ſtately Cedars of *Lebanon* fall? what though the green Bay-trees vaniſh, and diſappear? what though men of vaſt abilities, of rare accompliſhments, of fair flouriſhes in Religion, what though theſe draw back from God? yet a weak Vine may ſtand all this while leaning upon his beloved laden with fruit, chearing both God and men; a bruiſed reed may laſt all this while, if he be but bound up in the Bundle of life. The ſmoaking flax may be kindled into ſo pure a flame, as that it may outſhine a blazing Profeſſor. A worm may conſume *Jonah* his Gourd, but a Whale ſhall not conſume *Jonah* himſelf. Outward profeſſion may wither, but nothing ſhall ſeparate a ſincere ſoul from his God.

5. Such as have not yet given their hearts unto God, let them with-hold them no longer. Put up thy weak deſires, and pray him to give thee ſuch an heart, as may return it ſelf to him. Doth God ask thine heart of thee, and doſt thou refuſe to give it him? What doſt thou ask of him that he denies thee, if it be good for thee? and do but think how eaſily doſt thou give thine heart unto any other but thy God. When the world knocks, when Satan knocks, thou openeſt preſently; nay, it may be before they knock; and muſt a Saviour only be excluded? Is there no Rhetorick in the love of Chriſt; Is there nothing that can draw thine heart to him? Are all the cords of love too weak? Doſt thou break them all? Will not the influences of the Goſpel ſoften thy heart?

Will

Will not the blood of a Saviour dissolve it? will not importunate wooings and beseechings move thee? Out of what Rock went thou hewen, O obdurate soul? Doth a greater then *Moses* smite the rock, and will not it gush out with water? Dost thou say, thou canst not give to him? this answer is ready for thee, *Non velle in causa est, non posse prætenditur*; if thou hadst a will to give it him, thou wouldst have a power to give it him too. However as thou hadst some faint velleities, so make some weak endeavours; when he moves thee, then offer it to him as well as thou canst, though but with a trembling hand, and his hand will meet thine, and will presently take it of thee.

6. Such as have given their hearts unto God, here's matter of praise and thankfulness. Bless thy God that would receive such a vain and contemptible things, as thine heart was, when first thou gavest it to him. Was it not infinite love to espouse such an heart to himself; to beautifie it, and enrich it, and prepare it for his love; to guide it, and teach it, and rule it; and steep it in all precious sweetness; to amplifie it, and dilate it, that it might be more capable of his love, to set a guard about it, and to keep it against the subtilty and vigilancy, the malice and fury of spiritual enemies? How canst thou enough admire the greatness of this his goodness?

THE



THE

Panting Soul.

PSAL. 42. 1.

As the Hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!

HEre's one of the sweet straines of *Davids* harp: one of those bright and sparkling expressions, λαμπρὰ ῥήματα, which not only carry a Majesty with them, but even include a Deity: one of those holy and strong ejaculations, with which he was wont *è corporis pharetra* (that I may allude to that of the Prophet *Esay's*) to take his soul (that polished shaft) out of the quiver of the body, and to dart it up to heaven, the place of his treasure and hope, and the dwelling place of his God. And truly every Psalme may well say, as the Psalmist himself sayes in the 139. Psalme, *I am admirably made, I am curiously wrought:* רקמתי, so 'tis in the Original, *Acupictus sum.* I am wrought with a needle. There's a spiritual imbroidery, a most rare and sacred needle-work in every Psalme: they are all wrought by the finger of the Spirit: and they are like the Kings daughter in the 45. Psalme, *Their clothing is of wrought gold, their rayment of needle-work, and they are all glorious within.* We doubt not but that there's a most divine Emphasis in all Scripture-eloquence, and every jot and tittle in holy writ, as it has eternity stampt upon it, so it has a Majesty shining in it; But yet never did heavenly

eloquence ride in more ſolemne and triumphant pomp, than in this book of Pſalmes: As if the voice had been here contrary to that in other triumphs, *Memento te immortalem eſſe.* And as for that Prophane Politian, that ſaid he found more ſweetneſſe in *Pindars Odes*, than in *Davids* Pſalmes: he might as well have ſaid (if he had pleaſed) that he found more fragrancy in noyſome weeds, than in the Roſe of *Sharon*, or Lilly of the valleys: that he found more ſweetneſſe in a dunghill, than in a garden of ſpices, than in an *Eden*, even a garden of God. Happy *Pindar*! If inſtead of his Ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ, he had thought of theſe water-brooks, and he might have hop't for a better Crown, than either he or any of his worthies were like to obtain; if he could have reach't this heavenly tune, ſet by ſo holy a Lyrick, the ſweet ſinger of *Iſrael*, ὃν τρόπον ἐπιποθεῖ ἡ ἔλαφος ἐπὶ τὰς πηγὰς ὑδάτων, &c. as the Septuagint render the words. And yet their ἐπιποθεῖ ſpeaks not loud enough to expreſſe the Hebrew עֹרֵג; for though ποθεῖν may ſignifie a ſtrong and earneſt deſire, and though ἐπιποθεῖν may intimate a deſire upon a deſire, which by reduplication muſt needs be ſtronger: and granting that ἐπιποθεῖν ἐπὶ τὰς πηγὰς, do ſtill adde to the vehemency of it: yet the Word in the Original is more appropriated to the panting hart, and may ſeem to be borrow'd from that very noiſe which it makes in its braying after the water-brooks, and the Ltin *glocitat* is anſwerable unto it. Now as for the heart, alas 'tis but a melancholly timerous creature at the beſt, a panting creature, Κυνὸς ὄμματ' ἔχων καρδίην δ' ἐλάφοιο. You know who 'twas upbraided it to *Agamemnon*, Thou haſt an impudent eye, and a panting heart: and no more uſual *Periphraſis*, or a coward, than ἔλαφος ἐνήρ. But that which the text chiefly aimes at, is the dryneſſe of temper in the Hart, which at ſome times of the year, (in Autumn chiefly) as *Ariſtotle* notes in his *Hiſtoria Animalium*, is very exceſſive, eſpecially in thoſe hot and dry Countreys, and being uſually in the deſert, doth more diſcover it ſelfe, by reaſon of the ſcarcity of waters there. To let that alone which yet divers tel us of its drawing up, & devouring of ſerpents, and how that when 'tis enflam'd with the venom of them, it then breaks out into thoſe ſtrong anhelations & violent breathings after the ſtreams of water; and when it hath ſatisfied it ſelf with them, it then caſts off all that was burthenſom in the body before, and thus renews its age again. *Epiph.* adds, that

if

if within the ſpace of three hours it can't queneh its thirſt, it preſently dies: but if it ſatisfie it ſelfe with the ſtreames of water, it uſually lives fifty years longer. 'Tis likely here in the text, 'tis meant of the Harts panting when 'tis chaſed by the hunter, and yet not (as ſome underſtand) when that after its many δρομαὶ and ἀνπδρομαὶ, it can finde no place of ſafety, it then pants after the water-brooks, as the only place of refuge: but rather διὰ τὸ κάυμα καὶ τὸ δίψος (as Ariſtotle briefly) for the quenching of its thurſt, as the following words clearly intimate, *My ſoul is athirſt, &c. Haret lateri lethalis arundo*, the arrows of the purſuer ſtick faſt in it, & the venom thereof drinks up its ſpirits. Why now water-brooks can hardly quench its thirſt, with *Behemoth* in *Job*, it can drink up rivers, and ſup up the Ocean at a draught, there's a combuſtion in its bowels, nothing but fire, fire, nature's on fire, and would fain be quencht, and thoſe little reliques of ſtrength that it has, it ſpends in panting after the ſtreames of water. Thus does the Hart pant after the water-brooks, and thus did *Davids* ſoul, thus does every devout ſoul pant after the living God; and thus *ardently*. Religion is no matter of indifferency as vain man would imagine. It is θερμὸν τι πρᾶγμα, as he ſaid of love. It requires the very flower and vigour of the ſpirit the ſtrength and ſinews of the ſoul, the prime and top of affections. It is no empty wiſh, nor languiſhing endeavour, no ſtill-born prayer, nor abortive reſolution will ſerve the turne. He that's but almoſt a Chriſtian ſhall but almoſt be ſaved, and that will be the very *Emphaſis* of damnation, to have been within a ſtep to heaven. But there is a grace, a panting grace, we know the name of it, and thats all, 'tis call'd zeal, a flaming edge of affection, and the ruddy complexion of the ſoul; which argues it ſound, and ſhews it lovely. This is that, that makes a Chriſtian an holy ſparke, a ſonne of the coal, even of the burning coal, that was fetcht from the Altar. Nay, we need not go ſo low as this, a zealous Chriſtian is an incarnate *Seraphim*, what ſhould I ſay more? he's juſt of his Saviours complexion, *white and ruddy, the fairſt of ten thouſand*. This was that, that ſet a luſtre upon thoſe ſhining Rubies, that adorn'd the Noble Army of Martyrs, *purpuratus martyrum exercitus*; And indeed they were ἐνδον ὁλοπόρφυρα in a better ſenſe, than e're it was meant of *Antipater*. ἐδίψησεν ἡ ψυχὴ, 'tis true indeed, their ſoul was athirſt even for the living

God, they entered into heaven panting, and there they rest themselves to all eternity. Ἀπολείπεται σαββατισμὸς, There remains therefore a rest, a sabbatism, unto the people of God. And yet there are a generation in the world that are all for a competency in goodnesse, and are afraid of too much holinesse; Mediocrity, even here is golden, a *Laodicean* temper shall go under the name of moderation, and a reeling neutrality shall be stil'd prudence and discretion, what needs this breathing and panting? this forwardnesse and eagernesse? this vehemency and violence in the way of Religion? *quorsum hæc perditio?* and they look upon such expressions of affection as this in the Text, as upon strong *Hyperbole's*, or pretty Rhetorical flourishes. *Jeremy* surely was strangely melancholy, when he wisht his head a fountain, that he might weep day and night; and 'twas meer fondnesse in the Spouse in the *Canticles*, to be sick of love. Thus do's the serpent hisse at the wayes of godlinesse, and thus do's the ψυχικὸς ἀνὴρ argue. But go vain man, look upon the panting hart, wonder why it breaths so strongly after the streames of water; bid it pant moderately after the water-brooks and when thy empty breath can abate its fervency, then, and not till then, nay hardly then, wonder at the strength of a Christians desire after communion with his God: for as the Hart pants after the water-brooks, so panteth his soul after his God, so *strongly*.

2. *So panteth my soul after thee, O God!* so *unsatisfiably*: And that in a double sense.

1. 'Tis satisfied with nothing else. 2. 'Tis not satisfied with a little of this.

1. Nothing can still the weary and thirsty Hart, but the streams of water, and nothing can content the panting soul, but the fruition of his God: God never rested till he made man, and man never rests till he enjoyes his God. He ha's a soul within him of a vast capacity, and nothing can fill it to the brim, but he that's fulnesse it self. Desire is *hiatus voluntatis*, and such as nothing but happinesse can fill it: that indeed is (as he sayes) *Mors desiderii, silentium appetitus, claustrum cupiditatis, modestia ambitionis, quoddam satis.*

Nature hath taught us all to pant after a *summum bonum*; And 'tis the voice put into every ones mouth, *Who will shew us any good?* indeed 'tis the errand for which we are sent into the world

world, to finde out happineſſe, and yet we ſeek it ſo as if we were loth to find it. Τοξότου δὲ πολλοὶ μεν ἁνὰ τὸν βίον, καὶ μετοὶ τὰς φαρέτρας ποικίλων καὶ παντοδάπων τόξων, ἀλλ' ὑμῖν πάντες ἄτονα τοξεύουσι. As *Lucian* followes the metaphor moſt elegantly. And happineſſe may well have that inſcription, which *Plutarch* tells us, was upon the temple of *Iſis*, τὸν ἐμὸν κόσμον οὐδεὶς ἀνθρώπων ἀποκαλύψει. We knock at every creatures door, but there's nothing within, no filling entertainment for the ſoul; no creature can bid it welcome. Would you know what they all amount to? if you'r believe *Solomons* reckoning the very *ſumma totalis*, is, *vanity of vanities, all is vanity and vexation of ſpirit.* Vexation is the very quinteſſence of the creature, and all that can poſſibly be extracted out of it. Now if vanity can ſatisfie, or if vexation can give content, if you can gather grapes of thornes, or figs of thiſtles, go on then to dote upon the creatures, and to be enamour'd with a ſhadow of periſhing beauty. The Prophet *Eſay* tells us, that all the creatures they are but as the drop of a bucket; when the water's empty'd out of a bucket, perhaps there's a drop ſtayes ſtill behinde, a weak drop, which recollecting all its forces, yet has not ſtrength enough to fall. And will ſuch a drop (I think you) ſatisfie a panting heart? The creatures are weigh'd in the ballance of the Sanctuary; and they are found to be lighter than the duſt of the ballance, and this will inflame the thirſt, rather than quench it. To ſpeak in the Epigramatiſts language, they are ὀὐὲν καὶ μηδὲν, meer nothing. And ſurely man's the vaineſt of all the reſt, the *index* of all the volumes of vanity; that by ſinne has ſubjected the creatures unto the bondage, under which they groan, and waite to be delivered, and yet dreames of diſtilling I know not what felicity out of them, ſo that (me thinks) 'twas a notable expreſſion of him, that ſtyl'd the Orators very ambitious of empty applauſe τριανθρώπους, we may ſurely tranſlate it thrice miſerable: And 'tis one of the Encomiums that *Eunapius* gave of *Longinus*, τὸ μὲν ἀνθρώπου εἶναι ἐμίσησεν. And as for that ſuppoſed being and excellency, which we fancy in the creatures, 'tis really to be found after a farre more pure and eminent manner in God himſelfe. The load-ſtone can't draw the iron when the diamond's in preſence, and ſhall earthly vanities draw the ſoul, when the pearle of price is in preſence? *Dulcius ex ipſo fonte bibuntur aquæ.* Surely that's no panting ſoul, that forſakes the

fountaine of living waters, and digs to it ſelfe broken and empty ciſterns that will hold no water. The Hart pants unſatisfiably after the water-brooks, and the ſoul as unſatisfiably after communion with its God, 'tis ſatisfied with nothing elſe. But.

2. 'tis not ſatisfied with a little of this, not a drop nor a taſte will ſuffice the thirſty heart, it does not come like *Canis ad Nilum*, a lap and away, a drop can no more quench its thirſt, than it could cool *Dives* his tongue, though indeed he beg'd for no more. That ſhort ſweetneſſe and briefe refreſhment, which is ſhut up in a drop, does but beſpeake a ſtronger panting after ſomewhat more full and ſatisfactory, and 'tis true if ever of the waters of life, *Quo plus ſunt potæ, plus ſitiuntur aquæ. Bonum* as 'tis *ſui diffuſivum* in reſpect of others, ſo 'tis *ſui multiplicativum* even in that Subject where it is: when it has once engratiated it ſelfe with the ſoul, and wonne upon its affections, when the ſoul begins to eye the beauty of it.

Ὄφθαλμος δ' ὁδὸς ἐστὶν ἐπ' ὀφθαλμῶιο βολέων
Ἕλκος ὁλισθαίνει καὶ ὑπὸ φρενὸς ἀκρὸν ὀδύνει.

When the underſtanding once ſees it, O how ſweetly? how preſently does the will embrace it? and it becomes the welbeloved of the ſoul. O how does it enlarge it ſelfe, for the entertainment of it? And how does it delight to expatiate in ſo choiſe a happineſſe. He that has taſted but a little of Gods goodneſſe, thinks he never has enough of it, to be ſure, he can never have too much, there's no feare of ſurfetting upon happineſſe. 'Tis true, the leaſt glimpſe of Gods favourable preſence is enough to ſupport and cheriſh the ſoul, but 'tis not enough to ſatisfie the ſoul; O how pleaſant is it to ſee Chriſt flouriſhing through the lattices? and yet the ſpouſe will never leave longing till ſhe ſee him face to face. There's ſweetneſſe indeed in a cluſter of *Canaan*, but yet ſuch as ſets the teeth on edge for more. The thirſty hart pants עַל אֲפִיקֵי מַיִם, and the Chriſtian after fulneſſe of communion with his God: *Dulciſſimo Deo totus immergi cupit & inviſcerari*, as *Carthuſian* ſpeaks; *So panteth my ſoul after thee, O God!* ſo *unſatisfiably*. But

3. *So panteth my ſoul after thee O God!* ſo *unceſſantly* until it be ſatisfied. The thirſty hart never leaves panting while it has any being, delay here does but whet deſire, and give it time for ſtronger

ſtronger forces. And what elſe is a Chriſtians whole life, but a continued anhelation after his God? and though this may ſeem very wearisome and tedious, to be always a panting: yet the Chriſtians ſoul findes far more incomparable ſweetneſſe Ἀληθινὴν καὶ σφυρήλατον χαρὰν, ſolid and maſſy joy, beaten joy, like beaten gold, ſo much σφυρήλατος imports; he findes more of this in the very panting after his God, than any worldling can, when with the greateſt complacency he takes his fill of his choiceſt delights, and when he enjoys the ſmiles and blandiſhment of fortune, his ſo much adored Deity.

And this is that which notably differences a Chriſtian from an hypocrite; *Will an hypocrite pray alwayes?* ſayes *Job*, or will he pant alwayes? no, he keeps the rule, *Si ter pulſanti*, by no means knock at heaven too often. What nothing but breathing after the water-brooks? better take up ſome muddy contentment by the way, and ſee if that will quench his thirſt: Indeed he ne're taſted the ſweetneſſe of the fountain, no wonder that he ſo eaſily parts with it. His ſtrongeſt panting was but ἀπατὴ φλεγμαίνουσα as the Moraliſt ſayes of paſſion, *fraus inflammata*: the motion was meerly violent, and therefore not likely to laſt long, Me thinks the Greek Epigram ſpeaks to him

Ζώγραφε τ' μορφὴν κλέπτεις μόνον, ἢ δὲ καὶ ἡμῖν
Ζωὴν συλήσας χρώματι πιδυομένην.

Τὴν μορφὴν κλέπτεις, The painters eye ſteales a little beauty from the face, and perhaps his hand makes reſtitution, reſtoring it again in the picture; and this is all you can look for of him, nay 'tis well if he performe ſo much: as for the expreſſion of vitals, or the repreſentation of eſſentials, 'tis *ultra penecillum*, ſo that he muſt let this alone for ever. The moſt accompliſh't hypocrite, the cunning'ſt painter of Religion that ſets it out, in the fineſt and freſheſt coulours τὴν μορφὴν κλέπτει, he does but ſteal a forme of godlineſſe, the Apoſtle has ſome ſuch phraſe, ἔχοντες μορφὴν εὐσεβείας. He can't reach to the vitals of Religion, nor expreſſe the eſſentials of holineſſe, ſincerity can't be painted, they deny the power of it: and 'tis juſt with God, ἀντιτοιχίαι τῷ Θεῷ, as they can't expreſſe the life of a Chriſtian, ſo they ſhould not taſte the joy of a Chriſtian: no ſtranger entermeddles with his joy, As no man can paint the eſſence of a thing, ſo no man can

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paint the ſweetneſſe of a thing. Whoever could paint the ſweetneſſe of the honey combe? The joyes of an hypocrite as they are groundleſſe and imaginary, ſo like his ſervices, they are vaniſhing and tranſitory. But a Chriſtian as he's alwayes breathing after his God, ſo he's alwayes drawing ſweetneſſe from him. And here 'twere eaſie to ſhew, how in every condition the ſoul breaths after its God, when it ſees the vanity of the moſt flouriſhing condition, it pants after fulneſſe in its God: when it ſees the vexation of a cloudy condition, it pants after contentment only to be found in its God. But I ſhall inſtance only in theſe two, as having ſome neerer acquaintance with the text, the ſtrong pantings of a tempted ſoul, and the ſecret pantings of a languiſhing and a deſerted ſoul. And

1. In temptations the ſoul pants after its God. They that are skili'd in thoſe terms, tell us, that an Hart is properly a ſtagge which has eſcap't a King in hunting: And there are ſome ſuch Chriſtians, that have eſcap't the Prince of the aire (that *Nimrod* the mighty hunter) and all his fiery darts. God he has ſet his bowe in the clouds as a token of peace and reconciliation (the rain-bowe, the lace of Peaces coat:) And the devil he muſt ſet his bowe in the clouds too; in the troubled and cloudy ſpirit, and there are arrowes in the hand of the mighty — ἰδίοντα βέλεμνα, πνειπνείοντες ὀΐστι. And how ſhall the ſoul eſcape theſe fiery darts, but by panting after its God as the only place of refuge, *a ſtrong tower and a rock of d fence*, and by breathing after Heaven, as a place where 'tis ſure to be free from them? ὃ μὲν τυπτόσεις στεφανον ἔχοντα φύγοι as he ſaid in the Comedy. A crowned Chriſtian is ἔξω βελῶς, and Satans fiery darts can by no means reach Heaven. And thus the ſoul pants.

Ariſe O Lord, and ſave me O my God, from the mouth of the Lion that's ready to devour me, leſt he teare my ſoul and rent it to pieces, while there is none to deliver. Lo, the enemy has bent his bowe, and made ready his arrow upon the ſtring, that he may ſecretly ſhoot at the upright in heart: But compaſſe me, O God, with thy favour as with a ſhield; keep me as the apple of thine eye, and hide me under the covert of thy wings: Deliver me from my ſtrong enemy and from him that hateth me, for he is too ſtrong for me. O ſend me help from thy Sanctuary, and ſtrengthen me out of Sion! and thus when with a ſure recumbency it leanes upon its God, it has leaſure then with

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an holy triumph to out-brave the Enemy: And as for thee that wouldſt make a partition between me and my God, ſee if thou canſt tear me from the bleeding wounds of my dying Saviour; rend me (if thou knowſt how) from the bowels, the tendereſt bowels of Gods deareſt compaſſions: See if the gates of Hell can prevail againſt the Rock of Eternity. If thou, O God, be with us, if the God of *Jacob* be our Refuge, we will not fear what all the powers of darkneſs can do againſt us: ὑπερνικῶμεν, *We are more than Conquerors.* Theſe are the ſtrong pantings of a tempted ſoul.

2ly, In deſertions, even then the ſoul pants after its God; Αὐχὴν σβεννυμένοιο καὶ ὀλλυμένοιο λεαίνδει, when the ſoul is ready to periſh in the dark, it pants after the water-brooks, and can meet with nothing but waters of *Marah* and *Meribah*; God dips his pen in gall, and writes bitter things againſt it. ἐδίψησεν ἡ ψυχὴ, the ſoul is athirſt, and like its Saviour, it can have nothing but Gall and Vineger to drink, yet ſtill it pants after its God. 'Tis under a Cloud indeed, but even theſe Clouds ſhall drop fatneſs, they ſhall drop upon the dwellings of the Wilderneſs, and the barren ſoul ſhall rejoyce; like *John the Baptiſt*, it feeds upon honey in the deſert, not μέλι ἄγριον, wilde honey, ſuch as is the Worldlings joy; but honey out of the Rock, upon the tip of the Rod, like *Jonathans*, to open the eye, and to refreſh the heart. A ſoul in a Deſertion, is as it were a ſoul in a Conſumption, and one only taſte of Gods ſweeteſt love in Jeſus Chriſt, is a ſure Reſtaurative for ſuch a languiſhing ſoul. Now in the greateſt Eclipſe of Gods favour, in the total Eclipſe, when there is not ſo much as a ſecret light, yet there's a ſtrong influence; nay, ſtronger than at another time, for his ſtrength is proportion'd to our weakneſs: And they are *Pauls* own words, *When I am weak, then I am ſtrong.* And even now there is σπέρμα πυρὸς, as *Homer* calls thoſe ſparkles that ſeem'd to be buried in the aſhes; and a Chriſtian in time may ἀναζωπυρεῖν τὴν χάριν τοῦ Θεοῦ; nay, there is σπέρμα φωτὸς too, *Light is ſown to the righteous*, there's a door of Hope open'd in the Valley of *Achor*; and now the ſoul pants after God, as a Father of Mercies, and a God of Conſolations. A God of Conſolation? what higher, what ſweeter ſtrain? All the Balm of *Gilead* ſeems to be wrapt up in this Expreſſion. A God of Conſolation; that's one, who in the ſtrangeſt exigencies, and greateſt repug-

nances, when comforts fail, can create new comforts, for that's to be a God of Conſolation; Creation is his properly, can raiſe them out of the barren womb of nothing, for that's Creation; can do it with a word, for Omnipotency uſeth to put it ſelf to no greater expences: *Imperatoria brevitas*, the very commanding word, Let there be light in ſuch a ſoul, is enough to make it more glorious than the Empyrian Heaven. And now the ſoul pants thus, as you may hear *David* panting almoſt in every Pſalm: *How long wilt thou forget me O Lord, for ever? And how long wilt thou hide thy face from me? Hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious? And hath He in anger ſhut up his tender mercies? Is the Hand of Omnipotency abbreviated, that it cannot help; and His Arm ſhorten'd, that it cannot ſave? Or is His Mercy clean gone for ever, and does His Promiſe fail for evermore?* Weeping hath endured for a Night, why comes not Joy in the Morning? When wilt thou ſatisfie the longing ſoul, and fill the thirſty with thy goodneſs? When wilt thou lead me into thy green Paſtures, and refreſh my ſoul with ſweetneſs? When, O when! ſhall I enjoy an Ordinance in its orient luſtre, in its heavenly beauty, in its full and pureſt ſweetneſs? When, O bleſſed Saviour! wilt thou become the Lilly of the Vallies? the Beauty and the Ornament of the humble ſoul? And when ſhall theſe Vallies ſtand ſo thick of Corn, as that they may laugh and ſing? And then it breaks it ſelf into ſome ſuch Expreſſion, as that of a ſweet ſinger in our *Iſrael*. *Ah my dear God, though I be clean forgot; Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.* Theſe are the ſecret pantings of a languiſhing ſoul.

Thus you ſee how the ſoul pants after its God, even as the Hart pants after the Water-brooks. We are to diſcover in the next place, what manner of Communion with its God it is, that the ſoul thus pants after; and that either mediate Communion with him here in his Ordinances, or immediate Communion with him hereafter in glory. And,

Firſt, It ſtrongly deſires acquaintance with him here in his Ordinances. *Chryſoſtom's* very Rhetorical upon the Text, and tells us, how that *David*, like a Lover in abſence, he muſt expreſs affection: As they have their dainty ſighes, and paſſionate complaints; their loving exclamations, and ſundry diſcoveries of affection; they can meet with never a Tree, but in the bark of it they

they must engrave the name of their Darling; Δεινὸς δ' ὁ ἔρως ἄσπερ ὁ κίττος ἀυτὸν ἐν πάσης ἀναδῆται προφάσεως; 'twill twine upon every opportunity, as the Moralist speaks; ‖ Ἐγὼ δὲ τὺς ἐρῶντας ‖ ἰδὼν ἐπίσαμ' εὐθὺς ‖ ἔχυσι γὰρ πτερὸν ‖ ψυχῆς ἐσω χάραγμα, as *Anacreon* sings: And the true Lovers of God, they are alwayes thinking upon him, sighing for him, panting after him, talking of him, and (if 'twere possible) would ingrave the name of the Lord Jesus upon the b easts of all the men in the world; Look upon *David*, now a banish'd man, and fled from the presence of *Saul*, and see how he behaves himself: not like *Themistocles* or *Camillus*, or some of those brave banish'd Worthies. He does not complain of the ungratefulness of his Countrey, the malice of his Adversaries, and his own unhappy Success; No, instead of murmuring, he falls a panting, and that only after his God. He's banish't from the Sanctuary, the Palace of Gods neerest presence, and chiefest residence, he can't enjoy the beauty of holiness, and all other places seem to him but as the Tents of *Kedar*. He's banish't from the Temple, and he thinks himself banish't from his God, as 'tis in the following words, *O when shall I come and appear b fore the face of God?* The whole stream of Expositors run this way, that 'tis meant of his strong longing to visit the Temple, and those amiab'e Courts of his God, with which his soul was so much taken; and so 'tis equivalent to that in the 63. *Ps. My soul thirsteth for thee, to see thy glory and thy power, so as I have seen it in the S. nctuary*, there to appear before the face of God. In the Ordinances *extat Dei facies*, as *Calvin* speaks, and the Gospel, in 2 *Cor.* 4. 6. is call'd πρόσωπον Ἰησῦ Χριστῦ, as suppose a Glass ('tis one of our own Divines Illustrations) when a man hath lookt into it, should keep a permanent and unvanishing *species* of his face, though he himself afterwards were absent, we might well say there were the face of such a man. The Gospel is such a Glass, representing Christ unto us; 'tis ἀπαύγασμα τῆς δόξης καὶ χαρακτὴρ τῆς ὑποστάσεως ἀυτῦ, that I may borrow that Expression in the *Hebrewes*, so that when we shall come to see him πρόσωπον πρὸς πρόσωπον in Heaven, we may be able to say, Surely this is the very Saviour that was describ'd to me in the Gospel, *sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat:* God has made himself very conspicuous in his own Ordinances.

No doubt, but that even now God was a little Sanctuary un-

to *David*, and he had a private Oratory in his own breaſt, where he could mentally retire, and ſhut up his thoughts and affections in that interiour Cloſet, and yet he pants after the publick worſhip of his God. Muſick in Conſort is ſweeteſt: And ſome have took it for myſterious in nature, and one of its *Magnalia*, that affections are wrought upon in publick more ſtrongly than in private. The Ordinances, theſe are the water-brooks *Davids* heart pants after, βιοτήσιον ὕδωρ, מים חיים, bubling up to eternity. And yet 'tis not the out-ſide of an Ordinance that the ſoul thus breaths for; alas! there's little ſweetneſs in a ſhell. σχῆμα παρέρχει, as the Apoſtle ſayes in another caſe, the ſuperficies, the ſurface of it ſoon paſſes away, and 'tis practical Popery to reſt in an *Opus operatum*. You may hear *David* panting in another place, *O who will give me to drink of the water of the Well of* Bethlehem? It was not the outward water that he ſo much long'd for. You ſee when that was brought him by the hazard of mens lives, 'twas but water ſpilt upon the ground: No, 'twas a Saviour to be born in *Bethlehem* that his ſoul thirſted after: *O who will give me to drink of the water of the Well of Bethlehem?* Thou haſt open'd thy mouth wide (O bleſſed Prophet!) and thy Saviour hath fill'd it; thou haſt taſted of the water which he ha's given thee to drink, and thou ſhalt never thirſt any more: but 'tis a Well of water ſpringing up in thee to eternal life. A ſoul breaths after an Ordinance, as an opportunity of having freer entercourſe with its God; συγχρωματίζεσθαι τῷ Θεῷ, to have an heavenly tincture upon it, to breath in ſo ſweet an Aire, to be ſteep't in a Divine Nature, to have ſome foretaſtes and prelibations of happineſs, a prepoſſeſſion of heaven, and ſome dawnings of glory. And then it enjoyes it in its orient luſtre, in its heavenly beauty, in its full and pureſt ſweetneſs, when it meets with its God there, and increaſeth its acquaintance with him. And would you ſee how the ſoul thus breaths after its God in every Ordinance.

1. In the *Word*, there it deſires the ἄδολον γάλα, as the Apoſtle ſpeaks. *Homer* tells us of a People, that he terms γαλακτόφαγοι; and *Euſtathius* there tells us, that the ſame were wont to be called θεοσεβεῖς, both names very well agree to them, that deſire this ſincere milk of the Word that they may grow thereby. Faith pants after a promiſe, a breaſt of conſolation.

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The ſoul lies panting at the Pool of *Betheſda*, and waits for the ſtirring of the waters.

2. *Baptiſm*, that's a water-brook the Infants ſoul pants after; for even that's envenom'd with a Serpent. There are *Errata*'s in theſe *Carnea Encheiridia*, though they be the faireſt Copies of innocency that are now extant. Indeed many of the fathers apply this text to Baptiſme: and *Aquinas* quotes it out of *Jerome*, that theſe verſes were wont to be ſung at thoſe ſolemn times, when Baptiſme was publickly celebrated.

3. As for the Sacrament of the *Lords Supper*, why there are *mellita flumina*, ſtreaming brooks of butter and honey, as *Job* ſpeaks; and O how welcome is the panting ſoul hither! God ha's ſent a Meſſenger to invite him. *O! every one that thirſteth, let him come and drink freely: Drink; yea, drink abundantly O Beloved!* 'Tis moſt true here that which *Triſmegiſtus* feign'd, God ſets a great Cup full of Celeſtial Liquor, with this Proclamation, βάπτισον σε εἰς τὸν κρατῆρα, Up ſoul, and drench thy ſelf in this Cup of the Spirit; *Calix ebrius eſt*, as the force of the Original is in *Pſal.* 23. we render it, The Cup overflows. Here if ever, the ſoul is *comforted with Flagons*, and Chriſts *love is* טוֹב מִיָּיִן, *ſweeter than wine.*

4. What ſhould I tell you; nay, how can I tell you the ſtrong pantings of the ſoul in Prayer? The Apoſtle calls them, *Rom.* 8. 26. στεναγμοὶς ἀλαλήτοις, *groans unutterable*, when the ſoul becomes, as the Syriack Idiom calls the *thuribulum*, *domus aromatum*, breathing up ſweet odours unto the Throne of Grace, and Heaven it ſelf is thus perfum'd; *Domus orationis*, is *Domus aromatum.* In all theſe you ſee how the ſoul breaths after Communion with its God, mediate Communion with him here. But

2dly, It pants after immediate Communion with him in glory; and the following words will well bear this ſenſe, though not ſo properly and genuine, *O when ſhall I appear before the face of God in glory.* Thus *Paul* pants, *I deſire to be diſſolv'd, and to be with Chriſt.* Thus the ſouls pant in the *Revelation*, *Come Lord Jeſus, come quickly. Hic pitiſſamus, illic deglutiemus*: Here we ſip of the water of life, but there we ſhall drink it up, though there be Eternity to the bottom: Here we are ſons of hope, and that's a panting grace: *Spes* indeed is *aurora gaudii & matutina lætitia*, early joy: but when grace ſhall be ripen'd into

glory,

glory, then hope shall be swallowed up in fruition; And thus we (as 'tis in 2 *Cor.*3.18.) with open face κατοπτριζόμενοι δόξαν Κυρίου. You see that κατοπτείζεσθαι here denotes a clear Vision, whereas quite contrary in 1 *Cor.* 13. to see ἐν κατόπτρῳ, is to see ἐν αἰνίγματι, we see in a Glass darkly. A learned Critick hath well observed, that the Hebrew מראה includes both, for it signifies Vision and Speculation: we clearly beholding the glory of God, are chang'd into the same Image from glory to glory; that's either, from his glory we become glorious, or else ἀπὸ δόξης εἰς δόξαν, that's from grace to glory; for grace is glory in the bud, as glory is grace at the full. Surely glory is nothing else but a bright Constellation of graces; and happiness nothing but the Quintessence of holiness. And now the soul by an holy gradation ascends higher, from those first-fruits and earnest-pennies of joy here, to the consideration of the fulness of glory which it expects hereafter.

|| Ἀλλ' ὅταν αἰγλᾷ || διόσδυτος ἔλθῃ, || λαμπρὸν ἔπεσι || φέγγος ἀνδρῶν || καὶ μείλιχος αἰών, as the Lyrick strains sweetly, when the soul shall be unsheath'd from the body (that I may allude to the Chaldee Idiom) how gloriously shall it then glister? or to speak in *Plutarchs* expression, ἡ ψυχὴ ἐκβᾶσα ἐκ σώματος ὥσπερ ἐκ νέφους, when the soul shall be unclouded from the body, in what brightness shall it then appear? what? did *Davids* soul, his panting soul, leap for joy, when he remembred thee, *O Sion?* O how triumphantly then does his glorified soul now sing in the new *Jerusalem*! Did his soul sing so sweetly in a Cage of Clay? what melody (think you) does it now make, being let loose to all eternity? Is there such deliciousness in a Cluster of Grapes, cut down in the Brook *Eshcol*, what look you for in the Vintage of *Canaan*, the Land of Promise? Is but a Prospect of that holy Land upon the top of Mount *Pisgah* so pleasant and delightful? surely then their lot is fallen to them in a fair ground, and they have a goodly heritage, that enjoy the sweetness of that Land that flowes with milk and honey. Ha's but a glimpse of Gods favourable countenance, such a powerful, such a satisfying influence upon the soul? O think (if you can) how it shall be ravish'd with the fulness of the Beatifical Vision! when the clarifi'd soul shall drink in the beams of glory, and be fill'd with joy to the very brim. When the panting soul shall rest it self in

the

the bosome of a Saviour, and fix his eye upon the brightness of his Majesty to all Eternity; nay, when Eternity shall seem too short for the beholding and admiring of such transcendent excellencies, and for the solemnizing of those heavenly Nuptials between Christ and his most beloved Spouse: where all the powers of heaven shall dance for joy, while a Consort of *Seraphims* sing an *Epithalamium*. *Beloved* (saies the Apostle) *now are ye the sons of God, but it appears not as yet what ye shall be.* This choice Prerogative of Adoption does but shadow out your future glory, for it appears not as yet what ye shall be. Now ye are sons, but in your minority; sons, but yet insulted over by servants. Now ye are sons, but then ye shall be heirs; heirs of glory, and co-heirs with Christ. Now ye see in a Glass darkly, ἐν αἰνίγματι, in a Riddle; and that Book which is call'd the *Revelation*, is most vail'd with obscurity; but then you shall see face to face, פֶּהאֶל פֶּה בְּמַרְאֶה וְלֹא בְחִידוֹת —— as God promises to manifest to *Moses*; And some think, that this place of the Apostle alludes to those very words, taken out of *Numb.* 12. 6. The Riddle of *summum bonum*, that hath pos'd so many, shall then be explicated, happiness shall be unmask'd, the book shall be unseal'd, the white stone shall sparkle most orientlý, you shall behold with open face the glory of God, you shall know as you are known: not as if a finite Creature could comprehend an infinite Essence (as some of the Schoolmen seem fondly to imagine) but the words will easily bear a double Hebraism. You shall know as you are known; that is, either you shall know as you are approved, or else you shall know as you are known; that is, you shall know as you are made to know; ἐπιγνώσομαι καθὼς καὶ ἐπιγνώσθην, that is, καθὼς καὶ ἐδιδάχθην, saies *Beza*, καθὼς καὶ ἐγνωρίσθην, saies *Heinsius*: for indeed γνωρίζω, is the same with the Hebrew הודיע, and if it be rendered Hellenistically, he tells us the words, will run thus, ἐπιγνώσομαι καθὼς καὶ ἐπιγνωσθήσεταί μοὶ ὁ Θεὸς: I shall know, so as God is pleased to be known by me, to manifest himself unto me. O let every pious *panting soul*, with its apprehensions rais'd, and its affections advanc't, wait and long, and breath for so glorious a time, when the *panting soul* shall become an enjoying, an embracing soul. When water-brooks shall be turn'd into rivers of pleasure, ever springing from Gods right hand, who is the fountain of being, where the glorious rayes that flow from the face of Christ,

Chriſt ſhall gild thoſe pleaſant and cryſtalline ſtreams, and there ſhall be freſh and eternal ebullitions of joy, ſo that the pure ſoul may bathe it ſelf in bliſs, and be for ever ſteept in unexpreſſible, in unconceivable ſweetneſs.

Mount Ebal.

JUDGES 5.23.

Curſe ye Meroz *(ſaith the Angel of the Lord) Curſe bitterly the Inhabitants thereof, becauſe they came not out to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord againſt the Mighty.*

THis Chapter is fill'd with a Triumphant Song, that was made by *Deborah*, that glorious Nurſing-mother in *Iſrael*, after a great and famous Conqueſt, which God had given her and *Barak* over *Jabin* and *Siſera*, and all their mighty Hoſts. She preſently after the Victory breaks out into a Pſalm of Thankſgiving, ſhe ſtirs up her ſoul to the praiſe of her God, and excites *Barak* to bear her company in this her joy: *Awake* Deborah, *Awake*, *&c.* *Deborah* in the Hebrew Language ſignifies a Bee; A Bee by them is call'd דבורה, a working, induſtrious Creature; And this Song may well be look't upon as *Deborah*'s Honey-combe, a ſweet and precious Song, dropping from her gracious lips, *Deborah*'s Honey-combe; I but withal this Bee, it has a ſting, *Curſe ye* Meroz, *ſaith the Angel of the Lord*, *Curſe ye bitterly*, *&c.* Theſe words, they are the ſting of *Deborah*'s Song, which

which ſtrikes through all ſuch as maintain not the cauſe of God againſt his Enemies, *that come not out to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord againſt the Mighty.*

If you look but upon the foregoing words, you may ſee there how this holy Propheteſs takes an exact view of the behaviour of the ſeveral Tribes in this time of War and Commotion, when the People of *Iſrael* were now oppoſing the *Canaanites*, ſuch Enemies as God had devoted to deſtruction, and had given the *Iſraelites* full Commiſſion to deſtroy them. And after ſpecial notice taken, ſhe gives juſt *Encomiums* and Commendations of all ſuch as were forward and active in the Lords Cauſe, and withal, ſharp Reproofs, and cutting Reprehenſions, to all ſuch as were remiſs and negligent in this their duty. And firſt ſhe begins with the praiſe of them that deſerv'd it.

Out of Ephraim *was there a root of them againſt* Amalek.] This Tribe ſent in aid to *Iſrael*, and the root that ſprang from hence againſt *Amalek*, was *Deborah* her ſelf, who judged *Iſrael*, dwelling under a Palme-tree between *Ramath* and *Bethel* in Mount *Ephraim*, and by her Charge and Authority the War was undertaken, it was ſhe that whetted *Barak*, and encourag'd the *Iſraelites* againſt their Enemies.

After thee Benjamin, *among thy People.*] Againſt thee, O *Amalek*, ſome of this Tribe alſo adjoyned themſelves to *Deborah*.

Out of Machir *came down Governours.*] The Tribe of *Manaſſeh* branch't it ſelf into two noble Families, that of *Machir*, and the other of *Jair*; And out of *Machir* there came worthy men to help in the Battel.

And out of Zebulon *they that handle the Pen of the Writer.*] Learned men, and skilful Lawyers, ſuch as handle the Pen, theſe help't forward in the War both. (1) By their Councel and Advice: and this is none of the ſmalleſt aides: One *Ulyſſes* better than many an *Ajax*. Or (2.) By Weapons and outward Aid; Such as were wont to handle the Pen of the Writer, they now handle the Spear of the Souldier.

And the Princes of Iſſachar were with *Deborah*,] choice and worthy ones, Heads of the People.

And Iſſachar.] Not only the Princes, but the reſt of the Tribe.

And alſo Barak.] He was the Captain, chief in the War, the

primum mobile. He was ſent on foot into the Valley.] He was the Leader of the Foot-men in the Valley. Thus far ſhe commends, in the next words ſhe reproves.

For the Diviſions of Reuben *there were great thoughts of heart; Why abodeſt thou among the ſheepfolds, to hear the bleatings of the Flocks? for the diviſions of* Reuben *there were great ſearchings of heart.*] There were great wonderings why *Reuben* came not out to help their Brethren; for the diviſions of *Reuben*, that they ſhould hold back, and not accompany the reſt of the Tribes, many ſearchings and enquiries why *Reuben* came not. This Tribe dwelt beyond *Jordan* in fat and goodly Paſture; and they too much minded their Cattel, and neglected the care of the Commonwealth. They were hearing the bleatings of the Sheep, and the bellowings of the Oxen, when their Brethren heard the Alarum of War, the Noiſe of the Trumpet, the Beating of the Drum. *Why abodeſt thou among thy Shee folds?* Haſt thou no care of *Iſraels* troubles, of the bleeding condition of thy Brethren? Doſt thou take more care of thy Sheep, than of them? ſee how the fierce Enemy like a Wolf, comes to devoure them, and proud *Siſera* is ready to tear them in pieces? wilt thou not take as much care of them, as of thy Sheep?

Gilead abode beyond Jordan.] Both the Families of *Manaſſeh*, *Machir* and *Jair*, dwelt in *Gilead*, and poſſeſſed it; Now the Family of *Machir* was commended before, ſo that here is meant of *Jair*. Or elſe the words are to be took thus, as an anſwer to *Reuben*, why couldſt thou not come from beyond *Jordan*, as well as *Gilead*; *Gilead* abode beyond *Jordan*, and yet he came, and ſo this tends to *Gileads* praiſe, and to *Reubens* diſhonour; the firſt ſenſe is moſt genuine.

And why did Dan *remain in ſhips?*] Either 1. To ſhelter themſelves from the Enemies? when they heard of *Jabin* and *Siſera's* coming, they ſlipt themſelves away. Or elſe 2. *Dan* remained in ſhips, he minded his own buſineſs and merchandize, his traffick and commerce. And why did *Dan* remain in ſhips, when all *Iſrael* was almoſt ſuffering ſhipwrack?

Aſher continued on the Sea-ſhore, and abode in his breaches.] The words include a double excuſe which *Aſher* had, why it came not to help *Iſrael*; 1 They dwelt afar off by the Sea-ſhore. 2. Their Towns and Cities were ruinous, and not well fenc't; and there-

fore

fore they ſtayed at home to defend and fortifie themſelves, they abode in their breaches; I but there was another breach that *Aſher* might have thought of, a breach of Gods Law and Commandment, which enjoyn'd his Peoples mutual love, and a joynt oppoſition of their Enemies.

Zebulun *and* Nephtali *were a People that jeoparded their lives unto the death in the high places of the Field.* After a more general commendation of ſome Tribes, and reproofs of others, ſhe then comes to a ſpecial *Encomium* of theſe two, as moſt eminent in their ſervice, and a more ſtinging reproof of ſuch as were inexcuſably negligent.

Zebulun and *Nephtali* reproached their lives, ſo 'tis *in ſenſe*; they eſteemed them not worth the having with *Iſraels* ruine; they preferr'd Gods cauſe before their lives. *They reproached their lives.*] For it ſeem'd a ſtrange thing to others, and little better then ridiculous, for a ſmall number, a little handful of men, to go againſt a vaſt Army, Enemies cloath'd with Terrour, that might even blow them away in leſs than an houre: And yet they go out againſt *Jabin* and *Siſera*, they fear not his nine hundred Chariots of Iron. What means *Siſera* to brandiſh his glittering Sword, to bend his Bowe, and prepare his deadly Arrows? No weapon againſt them ſhall proſper. *Zebulun* and *Nephtali*, if they were leſs than they are, they would adventure their lives, and if they periſh, they periſh.

In the high places of the Field.] On Mount *Tabor*, where they might have a view of *Siſera*'s Army, a terrible proſpect for *Zebulun* and *Nephtali* one would have thought. And yet they march forward with an undaunted courage and reſolution. *Zebulun* and *Nephtali*, more eminent in their forwardneſs and obedience, and ſo have a more ſingular commendation given them.

And *Meroz* has a more b tter curſe than any of the reſt. God took notice of all the others remiſſneſs, and hath left it upon Record to the view of all Poſterity; I, but *Meroz* has a Curſe with a greater Emphaſis.

Curſe ye Meroz.] The Jewes have a Proverb, we muſt leap up to Mount *Gerizim*, but creep into Mount *Ebal*. You know upon Mount *Gerizim* all the bleſſings were pronounc't by *Moſes*, as upon Mount *Ebal* all the curſes; So then, you muſt leap up to Mount *Gerizim*, be forward, and ready to bleſs; but creep

into Mount *Ebal*, be ſlow, and unwilling to curſe; I but where God gives a ſpecial command to curſe, there you muſt leap up to Mount *Ebal* too.

Curſe ye Meroz, *ſaith the Angel of the Lord.*] This does not come out of any revengeful thoughts, or private reſpect that *Deborah* had; but ſhe has a ſpecial command to curſe them, *ſaith the Angel of the Lord.*] Expoſitors are dubious, מלאך יהוה: —— it may be rendered *Nuncius Jehovæ*, and ſo ſome take it to be *Barak*, who call'd out (as is very like) this City to the War, but they refuſed to come; But whether it be meant of an Angel properly, or of any that had a Prophetical Spirit, Gods Meſſenger, his Angel; this we are ſure, the drift is to ſhew that this Curſe comes by Divine Authority, by Heavenly Mandate, by the Dictate of the Spirit, *Curſe ye* Meroz, *ſaith the Angel of the Lord.*

Curſe ye bitterly.] Curſe ye with Curſings, an uſual Hebraiſme. *But how comes* Meroz *to have a more bitter and ſharp Curſe, than any of the reſt that came not?* This City was very near the place where the Battel was fought, it was very nigh Mount *Tabor*, the inhabitants were within the noiſe of the Trumpet; other Tribes had excuſes, this City none. And no doubt but they were requeſted by *Barak* to help, and yet they came not out.

Object.

Reſp.

Becauſe they came not out to the help of the Lord.] Why? does the Lord need any aid? And does the God of Hoſts need the help of *Meroz*? *Is the Hand of Omnipotency abbreviated, that it cannot help; or his Arm ſhortned, that it cannot ſave?* Does the Mighty God call for Help, and the great *Jehovah* need Auxiliary Forces? What means this holy Propheteſs, when ſhe ſayes, and repeats this, *They came not out to the help of the Lord, &c.*

They that help *Iſrael*, are ſaid to help the Lord. What is done to the Church, God reckons as done for himſelf; *Inaſmuch as ye did it to one of theſe little ones, you did it unto me*: O the infinite goodneſs of God, that hath conjoyn'd his own Glory, and the ſalvation of his People together! He hath wrought *Iſraels* name in the frame of his own Glory; it is for his honour to ſave *Iſrael*; They that come not out to help *Iſrael*, they come not out to help the Lord.

God

God needs not the help of men, he can save his People miraculously, he did so here; *The Stars fought in their Courses against Sisera*; He can raise a glorious Army of Stars, and can order them as he pleases; they shall all keep their Ranks, they fight in their Courses against *Sisera*. How did the Stars fight against him?

Their beams and influences were their weapons; they wrought impressions in the Aire, and raised Meteors, Rain, Hail, Lightning, Thunder; The Stars, like bright and eminent Commanders, lead under them an Army of Meteors, their train'd Souldiers, they set them into their several postures, like the Centurion, they *say to one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he comes.* If they bid the Clouds discharge, they instantly dart out lightning-flashes, and present a Volley of Thunder-claps; They'l try what they can do with proud *Sisera*: And if *Israel* be too weak for them, the Hoast of Heaven shall fight against them; *The Stars fought in their Courses against Sisera*: I, but all this is no thank to *Meroz*; nay, it rather aggravates their sin, and so embitters their curse; Shall inanimate Creatures more sympathize with *Israel*, than their Fellow-brethren? Shall the Stars fight in their Courses, and shall not *Meroz* stir a foot to help them? And *the River Kishon sweeps them away* (as dung) *that antient River, the River Kishon*, now swelling by reason of the excess of Rain, and drowning many of the *Canaanites*, as the *Egyptians* were once drown'd in the Red Sea; they sink like lead in the mighty waters. Stars and Rivers fight for them, but *Meroz* will not help them.

Against the mighty,] *Jabin* and *Sisera*, גבורים, potent, puissant Enemies. The Church of God has had alwayes mighty Opposers, great Enemies; Satan, the Prince of the Aire, Antichrist and his Forces. These, and many such like observations lie scatter'd in the words, and might be gathered out of them; but we will unite them all in this one truth, which is directly aim'd at, and intended in them.

Doct. Every Christian should be of a publick spirit; he is bound under pain of a bitter curse (as much as in him lies) to promote the cause of God, and to help *Israel*, to help the Church of God against its mighty Enemies. *Doct.*

Wee'l branch it into these two particulars.

1. Tis.

1. 'Tis a thing full of Reason and Equity, that every one that professes himself an *Israelite*, should help *Israel*, that Christians should be of a publick spirit; it is but just that *Meroz* should aid *Israel*.

2. How every one may help the Lord against the Mighty, and stand for the peace of *Sion*; by what means they may do this.

(1.) A Christian should be of a publick and enlarged spirit, not seeking only himself, and his own ends, with a narrow and contracted heart; but he should seek the glory of God, and the good of *Sion*, of his Church and People.

1. It is the very nature of goodness to diffuse it self abroad in a spreading and liberal manner; for it do's not thus lose any thing, but augments, and increases its being, by communicating it self.

2. You may see some prints and foot-steps of this in Nature, some obscure Representations of this Truth there. The Sun, it does not monopolize its beams, and engross its light; but scatters them abroad, gilds the whole World with them; it shines more for others, than it self, it is a publick light.

Look on a Fountain, it does not bind in its streams, seal up it self, and enclose its waters, but spends it self with a continual bubbling forth; it streams forth in a fluent, liberal, and communicative manner; it is a publick spring.

Nay, natural bodies will part with their own properties, leave their motions; nay, cross their own inclinations for a general good. The Aire, a light and nimble body, that mounts upwards, and does naturally ascend; yet for an universal good, rather than there shall be a breach and rupture in nature, a *vacuum*, it will descend for the stopping of that *hiatus*. In the body of man, the inferiour Members will venture themselves for the good of the whole; the hand will be cut off, and lose its own being, rather than the head shall be endanger'd; you see some shadows of this truth in Nature.

3. And the weak and glimmering light of Nature shews thus much, that a man is not born for himself alone; he is a sociable Creature, and sent into the World for the good of others. The voice of an Heathen, a mans Countrey, and his Friend, and others challenge great part of him. It is a miserable *φιλαυτία*, to make his own self the centre of all his actions.

4. Con-

4. Consider, that every mans private welfare is included in the publick. The welfare of *Meroz* depended upon *Israels* safety; what would have become of *Meroz*, if the rest of their fellow-brethren had perish't? So that it was a part of great folly in *Meroz*, not to come out to the help of *Israel*. When the disease seazes upon a vital part, as the head, or the heart, or the like, so as to endanger the whole; then every Member is in danger, though for the present they may be free from pain. The well-being of every private man, depends on the publick good. A single drop is soon dry'd up, and consum'd; I, but a drop in the Ocean, when 'tis united to a multitude of other drops, tis there more safe; and a drop by it self is weak, and can make no resistance: I, but a drop in the Ocean is terrible. Men have a more safe, and a more honourable being, as joyn'd to the whole, than taken single by themselves. A single drop can do nothing; but a multitude of drops joynd together, will make a stream, and carry all before them, A single beam is obscure; but in the Sun, the centre of rayes, meeting in the publick point, they are glorious.

And these Arguments may prevail with you as men, living in common society; but then as Christians.

I. Consider, That Gods children have been alwayes of this disposition, of publick spirits, seeking the Glory of God, and the good of *Sion*. Exod. 32. 32. *If not, blot me I pray thee out of thy Book*; *Moses* out of a pang of vehement zeal, would part with his own happiness, rather than *Israel* should perish; if it would make more for the glory of God, he would be content to be damn'd, or at least to have the beams of Gods favourable presence withdrawn from him. *Rom.* 9. 3. *I could wish, that my self were accursed from Christ* (or separated) *for my brethren, my kinsmen, according to the flesh*, for the *Jewes*, *Israelites*; which is meant of the *pœna damni*: I could be content to have the face of Christ hid from me for my Brethrens sake, as Gods face was once hid from Christ upon the Cross; *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me*? A most strong affection and zeal for the publick good. *Paul* knew what the face of Christ was; how glorious a sight it was, to see God face to face: And he knew what answer God had given to *Moses* too; *Him that sins, him will I blot out of my Book*: And yet out of a most ardent desire of the salvation of the Jewes, he will part with the face of Christ, so they may be saved,

saved; here were publick spirits indeed.

What should I tell you of *Uriah* that famous Souldier, his brave and heroical Resolution; how he would take no complacency in outward things? and mark his Reason, 2 *Sam.* 11. 11. *The Ark, and Israel, and Judah abide in Tents, and my Lord Joab and the servants of my Lord are encamped in the open Fields*; as if he should say, What shall the Ark be in danger, and shall *Uriah* be secure? Or shall my Lord *Joab* be more forward than I am in *Israels* cause? *As thou livest, and as thy soul liveth, I will not do this thing*: He raps out an Oath like a Souldier, which he might have well spar'd; but yet he shews a most generous and publick spirit: And this was no small aggravation of *Davids* sin.

137. *Psalm*; See how the Psalmist, and the rest of Gods People behave themselves. *By the Rivers of Babylon, we sate down and wept, when we remembred thee, O Sion! We hanged our Harps upon the Willows in the midst thereof; If I forget thee, Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.* *David* had a most delicate touch upon the Harp, a soft and silken touch; he could still *Saul's* evil spirit with his Musick; but *if I forget thee, Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.*

And when did *Jeremy* make his Lamentation, that whole Book of mourning; but when the glory of *Sion* was laid in the dust; when *Jerusalem*, the Lady of Nations was made desolate: Gods People have been alwayes of publick spirits, and have sympathiz'd with the Church.

II. That you may follow so good example; think whose cause it is; the cause of *Israel*, is the cause of God; *to the help of the Lord, &c.* Can you have a better cause? the good of the Church, and the glory of God are knit together by an act of Gods gracious will. So that he that seeks the good of the Church, does in the same act seek the glory of God: And he that helps not *Israel*, comes not out to the help of the Lord. Now you are bound to maintain the cause of God, and to help the Lord.

1. By many and several Engagements; as Creatures at his beck, he has a Sovereignty and Dominion over you. Not to obey the great God, is to deny his Supremacy. You are bound in a way of thankfulness, to stand for him and his cause, by those sweet mercies, those precious pledges of his love, which he every moment heaps upon you: by those many blessings that come

swimming

ſwimming to you in the blood of a Saviour.

2. By many Promiſes, Vowes, Proteſtations. Your firſt and Original Vow in Baptiſm, obliges you to maintain the Cauſe of God, and of his Church, againſt all the Enemies thereof. And you have often repeated this Vow, and ſeal'd it again in the Lords Supper; for you know that's a ſealing up of the Covenant: Now what's the Covenant but this, *That he ſhall be your God, and you ſhall be his People?* And then you can't but remember a late Vow that you have made too, the very ſum of which was this, to ſtand for the publick good.

3. Certainty to proſper, it is the Cauſe of God. A Chriſtian is of the ſureſt ſide, of the winning ſide. There's none but has a mind to proſper, then *pray for the peace of Jeruſalem, they ſhall proſper that love thee.* There's none can eclipſe the glory of God; it's beyond the limited power of a Creature, to dim the luſtre of his Crown; God will maintain his own Cauſe, or elſe he ſhould loſe of his Glory; his mighty Arm will get himſelf the Victory. Chriſt is the Captain of his Church, and he is the chiefeſt of ten thouſand (the Enſign-bearer.) And this is comfort enough for a Chriſtian, the Enemies muſt conquer Chriſt, before they can overcome his Church. Chriſt the head of the Church is impregnable. This is the ſecond ground why Chriſtians muſt ſtand for the Cauſe of the Church, becauſe 'tis the Cauſe of God, to which they are bound. (1.) By Engagements, many and great. (2.) By Vows. (3.) Encouraged with certainty of ſucceſs.

III. A Chriſtian is bound to be of a publick ſpirit, by vertue of the Communion of Saints. Every Chriſtian is a Member of Chriſts Myſtical Body, and ſo muſt take care for the good of the whole. He that is united to Chriſt the Head, muſt be knit alſo to the other Members: He that does not ſympathize with the Church, is not of the Body: He that can hear of the breaches of *Sion*, and the decayes of *Jeruſalem*: He that can ſee the Apples of Gods eye pierc't through, and not be affected with it, will ye call ſuch Members of Chriſts Body? He that is not truly affected with the bleeding condition of the Chriſtians in *Ireland*, does virtually, and in effect, deny this Article of his Creed, *The Communion of Saints.*

IV. It is *againſt the Mighty*: Chriſtians had need have publick

ſpirits, becauſe they have publick Enemies; the Devil, a publick Enemy; Antichriſt, a publick Enemy: They are private enough in reſpect of their malice and ſubtlety; but publick in force and oppoſition. As there is the Paw of the Lion for ſtrength, ſo there is the Head of the Serpent for wiſdom; but yet the Head of the Serpent is broken, their wiſdom infatuated: *He that is in Heaven, can counterplot them, and laugh them to ſcorn:* But yet thus much you may learn of the Enemies of the Church, to ſtudy the publick good: They ſeek the ruine of the whole, and why ſhould not you ſeek the welfare of the whole? If they be ſo ſedulous and induſtrious, ſo forward and active in a bad cauſe, will you be negligent and remiſs in the beſt cauſe, in the cauſe of God, in the helping of the Lord? All that they do, they'l tell you 'tis for the Catholick cauſe, they are for the publick. What won't a Jeſuite do for the Catholick cauſe: Hee'l compaſs Sea and Land to gain one Proſelyte. They do publick miſchiefs, and have a malignant and venemous influence into all places where they come; and why ſhould not Chriſtians do as publick ſervice for God, as they do for the Devil? Come out therefore againſt the Mighty to the help of the Lord. That which was *Meroz* his excuſe perhaps, becauſe the *Canaanites* were mighty ones, therefore they durſt not come out againſt them; this God makes the very aggravation of their ſin; for if the Enemies were mighty, *Iſrael* had more need of their help and aid, *Curſe ye Meroz, ſaith the Angel of the Lord, &c.* And *Meroz* might have conſidered, that as there are mighty Enemies, ſo there is a mighty God too, an Almighty God, that can cruſh proud *Siſera*, and daſh in pieces the ſtrongeſt Enemy. And now by this time you have ſeen that 'tis but fit and equal for a Chriſtian to be of a publick ſpirit, to come out to the help of the Lord.

(2.) The manner how every Chriſtian may promote the publick good. And here by way of premiſal:

1. It muſt be in a lawful and warrantable way. They that come out to help the Lord, muſt help him in his own wayes, ſuch wayes as his Word allowes, or elſe, they do not help the Lord, but offend the Lord in breaking his Commandments; *Job* 13.7. *Will you ſpeak wickedly for God, and talk deceitfully for him?* Does Gods glory depend upon mans ſin? Does he allow any man to ſin for the advancing of his glory? Nay, does he not forbid it, and deteſt it?

it? It is a clear and undeniable truth of the Apostle; *You must not do evil, that good may come of it.* A speech of one of the Ancients, *You must not tell the least lie, if you could save the whole Church by it.* You remember the clause in the Protestation, *as far as lawfully I may*; he that seeks the publick good in an unlawful course, breaks his Protestation. To the right conducting of an action, besides the intention of an end truly, there must be also the choice of just and direct means for the accomplishing of it.

2. In a prudent and orderly way. They that come out to the help of the Lord, must keep their Ranks; *the Stars fought in their Courses against Sisera.* Christians must keep their several stations; if there be confusion, you can't tell a *Canaanite* from an *Israelite*, a Friend from a Foe. Let every Christian that studies the publick good, keep his own place; the Magistrate his, the Ministers theirs, and the People also theirs. And now there are some wayes very good and warrantable, by which Christians may come out to the help of the Lord, and to the aiding of *Israel.*

(1.) *By Prayer.* To be sure this is a lawful means; I, and tis a prevalent means too, and has great influence upon the publick good; *Exod.* 17. 11. When *Moses* held up his hand, then *Israel* prevail'd. 'Tis a special benefit that Christians have by the communion of Saints, the prayers one of another. There's a stock of prayers the Church has, and the weakest Christian has a share in it. Thou hast the benefit of many Christians prayers, whose face thou never sawest, whom thou never heard'st of; perhaps he lives in *America*, or some remote corner of the world; but where ere he be, thou hast the benefit of his prayer, as a Member of the mystical body. For there's no prayer put up to God for his Church, but it includes every particular Member of the Church in it; so that Prayer does wonderfully promote the publick good. *Pray for the peace of* Jerusalem, pray for it, that's the way to have it. And many an one that can use no other means, yet may use this. There's many can't help the Christians in *Ireland*; but there's no Christian but may pray for them. There's many that can't fight against the Rebels; and yet they can pray against them, to have them restrain'd and subdu'd. Many a weak and aged and sickly one, unfit for War, and yet powerful in prayer. And these weapons of our warfare, they are not carnal, but mighty.

You can't encounter an Enemy; I, but you may thus wraſtle with the Almighty. You can't batter down a ſtrong Hold; but yet ye can beſiege the Throne of Grace with concentred abilities. You are not fit to be ſet in a Watch-tower, to ſpy out the approach of an Enemy; but yet you may watch unto Prayer. And this is a great advantage that Chriſtians have over their Enemies; the Enemy knows not how to pray; they know how to curſe, and ſwear, and blaſpheme the Name of God; but they know not how to pray: Or if they do pray, and tell their prayers with their beads, that they may know the number of them; yet their prayer is turn'd into ſin, *The prayer of the wicked is an abomination.* Let them cry aloud to their Idols, and ſee if they will hear them; they can't look that God ſhould hear them: For, *If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear my prayer.* O then let Chriſtians know their own happineſs, and make uſe of this ſpiritual weapon of Prayer, that oppoſes the Enemy more than all other weapons whatſoever: Let them brandiſh the glittering ſword, &c.

And this is the chief uſe you are to make of all the News you hear, to know how to order your prayers accordingly. No queſtion more ordinary in mens mouths, than what News? And I find no fault with the queſtion, it is good and fitting: But News are not to be enquired after only for the ſatisfying of mens minds and curioſity; as the *Athenians* ſpent all their time in enquiring for ſome News: But this is the main end of it, to know how to ſend up your Prayers for the good of the Church; and your praiſes for ſuch mercies as God beſtows upon it. All News heard by a publick ſpirit, will ſtir up Prayer or Thankſgiving. This is the uſe you are to make of News; if ſad News of the Churches Miſery and Deſolation, then ſend up more fervent Prayer, that God would repair the breaches of it, and ſettle it in a flouriſhing condition; if welcome News, then praiſe God for his free goodneſs, and deſire him to perfect the great work which he has begun. This is one ſpecial means to promote the publick good, the prayer of the righteous. And God alwayes when he intends any great mercy, he poures upon his people a ſpirit of prayer, he ſtirs up their hearts in this way; he opens their mouth wide, before he fills it.

(2.) *Self-Reformation.* This has great influence upon the publick

lick good. And how can you expect a publick and glorious Reformation, unleſs firſt you reform in private? Look upon the grievances of your own ſoul; hearken unto thoſe many Petitions that are put up to you by the Miniſters; who beſeech you to be reconcil'd unto God. Every ſin addes to wrath; it provokes God, pulls down his Judgments, and ripens a Nation for deſtruction, and has a malignant and venemous influence upon the whole. So then the turning from ſin, and reforming your wayes, is the means to divert judgments, to bring down mercies, and bring down publick good. If there were more private Reformations in mens ſpirits; there is no doubt, but God would bleſs the publick Reformation. Sin puts more Rubs in the way, than any enemy or oppoſer whatſoever. This is the great Mountain that hinders the going up of the Temple; if this one were but took away, all other would quickly become a plain. They are very injurious to the publick good, that go on in a courſe of ſinning, againſt ſo gracious a God, that does ſuch great things for us. *One ſinner deſtroys much good*, as the wiſe man ſpeaks.

(3.) *United ſpirits*, and a ſweet Harmony of affections graciouſly conſorting together, would help forward the cauſe of *Iſrael*. Jars and Diſſenſions amongſt Chriſtians themſelves, ſound very harſhly; for the diviſions of *Reuben*, there were great thoughts of heart. What is there can give greater advantage to an enemy, than to ſee *Iſraelites* fall out amongſt themſelves? You may learn more wiſdom of them that are wiſer in their Generation, than the children of light; what a ſtrait union and confederacy have they among themſelves? *Gebal* and *Ammon*, and *Amalek*, the *Philiſtines*, with them that dwell at *Tyre*. Theſe ſcales of *Leviathan* (as that in *Job* is uſually allegoriz'd) are ſhut together as with a cloſe Seal. And if they ſhould be at variance and diſcord among themſelves, yet they have a ſure way of Reconciliation, by a joynt oppoſition of the godly. *Ephraim* againſt *Manaſſeh*, and *Manaſſeh* againſt *Ephraim*, both againſt *Judah*. *Herod* and *Pilate* made friends in crucifying Chriſt. If wicked men can agree in oppoſing of goodneſs, why ſhould not Chriſtians in helping forward goodneſs?

All ye that come out to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord againſt the Mighty, come with united hearts, and agreeing ſpirits. Why ſhould there be ſtrife between you, ſeeing you are Brethren?

And

And then consider, What will not united Forces do, when you shall joyn to the work of the Lord with one consent, with one shoulder? What is it that this union won't bring to pass? It will strike terror into the Churches Enemies, and strengthen the hearts of Friends: It will mightily promote the publick good, and tend to the glory of *Jernsalem*. If men would but lay out themselves, and their several gifts and abilities in one general aim, for the advantage of their Master, and good of their Fellow-servants; what glorious times should we then see?

This is one Clause in the Protestation, to stand for the union of the three Kingdoms.

(4.) I might add that, *with outward aid* too, you are bound to promote the publick good; with liberal contribution to relieve the necessity of the Christians, as the Church of *Macedonia* gave above her abilities. And also such as by Authority shall be sent forth against the Popish Rebels, they are to fight with courage and alacrity, for 'tis for the Cause of God; *They come out to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the Mighty.*

And now for a word of Application.

Use I. It is for the just Reproof of most men, that mind not at all the publick good: How do they think to avoid the curse of *Meroz*, seeing they *come not out to the help of the Lord, &c?* There is a principle of corrupt self-love in men, that makes them of narrow and contracted spirits; all their aims are for themselves, and their own ends; they do not mind the good of the Church. If they hear but of a worldly loss, some Ship cast away, and their Estate be weaken'd, this will pierce and affect their spirits; 'twill sad and darken their joy: But they can hear of ruines of the Church, the breaches of *Sion*; that the Church has many Rollings and Commotions, and not be wrought upon, not be much mov'd with it. Men are more affected with their own private good, than with the publick; and more mov'd with private miseries, than publick. If they themselves be in the least danger, or some of their near friends, then you shall have mourning, and sighing, and lamentation: But if the Church lie a bleeding, the Saints (those precious ones) *be kill'd all the day long, and accounted as Sheep for the slaughter*; they can be merry enough for all this. How many are there that have not shed a tear for *Ireland!* That have not spent a sigh for them, nor put up a prayer for

for them! God he has a Bottle for your tears, and he knows how many you have put into it; I am sure it will hold a great many more than you have shed. I speak not so much for outward weeping, there's many perhaps can't shed a tear upon any occasion: But I call for a spirit of mourning, a sympathizing spirit; a spirit took up with the publick good, as its best employment. O how many are there, that this bitter curse of *Meroz* will fall heavy upon! And upon your dayes of Humiliation, be sure to humble your selves for this; your want of a publick spirit, your not praying for the peace of *Jerusalem*. How do you know, but that if you had sent up more prayers to Heaven, God might have freed the distressed Christians by this time? As they are guilty of the Christians blood in an high degree, that shed it in a most inhumane manner; so I know not, how they can excuse themselves from some guilt of it, that do not help them by prayers and endeavours, as much as in them lies.

2. It is against all such as are in a kind of indifferency and neutrality; they neither are for one, nor other. What is this but the very same case with *Meroz*? *Meroz* did not fight against *Israel*, it did not fight for the *Canaanites*; no, but it did not come out to the help of *Israel*, and therefore it has this bitter curse. Vain men that think to content themselves with this, that they do no hurt; but every man that does not good, does hurt, he must do either one or other; the soul is not idle, it is either doing good or evil.

Suppose that a man did no hurt, yet this is not enough, unless he does good too; for there are sins of Omission, as well as of Commission. Not doing of publick good, is a publick hurt.

3. By way of Gradation, *à majori ad majus*. If there be such a bitter curse upon *Meroz* for their negligence, and remisness in duty, for not coming out against the Mighty, what severe judgments and dregs of wrath shall be pour'd out upon all them that come out against the Lord, that are against the publick good, that wish ill to *Sion*, that would fain see her in the dust, that hate and persecute Christians, that oppose the power of Religion, and the life of the Gospel, that are in the very gall of bitterness? All the curses that are written, and not written, shall flame against them; and the vials of Gods fiercest wrath shall be

emptyed

emptyed upon them. *Meroz's* curſe is bitter; but in reſpect of theirs, ſweet and eaſie.

Uſe 2. Bleſs God for men of publick ſpirits; for *Zerubbabels* and *Jehoſhuahs*, ſuch as are building God a Temple; Pray God to encreaſe the number of publick ſpirits, ſuch as may come out to the help of the Lord. As there's a great and bitter curſe laid upon *Meroz*, for being negligent in the cauſe of God, ſo there are choice and eminent bleſſings for ſuch as are forward and active in it. God will abundantly recompence all the labour of love, which any ſhall ſhew for his Name; their labour ſhall not be in vain in the Lord.

THE

THE

White Stone:

OR,

A Learned and Choice

TREATISE

OF

Assurance:

Very useful for all, but especially weak BELIEVERS.

2 PET. 1. 10.

Wherefore the rather, Brethren, give diligence to make your Calling and Election sure.

ASsurance of Salvation is a truth of great and precious consequence, of sweet and comfortable influence into the whole life of a Christian: A truth which has scarce had liberty to unmask and shew it self in former times, and so has seldom or never been fully treated of: A truth which could never be more welcome and seasonable, than in times of danger and uncertainty;

when all other things are in a doubtful and wavering condition, then *to make our Calling and Election ſure*; to ſet up a ſpiritual *Militia*, and to put the ſoul in a poſture of defence, in ſuch an heavenly preparation, as it may be fit to meet with all conditions; *He ſhall not be afraid of evil tydings, his heart is fixed, truſting in God*: He is juſt like the Philoſophers good man, τετράγωνος, four-ſquare, that, caſt him where you will, like a Dy, he falls alwayes ſure and ſquare; He's built upon the ſame foundation that the whole Church of God is; He's built upon a *Rock*, and though the *waves daſh*, and the *winds riſe*, though the ſtorm encreaſe, and the *floods beat in*, yet the *houſe ſtands*, the foundation is ſure, *'tis built upon a Rock, and the Gates of Hell ſhall not prevail againſt it. I'le make him a Pillar in the Temple of my God*, as Chriſt promiſes to the Church of *Philadelphia*; even like one of thoſe Pillars in *Solomons* Temple; the *name of the one was* Jachin, *and of the other* Booz; nothing but *ſtability* and *ſtrength*, as the words imply; Chriſtian Aſſurance fortifies the ſoul, and prepares it againſt all conditions.

Now, as for the drift of our Apoſtle in this Chapter, 'twas to perſwade the Chriſtian Churches of *Pontus*, *Galatia*, *Cappadocia*, *Aſia*, *Bythinia*, to whom he wrote, that they would be fruitful and abundant in the graces of God, that they would *grow in grace*, and add grace to grace, and ſo to increaſe in them all, till they came to a full and perfect ſtature in Chriſt. For *he that lacks theſe*, (ſaith the Apoſtle) *is blind, and cannot ſee afar off*, he is poreblind, and cannot ſee ſo far as Heaven, and heavenly things: And then he is forgetful too of the very firſt Principles and Rudiments of Grace; he forgets that he was purg'd from his former ſins in the Lavour of Regeneration, in Baptiſm, when he firſt enter'd into Covenant with God.

Wherefore, do ye rather give diligence to make your Calling, &c. You that have a ſpiritual eye, and an enlightned ſoul, and can diſcern the things of God; and you that are mindful of the Covenant made with him, do you, *Brethren, give, &c.* for this if any thing, will make you fruitful in the works of Grace; for by theſe you muſt maintain your Aſſurance; theſe are the fruits and evidences of your ſalvation; the fruits of the Spirit, and the firſt-fruits of eternal life. Chriſtians that *make their Calling and Election ſure*, will, and muſt be fruitful in good works. The Papiſts interpoſe

pose διὰ πολλῶν ἔργων in this Verse; and *Beza* sayes indeed that he found it in two Ancient Copies; but though it be left out in the letter, yet we enclude it in the sense; good reason to leave it out in the Text, because all the Greek Copies do, two only excepted; but yet we take it in, in the interpretation, and freely acknowledge that no Christian can be assur'd of his salvation, who is not fruitful and abundant in good works, as *Fulke* and *Carthwright* do very well satisfie the Rhemists Translation.

In the words you have (1.) An usual Compellation, *Brethren.* (2.) An Apostolical Exhortation, and that to a double Duty, one subordinate to another.

The (1.) and principal in intention, *To make your Calling and Election sure.* The (2.) (which is a means to the former) *To give diligence.* And if you look upon the first again, you shall find in it, (1.) A propriety, *Your Calling and Election.* (2.) A method and order, first *your Calling*, and then *your Election.*

As for two of the particulars, we'l but point at them, because they are not so properly intended in the words. For,

The Compellation is frequent and obvious in every Epistle, and shews, 1.

1. An Apostolical *Suada*, by which they were wont to wind and insinuate themselves into the affections of the people, to engratiate themselves with them; for affection does strongly engage the judgment. And all Rhetorick is little enough to win hearts, and prevail upon some mens spirits.

2. An Apostolical meekness: *Peter* a Star of the first magnitude, yet calls the lesser *Sporades* his Brethren; a glorious and eminent Christian, a tall Cedar in *Lebanon*, yet acknowledges the meanest and lowest Christians his Brethren. He learnt this of his Lord and Master, who was not ashamed to call them Brethren; And shall the Disciple be above his Lord? 'Twere well if the Pope, who will needs be Saint *Peter's* Successor, would follow him in this. And who art thou, O prophane *Ismael*, that scoff'st at the children of the Promise under this very name and notion of Brethren?

And then as for the Propriety, ὑμῶν τὴν κλῆσιν, *your Calling and Election.* 2.

1. None can be assured of another mans salvation, unless it be of such whom the Scripture tells us were in the state of Grace; whose sincerity is made famous to all the World; to whom the Spirit has set its broad Seal, and given them a publick Testimony that they were within the Covenant; for others we know in General, that there are a select and peculiar company whom God has chosen out as his Jewels; but we cannot say certainly and infallibly of such a particular person, of any *Individuum*, that he is a chosen Vessel. Of some 'tis evident and apparent, that for the present, they are not in the state of Grace; we are sure that as yet they are not efficaciously called, but we know not whether they be chosen; for others we have great hopes, and an high degree of probability, that they are truly born again, but yet we have no absolute certainty; for Hypocrisie will go so far, as that the best Criticks may be deceived. And a man can never tell certainly another mans sincerity, unless he could supply the place of Conscience. An Hypocrite may spin so fair a thred, as that it may deceive his own eye, he may admire the Cobweb, and not know himself to be the Spider; how much more easie may he deceive a stander by? And as for any extraordinary spirit of discerning, I know no ground for it, nor any promise of it in the Scriptures.

You'l say, this takes much from the communion of Saints, and from the sweetness of Christian society, if we cannot tell who are true Members of the Mystical Body, Fellow-brethren, and Fellow-heirs of the same promise.

1. Though we cannot tell absolutely and infallibly, yet we may know very probably; we know there are such *a peculiar people, a chosen Generation, a Royal Priesthood*; and we know that such and such are the likeliest in the World to be of this number, so as we have no reason to distrust them.

2. We must commend much of this to Gods Providence, who very seldom suffers Hypocrites to go undetected; he that is the great searcher of hearts, will be sure to meet with them; he hates a rotten heart, and will be sure to make it odious.

3. 'Tis fitting that this, and many other priviledges should be reserv'd for Heaven, that so we may long after that the more. There shall be a pure and unmixt Communion, *the perfect beauty of holiness*. Nothing shall enter there that makes a lie, nothing

of

of Hypocriſie; but glorious Angels, and glorified Saints ſunning themſelves in the preſence of God, ſhall keep company together to all Eternity.

2. Τῶν πλησίον καλῶν. Chriſtians are chiefly to look to their own *Calling and Election*. They are indeed bound to promote the good of others, and to look upon their lives with ſuch Rules as Chriſtianity allows; but they muſt be ſure to dwell at home, and be acquainted with their own breaſts, to *make their own Calling and Election ſure*; for they cannot be ſure of another mans condition, ſo as they may be of their own.

And thus we have diſpatcht thoſe two particulars which lay more collateral in the words, and were not directly intended in them. We now come to the very mind and drift of the Text, which branches it ſelf into theſe four Propoſitions, that will fully explain the nature of Aſſurance, though we keep within the bounds of the Text: It ſtreams into theſe four particulars.

1. A Chriſtian may be aſſured of his ſalvation. *Obſerv.* 1.
2. Aſſurance of ſalvation requires all diligence. *Obſerv.* 2.
3. Aſſuranee of ſalvation deſerves all diligence, both implied in *Give diligence*. *Obſerv.* 3.
4. The way to make our Election ſure, is firſt to make our Calling ſure. *Obſerv.* 4.

And now you may look upon the Text, as on a pleaſant Vine, ſituated in a fruitful place, בקרן בן שמן, *i. e.* in the horn of the Son of Oyle or Fatneſs, as the Prophet ſpeaks, you may ſit under the ſhadow of it, and its fruit will be ſweet unto you. For you ſee how it has ſpread it ſelf into ſpacious and goodly branches, ſuch as are all laden with fair and ſwelling Cluſters, Cluſters of *Canaan*, that are ripen'd with thoſe heavenly Sun-beams that ſhine out upon them; and richly fill'd with all ſpiritual ſweetneſs. And this fruit of the Vine will chear the heart of man to all Eternity. As for us, we'll be ſure to prune off all ſuch ſproutings and luxuriancies of ſtyle, as may any way ſteal from the ſap and ſtrength of ſo great a truth in hand, as the Hebrews call thoſe ſproutings, [illegible], *i. e.* little Epimones, alwayes feaſting upon the ſweetneſs of the Tree, and putting the Root to continual expences; we'll prune off all theſe. And if there be any Cluſters lie lurking under the leaves, truth's not ſo antiquo to every eye, we'll (if we can) ſpy them out. The Vintage will be long,

we

we shall gather but a Cluster at a time, and press it in the Application.

A Christian may be assured of his Salvation, for St. *Peter* would never exhort them to give diligence for an impossibility, for that which could not be obtained. We'll move this in order, and shew

1. What Assurance is.
2. Arguments for Assurance.
3. The manner how Christians are assur'd.
4. The special times of Assurance.
5. Make Application.

I. And here first, what Assurance is.

'Tis a reflex act of the soul, by which a Christian clearly sees, that he is for the present in the state of grace, and so an heir apparent to glory; or in the words of the Text, by which he knows his *Calling and Election.*

'Tis a reflex act, and so

1. Assurance is situated in the souls most *noble*, most closeted, most private, and most spiritual operation.

(1.) Reflex acts are the most noble and most royal operations, the most rational and judicious acts of a most intelligent Spirit. Reason is now in its exaltation, it sits upon the Throne, and exercises a Judge-like-power; all the faculties of the soul must appear before its Tribunal, and give up a strict account, τί παρέβην, τί δ' ἔρεξα, τί μοι δέον οὐκ ἐτελέσθη, as the *Pythagoreans* were wont to pose and catechize themselves; your inferiour sensitive creatures can go poring on upon a present object, and blunder on in a direct way, but are far enough from any reflex acts; although some talk of reflexiveness in sense too (as to see that they see, or the like) but 'tis but a fancy of their own; Sensitive Creatures could never reach so high as a reflex act; and indeed sensual men know not what belong unto it; but the reasonable soul can retire into it self, and take a view and survey of its own actings.

(2.) It is the most secret and retir'd operation; the soul withdraws, and bids the body farewel, and even here becomes an *anima separata*; it retires into its Closet, and bolts its self up, where none can peep in, none can evesdrop it.

(3.) The most refin'd and spiritual working of all, this is most abstracted

abſtracted from matter. The ſoul here does not commerce with outward droſſy objects, but looks upon it ſelf, fixes its eye upon its own face. This is the moſt ſpiritual employment of the ſoul, which does moſt ſtrongly argue its immortality, and ſhews it to be a ſpark of Divinity: How does the prime and fountain Being ſpend all Eternity, but in looking upon his own tranſcendent and glorious Eſſence in viewing the bright Conſtellation of his Attributes, and ſeeing ſome ſhadowy and languiſhing Repreſentations of himſelf in the glaſs of the Creatures? 'Tis one of the chief works of a Chriſtian, to reflect upon himſelf, *Vita eſt in ſe reflexio*; as the grave Moraliſt *Seneca* ſpeaks. The Prodigal came to himſelf, when he came to reflex acts, ſo 1 *Kings* 8. 47. *When they ſhall turn to their own hearts, &c.*

II. But yet this working of the ſoul is but weak and *tranſient*, 'tis fleeting and deſultory, it quickly vaniſhes; which ſhew as great diſorder and irregularity in the Spirit, that that which is the nobleſt and moſt proper operation, that borders upon Divinity, men are leaſt ver'ſt in it. How rare is it for men to reflect upon their own conditions, to enter into an exact trial and examination of their own wayes? *Radius reflexus languet*, as the Opticks ſpeak; the beam begins to be weary, and is ready to faint, it gives a weak and languiſhing Repreſentation; 'tis true of intellectual beams too, *radius reflexus languet.* O how quickly are men weary of ſerious thoughts and conſiderations? They look upon them as melancholy interruptions, *turbida intervalla.* You had need of good Arguments to perſwade men to entertain a ſerious thought; outward objects, theſe divert the mind, and take it off from its greateſt work. *As a man that ſees his natural face in a glaſs* (as St. *James* ſpeaks) *goes his way, and preſently forgets what manner of man he was.* The ſoul ſcarce knows its own viſage, it looks abroad, and is a ſtranger to it ſelf. Many a mans ſoul has ſcarce look't upon it ſelf all his life-time.

III. It conſiſts in a reflex act, (1 *Joh.* 2. 3: γινώσκομεν ὅτι ἐγνώκαμεν.) and ſo differs from faith; it is one thing to believe, and another thing to know that I believe. Our Divines go ſomewhat too far, (*Calvin, Perkins, &c.*) when they put all juſtifying faith in a full perſwaſion. *Ames* ſayes, 'tis when they deal with the Papiſts, who put it in a bare aſſent: but (methinks) they ſhould rather be more

wary

wary there, lest they give the enemy too much advantage. I rather think, that being men eminently pious, it was as they found it in their own souls, but all are not so strong in Christ. Assurance is the top and triumph of faith; faith, that's our victory, *by which we overcome the World*; but Assurance, that's our triumph, by which ὑπερνικῶμεν, *we are more than Conquerours*. 'Tis *flos fidei*, the very lustre and eminency of faith. Faith that's the Root, Assurance is the Top-branch, the flourishing of Faith, Faith with a gloss upon it. Justifying Faith, that does not only dwell in the understanding, *in nudo assensu*; but requires an act of the will too, which must embrace a promise; indeed it calls for an act resulting from the whole soul, which must receive Christ offered unto it; but now assurance consists only in the mind, and so there you have the difference between Faith of Adherence, and Faith of Assurance. The first is an act of the whole soul, the latter is a work of the mind only; it ariseth *è sensu quodam spirituali*; whereby we know and perceive that we believe. And when I say every Believer may be assur'd of his salvation; I don't say that every Believer is assur'd of it; No, every one is to labour for it, to *give diligence*, as our Apostle speaks, but every one has not yet obtained it: Assurance is not of the Essence of a Christian; a man may be a true child of God, and certainly saved, though he have not Assurance; he can have little sweetness and comfort without it, little joy and peace; but yet he may be in a safe, though in a sad condition. 'Tis requir'd to the *bene esse*, not to the *esse* of a Believer.

1. For the promise is made to the direct act, and not to the reflex. *Believe, and thou shalt be saved*, that's the voice of the Gospel: Not, know that thou dost believe. Now there's many a weak Christian that has Faith, and yet does not know that he has it; Faith, like a grain of mustard-seed, lies hid for awhile; but it has a vigorous and operative spirit, and will work out in time, and spread it self into goodly branches. The least degree of Faith, if it be true, brings salvation, but it does not bring Assurance.

2. Many true Christians are in a state of desertion; all their light is eclipsed, their joy and comfort is put out. Nay, they look upon God as an Enemy; they are so far from being assur'd of their salvation, as that they verily think themselves in a

loſt condition, and yet all this while are in a true ſtate of grace. Their condition is cloudy and dark, and very uncomfortable for the preſent, but yet 'tis ſafe; they are true Believers, and yet far enough from aſſurance. An excellent place in *Iſaiah* for this, *Iſa.* 50.10. *Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that walketh in darkneſs, and hath not light? let him truſt in the Name of the Lord, and ſtay upon his God*; ſome may truly *fear God*, and yet *walk in darkneſs*, and have no light, not the leaſt glimpſe of Aſſurance, no beam of Gods favourable countenance, yet *let him truſt in the Lord, and ſtay himſelf upon his God.* He may do this, though he has no light; he may multiplie direct acts, though he has no reflex acts. And here he may lay all the ſtreſs of his ſalvation, lean upon the grace of God in Chriſt, and with a ſweet recumbency reſt himſelf upon his God.

And this Conſideration may ſtrengthen many a bruiſed Reed, and revive many a drooping ſpirit, who for the preſent do not know that they believe, their caſe may be good for all this. Thou may'ſt be a true Believer, though thou art but a weak Believer; nay, though thou think thy ſelf no Believer; I do not ſpeak this, that any ſhould reſt in this condition; no, this were againſt the Text; All muſt *give diligence to make their Calling and Election ſure*: And a Chriſtian can have little or no quiet, till he attain to Aſſurance.

And thus you have ſeen the Nature of Aſſurance; we ſhall in the next place prove, That a Chriſtian may be aſſur'd of his ſalvation.

1. *Ab eſſe ad poſſe.* Many a Chriſtian has been, and is aſſured of his ſalvation. Scarce any eminent Chriſtian in the whole Book of God, but has ſet his Seal to this truth, by his own particular experience. This is ſo clear, as the Adverſaries themſelves cannot deny, but that many choice ones have had a full and ſatisfying light ſpringing in upon their ſoul, and clearing their eternal condition to them. But they ſay 'tis by way of extraordinary Revelation, a ſpecial Priviledge vouchſafed to ſome few of Gods choiceſt Worthies by a rare indulgence. But this is ſpoken *gratis*, and is contrary to the preſent experience of many thouſands of Chriſtians, 1 *John* 5. 13. The very drift of St. *John*'s Epiſtle, is, that Chriſtians might have Aſſurance. And beſides, thoſe *medianus* by which Chriſtians attain to Aſſurance, are common to all:

All of them have the Spirit dwelling in them; all have the fruits of the Spirit, and a sweet testimony of their own spirits; though some have it in a weak measure, and cannot reach to a Plerophery; all come not to this full Assurance; but yet these are the usual wayes by which men attain to it, which have nothing in them of extraordinary Revelation; they are *via Regia*, and yet *via trita* too. Add to this the scope of the Text; St. *Peter* exhorts all *to give diligence to make their Calling and Election sure*, which, to what purpose were it, if it came only by special and extraordinary Revelation, which does not depend upon their diligence?

2. Search into the Nature of Faith it self, and you will see that it does much tend to Assurance, and has some vicinity with it. There's a double act of Faith, as the most acute *Ames* observes. (1.) The *actus primus*, by which I believe in Christ for the Remission of my sins, and justifying of my person, which is properly justifying faith. (2.) *Actus ex fide emanans*, by which I believe that my sins are remitted, which does necessarily presuppose the former act? for thou hast no more reason to believe that thy sins are remitted, than any other, till thou hast first received Christ for the Remission of thy sins. And this is contain'd in the Article of the Creed, *I believe the remission of sins*; not only in general, for this the Devils believe, and yet tremble; but the Christian peculiarizes it, and draws sweetness out of it, I believe the forgiveness of my sins. And of this latter 'tis meant, that *fidelis certus esse potest certitudine fidei de Remissione peccatorum*, Rom. 5 1. Being justified by Faith, εἰρήνην ἔχωμεν πρὸς τὸν Θεὸν, a sweet εὐθυμία, and holy security of Spirit, for Assurance is nothing but *apex fidei*, the highest degree of Faith. And 'tis the speech of *Aquinas*, *Quicunque habet scientiam vel fidem, certus est se habere, nam de ratione fidei est, ut homo sit certus de his quorum habet fidem.* Faith does of its own accord raise and advance it self to Assurance, and that by reason of the applying and appropriating vertue which is in it; 'tis Faiths Idiom, My Lord, and my God; by a sweet Monopoly it engrosses all to its self; and yet leaves enough for others. Now a man that strongly grasps a Jewel in his hand, knows that he has it; the hand of Faith layes hold on Christ, and knows that it receives him; so the want of Assurance in a Believer, does meerly flow from the weakness of Faith; for though it be true, that to believe, and to know that I believe,

believe, be two distinct Acts; yet this you must know and observe, that the strength and clearness of a direct Act, will necessarily infer a reflex Act. Those truths which I do clearly and evidently know, I also know that I know them. And that which I strongly believe, I know that I believe it; so the want of Assurance comes from the imbecility of Faith. And the Papists that place Faith only in a meer assent, may well deny Assurance; for they take away that clasping and closing power by which it should unite it self with its object.

3. From the Nature of the Promises; for this is the drift of the Promises (as 'tis *Hebr.*6.18.) *That the Heirs of Promise might have strong Consolation*: Now a Believer can have but weak and unstable comfort without Assurance. What if all the Clusters of *Canaan* were laid on an heap? What if all the Cordials of the Gospel were strain'd into one Cup? were the soul any thing the better if it must only Tantalize, see them, and want them? What sweetness can a Christian draw from a Promise, till he knows that it belongs unto him? Will this enrich a man, to know that there are Pearls and Diamonds in the World? Will this satisfie a fainting *Israelite*, to know that there is a *Canaan*, a Land that flowes with milk and honey, although (it may be) he shall ne're come neer't? Nay, is it not a greater sting and vexation for the soul to think, I know there are pure fountains and pleasant streams, but yet I may die with thirst? there are spiritual dainties, and precious delicacies, but I am not sure to have one taste of them; many a Promise looks with a pleasant and propitious eye, but 'tis not fixt upon my soul; so that take away a Christians interest and propriety in a Promise, and what becomes of his Consolation? God has given his Word, his Oath, his Seal, his Earnest, and all to this very end, that a poor Christian may be assur'd of his salvation, that he might have strong and vigorous consolation; so that to deny him this, is to annihilate the Word of God, to frustrate the Oath of God, to evacuate the Seal of God, and as much as in them lies, to make him lose his Earnest, and to leave the soul in an intricate and perplex't condition.

4. From the Nature of Christian hope: There's a vast difference between the Moralists hope, and that which is the Theological grace, and yet this is scarce took notice of; they require these three ingredients into the object of hope; that it must be (1) *bonum*,

num,(2.) *futurum*,(3.)*incertum*; but Christian hope is certain and infallible,it looks upon good as to come,and as certain to come; indeed 'tis nothing but ἄγκυρα τῆς πίστεως, as *Clem. Alexand.* elegantly, blood running in the veins of Faith; if Hope expire, Faith will presently bleed to death. That good which Faith sees, Hope waits for; Faith eyes it as present,but yet at a distance,and Hope tarries for it till it come. Christian Hope is nothing but a waiting and expectation of a certain good; you have a pregnant Text for this in *Hebr.*6.19. *Which Hope we have as an Anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast*. Hope were but a poor Anchor if it should leave the soul to the courtesie of a Wave, to the clemency of a Rock, to the disposing of a Storm. Hope were but a weak Anchor, if it should let the soul be lost with uncertainties, if it should leave it in danger of ship-wrack; I,but this Anchor is ἀσφαλὴς τε καὶ βεβαία, and it pierces within the vail,it will be sure to have fast hold, 'twill fix upon heaven it self, upon the *sanctum sanctorum*. See another, *Rom.* 5. 2. Καυχώμεθα ἐπ' ἐλπίδι; Now that's a poor glory to triumph in uncertainties, to triumph before the Victory; little cause of joy and exultation, till the soul be provided for Eternity. I can tell you the very possibility of being damn'd, is enough to extinguish joy; so that till the soul come to be in a safe condition, safe for all Eternity; and till it know it self to be in this safe condition, 'tis so far from being joyful, as that it cannot tell how to be quiet. A probable hope will bear up and support the soul, *a door of hope in the Valley of Achor*; but it will not quiet and satisfie the soul. The least dawning of hope in the initials of grace, does mightily cherish and encourage the soul. O how pleasant are the eye-lids of the Morning! how welcome is the day-break after a dark and disconsolate Night! Nay, the very possibility of being saved, was that which first drew us all to look after Heaven; the very Consideration, that there was *Balm in Gilead*: But the weary soul will ne're rest here; the Dove will ne're take this for an Ark: No,the beams of Gods love will shine out stronger and brighter upon the soul, and ripen his hope into Assurance. Christian hope, when 'tis in its full vigour, is all one with Assurance, *Rom.* 5. 5. ἡ δ' ἐλπὶς οὐ καταισχύνει, but if hope could be frustrated, it then might make asham'd; disappointment would cause a blush; hope differr'd, will make the heart sick, and uncertain hope will scarce make the soul well; a Christians hope

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is not like that of *Pandora*, which may flie out of the Box, and bid the soul farewell; no, 'twill ne're vanish, till it be swallowed up in fruition. The hope of the Hypocrite, 'tis as his righteousness, like the morning-dew; but the hope of a Christian 'tis like the morning-light, the least beam of it shall commence into a compleat Sun-shine, 'tis *Aurora gaudii*, and it shall shine out brighter and brighter till perfect day. We shall further clear this truth, if you consider the manner how Christians are assured of their salvation, the third thing we propounded.

1. By the graces of God which are in them, those precious seeds of Immortality, and the Prints of the Spirit, by which they are sealed to the day of Redemption. Grace is the Spirits stamp by which it marks the soul for its own; the first-fruits of the Spirit, the least grace, if true and sincere, is sufficient to salvation; and therefore the sense of the least grace is sufficient to Assurance.

But how shall the soul know that it has these graces in truth, and not in shadow and colour only? how shall it be certain that these are not counterfeit and painted? *Object.*

There might be given many signs and characters of true grace, that it must flow from a principle of sincerity, from a principle of love, that it must be conformable to the grace of Christ; but all this will not satisfie, for the soul will still question, how shall I know that my graces are such? so then that which we must ultimately resolve it into, is, that in *Rom.*8.16. For *in the mouth of two or three Witnesses every thing shall be established*: Now we have here two Witnesses, *omni exceptione majores*, we have a double Testimony, a twin-Testimony. *The same Spirit beareth witness with our Spirits that we are the sons of God*; συμμαρτυρεῖ, he confirms what the other sayes; both the witnesses do fully agree, and make up one entire testimony, the soul may say here, as *Paul*, *Rom.* 9.1. *I speak the truth, I lie not, my Conscience bearing me witness by the Holy Ghost.* *Sol.*

The whole work of Assurance is summ'd up in this Practical Syllogism, *Whosoever believes shall be saved; but I believe, and so shall certainly be saved.* The Assumption is put out of doubt.

1. Conscience comes in with a full testimony: And if natural Conscience be a thousand Witnesses, then sure an enlightned and sanctified Conscience, can be no less than ten thousand;

1 *John*

1 John 3. 10. *He that believes, has a Witness in himself*, a Certificate in his own breast, τὴν μαρτυρίαν ἐν ἑαυτῷ: for as the same Apostle, 1 John 3. 2. *Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God.* καρδία here is the same with Conscience; for the Hebrews have no other word for Conscience, but לב. So then, if our heart acquit us, παῤῥησίαν ἔχομεν, we have as much liberty as we can desire. It fears not now the edge of the Law, nor the fiery darts of Satan: it doth not stagger with sense of its own weakness and unworthiness; but comes with confidence to the Throne of grace.

Object. 1. Jer. 17. 9. עקב הלב מכל. *Supplantativum Cor præ omnibus*, so *Arias Montanus*, ואנש דו, *& inscrutabile, desperabile*, so *Hierom* and our Translation, *desperately wicked*; 'tis properly *insanabile*. Some think *Paul* alludes to this place, and does explain it in *Rom.* 2. 5. κατὰ τὴν σκληρότητά σου καὶ ἀμετανόητον καρδίαν. The Seventy read the words, ואנוש דו and translate it accordingly.

Sol. 1. 1. Now as for the mind of the place; I find Expositors of great name and worth, understanding it of the unregenerate heart, of the heart of man that is in the state of corrupt nature, of whom 'tis said, that *All the imaginations of the thoughts of mans heart, are altogether evil continually.*

Sol. 2. 2. The drift of the Text, is, to shew the deceitfulness of mens hearts in respect of others; for 'tis brought in by way of Objection. The Jews they are cunning and subtile, and can delude the Prophets, and so think to evade the Curse. No; but *I the Lord search the hearts*: I have a fair window, an open prospect into the most reserved Spirit; 'tis as clear as Chrystal to my eye.

Sol. 3. 3. Yet 'tis true, that the most sincere heart is very deceitful, the heart of a *David*, of a man after Gods own heart, is full of windings and turnings, and many deviations, such secret passages as himself knows not of. For *who hath known the errour of his wayes?* No man yet had such a piercing insight into his own soul, as to be acquainted with every motion of it. None can so anatomize his own spirit, that it shall be γυμνὴ καὶ τετραχηλισμένη, so as every vein and nerve, and muscle shall be obvious and apparent to his eye: But what does this hinder, but that the general frame and bent of the Spirit, the byas and inclination of the soul may be clearly known? The soul knows which way its faculties stream with most vehemency. Conscience cannot be brib'd, 'twill

give

give in true judgment, especially an illightned Conscience. There's none, but if he search and examine his own soul in a strict and impartial manner, may know whether he be sincere and cordial or no. There's none but may know the general frame and temper of his spirit, 1 *Cor.* 2. 11. *Who knows the things of a man, but the spirit of a man that is in him?* The Testimony of Conscience is certain and infallible. Many a wicked man by this is assur'd, that for the present he is in a miserable and damnable condition; he knows certainly that as yet he is out of the Covenant; and hence many times there are lightning flashes of terrour flie in his face, the very sparks of Hell compass him about. Does not thy Conscience often tell thee, O prophane wretch, that as yet thou art a Child of wrath, and galloping to Damnation with a full Cariere? why then may not the heart of a Christian tell him as certainly, that he is a Child of God by Adoption, and an Heir of Promise? nay, speak, O Christian, where ere thou art, and speak aloud, that we may hear thee; does not thine own soul tell thee that thou art in a sure and happy condition? so sure as *nothing shall be able to separate thee from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.* Why are Christians so often enjoyn'd, πειράζειν, δοκιμάζειν, to try their own hearts, to search their spirits, if that after all their diligence they can't tell what to think of them? All uses of Examination were vain and frivolous, which yet are the very life and spirits of preaching. And *Ames* tells us of a *donum discretionis*, which Christians have, by which they can discerne true grace from counterfeit. There are certain κριτήρια, by which they may distinguish them, and judge of them in themselves, though not in others certainly.

If all thus by the Testimony of Conscience may know their own frame of Spirit, whether they be upright or no; why then are not all true Christians assur'd of their salvation? what have they not their consciences and hearts about them? *Object.* 2.

1. Many are not sufficiently acquainted with their own Spirits, they do not keep so strict a watch over themselves, they are not versit in their own hearts, they don't try and search their wayes, they have riches and a treasure, and do not know it. *Sol.* 1.

2. It is in so great and weighty a matter: Eternity does so amaze and swallow up the thoughts, as that they are ready to tremble, where they are certain and secure; A man on the top of *Sol.* 2.

a tower knows that he is safe enough, and yet when he looks down he is afraid of falling.

3. Conscience sometimes gives a dark and cloudy testimony, when 'tis disquieted and charg'd with new guilt, the soul can't so clearely reade its evidences. And then it begins to question its condition. It may be it has dealt hypocritically in some one particular; and now it begins to question all its sincerity.

We do not say then that Conscience does always give a clear and full Testimony, but sometimes it does, and that with absolute certainty.

2. Now comes in the second witnesse, and the great and supreme testimony of *the Spirit himself, witnessing with our Spirits that we are the Sons of God*, Rom. 8. 16. we render it, *the same Spirit*, but in the fountain it is *the Spirit it self*, not τὸ αὐτὸ πνεῦμα, but αὐτὸ τὸ πνεῦμα, not only the gifts and graces of the Spirit, but the Spirit it self.

Object. This Testimony seems to be coincident with the other, for a man can't tell his own sincerity: 'tis the Spirit that must reveal a man to himself; The soul can't see its own face unlesse the Spirit unmask it; The Spirit is more present and conversant with the soul, than the soul is with it self. He does not only know our hearts, but *he is greater than our hearts, and knows all things.*

Sol. We'l easily grant, that to the least motion in spirituals, there is necessarily requir'd the concurrence of the Holy Ghost; but withal, we say that there's a mighty difference between the working of the Spirit, and the Testimony of the Spirit. There's a powerful and efficacious work of the Spirit, when faith is wrought in the soul: but yet there is not the Testimony of the Spirit, for every believer has not presently the Seale set to him; so that though the Testimony of our own spirit cannot be without the help and influence of the Spirit, yet 'tis clearly distinct from the Testimony of the Spirit; for here the Spirit does enable the soul to see its graces by a present light, by the soules light; But when it comes with a Testimony, then it brings a new light of its own, and lends the soule some auxiliary Beams, for the more clear and full revealing of it, so that you see according to that plain text in the *Romanes*, *There are two distinct Testimonies, the Spirit witnessing with our spirits*; And St. *John* is most expresse, *Beloved, if our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God.* Now the Testimony of the Spirit is, 1.) A

1.) A clear Testimony, a full and satisfying light springs in upon the soul, scatters all cloudes, all doubts and questions; 'tis as evident as any demonstration; 1 *John* 3. 24. *By this we know that he dwells in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us.* Christ when he went to heaven, he left the Comforter, not only to the Church in general, but to every particular soul that believes, to print his love upon the soul, ὅ τιν δὲ τὸ πνεῦμα μαρτυρῆ πία λοιπὸν ἀμφιβολία, εἰ μὲν τὶ ἄνθρωπος, ἢ ἄγγελος, ἢ ἀρχάγγελος· &c. *Chrysost.* If a Creature, though never so glittering, should tell men so, there might still be some hesitancy; I, but the Spirit witnesses. The secret and inward Testimony of the Spirit is as strong and efficacious; nay, more powerful than if 'twere with an outward voice. If an Angel from heaven were sent on purpose to a Christian by Christ himself: Go tell him that I love him, that I shed my blood for him, &c. 'twere not so certain.

2.) A sure Testimony, for 'tis the witnesse of the Spirit, who can neither deceive, nor be deceived, μαρτὺς ὲκ τῶν δὺο ἀλήτων, *sufficientissimum Testimonium*, as *Cajetan.*

1. He can't deceive, for he is Truth it self.

2. He can't be deceived, for he is all Eye. Omniscience it self: And he does κοινωνὲν τὰ βάθη τῦ Θεῦ, he dwells in the breast and bosome of God: he is fully acquainted with the minde of God, and he reveales it to the soul. The Papists make the Spirits Testimony to bring but a conjectural certainty. But the most renowned *Perkins* answers them, (1) That 'tis such a certainty as makes them *Cry Abba Father*: not only think so, and speak so, but with all courage, confidence, intention of Spirit, *Cry* Abba Father. (2) It is opposed to the Spirit of bondage, and therefore takes away doubtings and tremblings. (3.) The very end why the Holy Ghost comes to the soul, is to make all sure, and therefore is call'd a seal and an earnest. God has given us the earnest of the Spirit, and he will not lose his earnest. Now he assures the soule

1. By a powerful Application of the promise, for as faith does appropriate the Promise on our part, so the Spirit applies it on Gods part. As Satan that lying Spirit, casts in doubts and fears, and tremblings, and working upon the remainder of corruption, plots against the Peace and well-being of the soule; so this holy Spirit, by the comforting working upon that Principle of

grace, which he himself hath planted in the heart of a Christian, do's study and contrive the welfare of a Believer. And as the Spirit of bondage do's strongly apply wrath and the curse; so this sweet Spirit of Adoption applyes grace and mercy. The Spirit of bondage strikes terrour into the soul, by a mighty Application of wrath; this curse flames against thee; this threatning is shot off against thee; these vials of wrath are prepar'd for thy soul: So the Spirit of Adoption do's set on strong and vigerous apprehensions of mercy; this pearle of price, 'tis to enrich thee; these Evangelical cordials, are to revive thee; this balme in *Gilead* is prepar'd for thy soul. The Spirit of Adoption speaks love and peace & pardon; and that by particular Application of the Promise to us; As when the Promise of remission of sins, and life everlasting by Christ is generally propounded in the Ministry of the Word: the holy Ghost do's particularly apply it to the heart of such a one, and does seale up the Promise to the soul; That when Faith sayes, this Promise is mine, this belongs to me; the Spirit do's strongly apply it, this is thine indeed, and this does belong to thee: These are the secret Ψιθυρισμοὶ, the whisperings and breathings of the holy Spirit, the secret בת קול by which it converses with the soul; The Spirit of God has free, and often entercourse with a beleeving spirit. And this is far enough from any vain Enthusiasme, any extraordinary Revelation; 'tis no imaginary thing, but such as many a soul is acquainted with, and has tasted of.

2. By a bright irradiation beaming out upon the soul, and clearing its evidences, discovering its graces, and shewing them to be true and genuine; not only by giving the soul a spirit of discerning, (for that we refer'd to the former Testimony;) but the Spirit brings in its own light, and makes those graces, which were visible before, more eminently conspicuous; *The spirit of a man*, was *the Candle of the Lord*, (as the wise man speaks) which gave a weaker and dimmer light, but yet such as was enough to manifest the Object: I, but now there are glorious Sun-beams come rushing in upon the spirit, the Spirit shines in the soul with healing under his wings. The graces of the Spirit these flow, like a pure and Crystalline stream; and the light of the Spirit shines out upon them, and gilds the water. See a plain Text for this, 1 *Cor.* 2. 12. *We have received the Spirit which is of God, that we might*

might know the things which are freely given us of God: Light sets a glosse upon all the world. and this spiritual light gives a lustre and oriency to graces: it puts a beauty upon them, such as the soul is much taken with; We have received an heavenly light, that we may see heavenly things: Now thou knowest thy Faith to be lively, and thy repentance to be sound; thy Sorrow to be ingenuous, and thy Obedience sincere; thy love to be unfeign'd, and thy fear to be filial: for the Spirit has set his seale to all thy graces, and has acknowledged them for his own.

O but many have thought they have had the Spirit, when they had it not: and the Divel, that foule spirit, can transforme himself into an Angel of light. *Objekt.*

But 1. One mans self-deceit does not prejudice anothers certainty. What if one man flatter himself in a false light, and please himself in a meere shadow of Assurance; must all men needs follow his example? A man that is in a dream, thinks himself awake, when he is not: I, but (I hope) for all this, a man that is awake, may certainly know, that he is so. Many a traveller has thought himself in the right way, when he has been out of it: and yet this does not hinder, but that he, that is well acquainted with the road, may know that he is in his way. What if one man take Copper for Gold, must all men do so too? One mans folly and vanity does not at all hinder anothers Assurance. *Sol.*

2. The Spirit comes with a convincing beam; Light shews both it self and other things too; the Sun by its glorious beams does paraphrase and comment upon its own glittering Essence; and the Spirit displayes himself to the soul, and gives a full manifestation of his own presence. The soul knows the aspect of the Spirit, better then we do the face of a friend. The light of a presumptuous wretch, is like a blazing Comet, and does but portend his ruine: it carries a venemous and malignant influence in it; and the light of an hypocrite is but a flash, and coruscation, very brief and transient. A man may sooner take a glow-worme for the Sun, than an experienced Christian can take a false delusion for the light of the Spirit.

3. There is a twin light springing from the word and the Spirit. *Try the spirits; To the Law, and to the Testimony: if they speak not according to this rule, it is because there is no morning in them.* The Scripture was all endited by the Spirit, and the Spirit cannot

not contradict himself: You do but grieve the Spirit, (whoe're you are) that pretend to any Revelation, that agrees not with the Word: Nay, the Spirit has revealed his whole minde in the Word, and will give no other Revelation, any otherwise than we have spoken of. And whoever he is that Rebels against the light of the Word, he shall never have the light of the Spirit. Whil'st thou dost not follow the directing light of the Spirit, thou shalt never have the quickening and cherishing beames of it.

And thus you have heard the double Testimony: the Spirit witnessing with our spirit, and now you must know, that

1. The Testimony of Gods Spirit is alwayes accompanied with the Testimony of our own spirit: and so that word, *Rom.* 8. is significant, συμμαρτυρεῖ which is properly of one, that does only confirme what the other sayes: But then

2. A man may have the testimony of his own spirit, that has not the witnesse of Gods spirit. The *S*pirit as it breaths when it pleases, so it shines when it pleases too: Well then, the question is, whether the Christian who has but the single testimony of his own spirit, may be assur'd of his salvation?

Mr. *Perkins* propounds the case, and resolves it thus: If the testimony of the Spirit be wanting, then the other testimony, the sanctification of heart, will suffice to assure us. We know it sufficiently to be true, and not painted fire, if there be heat, though there be no flame, thus he: And his meaning is as indeed the thing is, that it is a true Assurance, though not so bright an Assurance. I may see a thing certainly by the light of a candle, and yet I may see it more clearly by the light of the Sun. And for my part, I think that certainty do's not consist *in puncto*, but may admit of a latitude; and receive *magis* and *minus*: And the contrary principle do's delude many. There's an absolute and infallible certainty in faith, and by this I know the creation of the World: well, but besides this I know it by reason and by unquestionable demonstration, and I think this addes to my certainty. So here; though one testimony be enough for Assurance, yet a double testimony makes it more glorious. Certainty admits of degrees, and a man may be more certain of a thing, that he is already certain of. Take two Christians, both may be assur'd of their salvation; and yet one may have a clearer assurance than the

the other has: One may have a double testimony, and another but a single. Nay, the same soul may have at one time a double testimony, and at another but a single. The light of the Spirit may, and do's often withdraw it self, and leave only the witnesse of our own spirit; and yet then the soul has Assurance. But yet the soul should aime at the highest Plerophory, at the top of Assurance: Then *quench not the Spirit*, lest you put out your own joy; grieve not so sweet an inhabitant, that comes to comfort you, give him no cause to withdraw his light.

Quest. But what if the soul have not the witnesse of Gods Spirit, nor of its own spirit neither? What if it have no present light, no certain evidence?

Answ. There's one way left yet; have recourse to former Assurance. Do'st thou certainly know and remember, that once thou had'st a sweet serenity of soul? that an inlight'ned conscience upon good grounds, did speak peace unto thee? Did'st thou never see the light of the Spirit crowning thy soul with satisfying beames? Art thou sure that once he did bear witnesse with thy spirit, that thou wert the childe of God? Why then, be sure still, that thou art in the same condition, for there's no totall falling from grace. Thy light (it may be) is put out for the present: Conscience does not speak so friendly to thee, as 'twas wont. And thou hast griev'd the Spirit, and he has took it unkindely, and has held off his light for a while: But now canst thou remember the dayes of old, when the Rock pour'd out Oile unto thee, when thy branch was green and flourishing? Canst thou certainly recall thy former Assurance? Canst tell the time when the Spirit did set his seale unto thee, and confirm'd all thine Evidences? Well then, lay down but perseverance for a ground, and thou art still assur'd of thy salvation. The Spirits testimony is of an eternal truth: *And heaven and earth shall sooner passe away, then one beam of this light shall vanish* though now it be not apparent to thy eye. When the soul for the present is cloudy and dark, it may cherish it self with former Assurance. Now that a soul may have no sensible Assurance for the present, and yet may remember former Assurance, is clear in that holy man *David*. Psal. 51. 12. *Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free Spirit. Davids* joy was extinguisht, and he would fain have it lighted againe: Three things imply'd in the

word *Reſtore.* 1. That for the preſent it was taken away, 2. That once he had it. 3. He remembers that he had it, and therefore prayes, *Reſtore unto me the joy of thy ſalvation, and uphold me with thy free Spirit*; that was the ſpring of *Davids* joy; the teſtimony of the Spirit witneſſing with his ſpirit, was that which did uphold and ſtaffe up the ſoul. *Devids* own ſpirit was now very unquiet, and Gods Spirit did withdraw himſelf; and now the beſt refreſhment that *David* has, is from former Aſſurance. 'Tis true, there it ſome ſadneſſe and bitterneſſe in this conſideration, when a Chriſtian ſhall think what he has loſt. O, my ſoul was once a beautiful Temple full of fair windowes, and goodly proſpects, and glorious l ght? I could take a proſpect of *Canaan* when I pleaſed; but now *I dwell in the tents of Kedar*, nothing but blackneſſe and darkneſſe. There is trouble and a ſting in theſe thoughts; but yet there is ſome honey and ſweetneſſe too: Was I not once a friend of God, and does he uſe to forſake his friends? Did he not once ſpeake peace to thee, and does he uſe to recall his words? Did not he ſhed his love in thy heart, and is not his love immortall? Did not his Spirit ſeale up thy ſoul, and is not the print of that ſeale indelible? Speak, did not he once ſhew thee thy name written with his owne hand in the Book of Life, and does he uſe to blot out what hs has written? Doeſt not thou remember; did not he ſmile upon thee in ſuch and ſuch an Ordinance, and are his ſmiles deceitful? O no! reſt ſatisfyed, O Chriſtian ſoul, and quiet thy ſelf in thoſe rich expreſſions of his Love, which he has formerly beſtowed upon thee; O queſtion not his goodneſſe, but prepare thy ſelf for receiving of it. The ſtreams are dryed up, but yet the fountaine's full; thou haſt had ſome taſtes of it, though now thou art dry and thirſty; and thou ſhalt have in time freſh but blings up of his grace towards thee: in the *interim*, take this for a cordial. Theſe former drops which thou haſt taſted of it, will cheriſh thy ſoul to all eternity. The leaſt drop of grace ſhall never be exhauſted, the leaſt ſpark of true joy ſhall never be extinguiſht; all the floods that the Dragon can vomit out of his mouth, ſhall never be able quench it. But then

4. Put the caſe thus, that there be no Sun-light, nor Starre-light, nor reliques of former light; neither the teſtimony of Gods Spirit, nor of our own ſpirits, nor any recalling of former aſſurance; what muſt the ſoul do now? Now look to the dawning

of

of the day, to the first *Crepusculum*; look now to the initials of grace, to the preface of Sanctification. Thou canst not, it may be, shew any faire and lively pourtraicture; I, but hast thou the first draughts, and rudiments of holinesse? Thou hast not any goodly and delicious clusters of *Canaan*; O but see if the tender grape do bud. There are not any ripe fruits of the Spirit, but yet are there some blossomings of holinesse? Thy graces don't flow out in so full and faire a stream; but canst thou see any bubblings up of goodnesse in thee? Thou hast not yet the strength of a well grown Christian, well, but is there the *vagitus* of an Infant? Look now to the souls prizing of a Christ, to the whimprings after the breast, to the breathings and longings after its Beloved, thoughts upon him, desires for him, endeavours after him; there's much comfort and sweetnesse in these: I, and some kinde of Assurance. For

(1) Be sure, that God that has begun this great work in thee, will never give over till it be full and compleat; he does not use to leave his work imperfect. The least tendency to goodness, is cherished by him; The very first motion, tis of his own planting, and it shall lack for no watering, and he himself will give it an increase.

(2) The least seed of grace, as tis choice and precious; so 'tis very vigorous and operative, it will never leave working till Christ be formed in thee. *Who hath despised the day of small things?* Thy spark may spread it self into a flame, and thy tender bud may flourish, and bring forth much fruit. He that is richest in grace, began with as little a stock. He that is now a tall Cedar, was once a tender plant. Improve but present strength, and God will send thee in fresh supplies Auxiliary forces, and thou shalt walk from strength to strength, till thou appearest before God in glory. Thy light shall shine out brighter and brighter till perfect day, *Donec stabiliatur dies*, according to the *Syriac*, till thou com'st to a firme and well established Assurance. The least peeping out of light, the least dawning of the day is pleasant and comfortable.

5. If thou canst not spy out any grace in thy self, borrow light of another. Lay open thy soul to an Interpreter, one of a thousand, he may explain thy condition, and paraphraze upon thy soul better than thou thy self canst. This Interpreter, one of a thou-

sand

ſand may more exactly analyſe thy condition, and ſhew the context and coherence of it. 'Tis the ſpeech of *Elihu*, Job 33. 23. There meets him a meſſenger, an Interpreter, one among a thouſand, to ſhew unto him his uprightneſſe; Hee'l ſhew thee, here's grace, and there's grace, here's a true pearle, and there's a ſpark, though in aſhes, and there's an evidence. A diſcerning and experienced Chriſtian may ſhew thee cauſe of joy, when thou canſt finde none thy ſelf. Tis no ſhame to borrow light, eſpecially ſpiritual light.

6. One ſtep further. What if after all this there be not the leaſt glimmering of light, nothing of a ſpark, nothing of a beam? a totall eclipſe, all clouds and blackneſſe and darkneſſe and the very valley of the ſhadow of death? yet even here will we fear none ill.

1. When reflex acts are wanting, be ſure to multiply direct acts: when there is no certainty of Evidence, yet even then have a certainty of Adherence and Recumbency. Now graſp a Promiſe, take faſt hold of that precious offer; rolle thy ſelf upon the free grace of a God in Chriſt; lay all the ſtreſſe of thy ſalvation upon it, with a gallant and heroical reſolution; *If I periſh, I periſh.* Thus *Job*, *Though he kill me, yet will I truſt in him.* Thus our Saviour, *My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me?* And this muſt needs be a ſtrong act of faith, even then to rely upon God when he ſeems thine enemy; to truſt in an angry and diſpleaſed God; and when he frowns on thee, yet then to lean upon him. Like men ready to be drowned, be ſure to take faſt hold; caſt Anchor, though in the dark.

2. Study ſelf-denyal, and though thou long and breath after Aſſurance; yet reſigne up thy ſelf wholly to his will, and be content to want Aſſurance, if he ſee it beſt for thee. Take heed of murmuring in the wilderneſſe, in the ſaddeſt and moſt deſerted condition. Throw thy ſelf at his feet; with this reſolution; O my God, I'le bleſſe thee for thoſe eternal treaſures of ſweerneſſe that are in thy ſelf, though I ſhould never taſte of them: I'le bleſſe thee for thoſe ſmiles of thy face, which thou beſtoweſt upon others, though thou wilt not caſt one gracious look upon my ſoule: I'le bleſſe thee for thoſe rich offers of grace thou makeſt unto me, though I have not a heart to lay hold of them.

3. Put

3. Put thy soul into a waiting posture, and stay till he please to display some of himself unto thee, and make some of his goodness pass before thee. One beam of his countenance, one gracious smile, one propitious glance of his eye, the least crumb of the hidden Manna; 'tis worth waiting for all thy life-time. And when I speak of waiting, I mean not that the soul should stand still, and do nothing; no, this were against the Text, *Give diligence, &c.* improve all present strength; wait upon him in prayer, beg one glimpse of him, be earnest for a taste, for a relish of the hidden Manna; and wait upon him in his Ordinances, here the Spirit breaths, here Manna's rain'd down, here God shews his face; here's the sealing place, the Spirit confirms the Word, and prints it upon thy soul. Thus wait upon him in his own way; I, and wait upon him in his own time too, don't think time tedious; He that believes, makes not haste, which St. *Paul* renders; *He that believes, is not ashamed*; as if to make haste and be asham'd, were all one. God will wonderfully prepare the soul, that he means to fill with his love. Assurance is too precious a thing to be pour'd into every spirit; He won't *put new wine into old bottles.* God is all this while making thee more capable of his love; and though for the present thou hast no Assurance, yet thus trusting and waiting upon him, thou art in a great tendency to it. And put the worst that can be imagin'd, that thou shouldst dye under a cloud; yet thy condition were safe, and thou shalt come then to a full Assurance; nay, to a full possession of thine inheritance; and thou shalt see the glorious Sun-shine of the face of God, a beam of which thou didst so much long for here.

We come now to the fourth particular; those special Sealing times, when Christians have their Assurance and Plerophory.

1. Many times at their first conversion, God does then seal up the work of grace in the soul. When the Spirit of Bondage has past upon the soul, and by a strong conviction, has apply'd particularly guilt and wrath unto it; the fatal sentence is pronounc't, and the soul is fill'd with the scorching pre-apprehensions of hell and damnation, and trembles at the very thought of eternity: Now for the Gospel to bring thee welcome news of a pardon, and for the Spirit of Adoption to apply grace and mercy [illegible] the

soul: for the prison-doors to be broken open, and a poor captive set at liberty; to have all the chains and fetters beaten off, and to be brought into a marvelous light; to have all the balm of *Gilead* pour'd into him, Evangelical fruitions and cordials prepar'd for him, and which is the very extraction and quintessence of all, the love of a Saviour shed into his heart. What strong impressions of joy, think you, must there be in such a soul? What precious infusions of spiritual sweetness? What secret springings and elevations of Spirit? What triumphs, what Jubilees, what love-raptures? *I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine.* I must appeal to your breasts that have found this great and heavenly work wrought upon your soul; 'tis you only that have tasted the joy of the Holy Ghost, that is glorious and unspeakable. And do you tell us, had not ye then the first relish of the hidden Manna? was not it very sweet and delicious? hadst not thou then the first glimpse of the White Stone? and was not it very bright and orient? hadst not thou then the Spouses kiss, and was not it precious and more worth than a world? didst not thou then first hear the soft language and whisperings of the Spirit, and was not his voice lovely and pleasant? I know your souls dance within you, with the very recalling of so happy and golden a time, and you pant and breath after more of this communion with a Saviour, and truly he deserves an *Anathema*, that does not preferre the very possibility of having of it before all the world. *Hosea* 11.1. *When* Israel *was a child, then I lov'd him; I taught* Ephraim *also to go, taking them by their arms,* חזקתי; I taught him to foot it on the wayes of Religion, ὁδοποιῶ; *I drew them with the cords of a man, all gentle and perswasive solicitations, with bands of love, I was to them as they that take off the yoke on their jaws, and I laid meat unto them.* The yoke of bondage the soul was under, God freed the soul, brought him to an easie, pleasant yoke, to an Evangelical yoke. God has a speciál care of tender plants; when *Israel* was a tender vine, O then he fenc'd it, and hedg'd it, and shone out upon it, &c.

Now Christ is thus pleas'd to reveal his love, to unbosome himself unto the souls of young Converts, for their greater encouragement in the wayes of grace: At the first step to heaven, he gives them a *viaticum*. If after the soul had been steept in legal humiliation, and possest with fears and terrours and amazements,

com-

compass't with clouds, and now at last it has been drawn by a mighty work to receive a Saviour; If after all this it should have no Sun-shine, 'twould droop and languish, and be ready to pine away; 'twould be very unfit and unserviceable, the wheels of the soul would move heavily: God therefore oiles the wheels, pours *the Oile of gladness* into the soul. And now it moves like the chariots of *Aminadab*, with a nimble spontaneity. Christ begins to flourish through the Lattices, lets in some of his love into the soul; I, and gives it a sense of this love too, and this constrains it to obedience; and sets the soul a longing for more of this love, and for more sense of this love; and so it will never leave longing, till it have a full fruition of it in heaven. This is Gods method, this is the usual progress of grace in the soul.

And hence you may see why young Converts are usually so active in the ways of Religion, so forward and vehement. O, they have fresh apprehensions of the love of a Saviour; what an eminent alteration he has wrought in them; how they are rais'd from death to life? O, they can tell you long stories of his goodness; what great things he h th done for their soul. So that their affections are rais'd; there's a flush of joy, the soul runs over, and knows no banks, no bounds. Thus God does many times seal up the work of grace in the soul, and gives a satisfying light at the first conversion: but yet I cannot say that this is alwayes so, for there are diversities of workings, and grace sometimes wrought in the soul after a more still and undiscernable manner; as we shall have occasion to speak more hereafter.

2. Sacrament-times, are sealing times. I speak of the Sacrament of the Lords Supper; for as for those secret breathings of the Spirit upon Infants in that other Sacrament of Baptisme, they are altogether unsearchable, and past finding out. Now in the Lords Supper you have the New Covenant seal'd up unto the soul; the soul has not only his graces encreased, but they are printed clearer; that seal of the Spirits does print a Christians evidences with a clearer stamp. You have plain and visible representations of the love of a Saviour; and you have the sense of this love pour'd out into you. A Christian feeds not only upon Sacramental bread, but upon *hidden Manna* too, and his tastes

of that love that is sweeter than wine. Here's *a feast of fat things; The soul is satisfied as with marrow and sweetness*; spiritual refreshments like fat things, they are sweet, and they are filling too; yet not like other fat things, that have a cloying fulsomeness in them; no, these carry a delicious relish with them, such as the soul takes present complacency in them, and has a longing appetite for them. The soul never nauseats the feast of fat things, but the more it feeds upon them, the more it hungers after them. Now the two grand ends of this Sacrament in reference to a Christian, are (1.) Growth of Grace. (2.) Sense of Grace. 'Tis a Sacrament of Augmentation by which a new-born-infant-soul may grow up to its just proportion and full stature in Jesus Christ; and 'tis a Sacrament evidencing this his condition to the soul. Christians come hither *ad corroborandum Titulum*; *the smoaking flax* comes hither to have some light, and *the bruised reed* comes hither to have some strength; the worm *Jacob* crawls into the presence of a Saviour, and is sent away with an encouraging voice, *Fear not, thou worm Jacob*. Many a tender babe in Christ, has stretcht out its weak and trembling hand, to lay hold of a Saviour, and has found vertue coming out from him. Many a thirsty soul has come breathing and panting after the streams of water; 'thas open'd his mouth wide, and he has fill'd it. The longing and affectionate soul has come with vehement and enlarg'd desires, and has found full expressions and manifestations of his love towards her. Many a cloudy soul has come hither to see if he could spy out one beam, and has been sent away brighter than the Sun in all its glory. You that come hither with the most ample and capacious souls; tell us whether you ben't fill'd up to the brim, whether your cup don't overflow? O what heavenly entercourse is there between you and a Saviour; what pleasant aspects? what mutual love-glances? what smiles and blandishments? Don't you find in your own souls, a full Paraphrase upon the book of the *Canticles*, that book of Loves? He comes with an earthy and drossie soul, that is not rais'd and advanc't with such glorious mysteries.

And yet my meaning is not, as if every true Christian that had received this Sacrament, must needs have Assurance; No, we know

1. Believers themselves may receive unworthily, as the Christian.

ſtian *Corinthians*, (when *Paul* tells them they came together for the worſe, and not for the better, he ſpeaks it of ſuch as were truly in the ſtate of grace. Thus he concludes his diſcourſe, *You are chaſtened of the Lord, that you might not be condemned with the world.* And thus the ſoul may go from a Sacrament with leſs comfort than it brought thither.

2. Many that have much joy and ſweetneſs from a Sacrament, real and ſpiritual joy, I and ſtrength and vigour too, yet it may be have it not in ſo great a proportion, in ſo high a meaſure; their cup is not ſo brim-ful, as that it ſhould reach to Aſſurance. All that do truly partake of theſe heavenly delicacies, yet don't go away equally ſatisfied. Some have but a taſte which is enough to cheriſh them, others a full draught which does mightily enliven them. So then, all we ſay is this, thoſe Chriſtians that have aſſurance, have it uſual at theſe times, and ſome Chriſtians that have wanted aſſurance, yet here have found it, which ſhould ſtrongly engage all to come hither with great and ſolemn preparation, quickening and exciting their graces, improving all preſent ſtrength, breathing and longing after theſe pleaſant ſtreams, widening and enlarging their affections, opening their mouths like a dry and thirſty land that waits for ſome ſatisfying ſhowers, and would fain be fill'd.

3. Times of employment are ſealing times. When God intends a Chriſtian for great and eminent ſervice, he firſt makes his goodneſs paſs before him, he ſheds ſome of his love into his heart, which does both conſtrain him to obedience, and encourage him in it; his ſmile makes the ſoul go cheerfully about his work, his preſence gives life and vigour to a performance. The ſervants of God wait on him, fix their eyes upon him, look whether he gives them a propitious glance, they walk in the light of his countenance, they follow the directions of his eye; they won't move unleſs he breath on them. *Moſes* won't ſtir without Aſſurance of his preſence. All the cluſters of *Canaan* ſhall not entice him, he had rather dwell with briars and thorns in the wilderneſs with the good will of him that dwells in the buſh: He had rather be in a barren, and deſolate, and howling wilderneſs, than in a pleaſant and fruitful land, in a delicious land without the preſence of his God. He knows there's no ſweetneſs in *Canaan* without him; there's more ſting than honey in the land of Promiſe,

Promiſe, unleſs he be there; and *Canaan* it ſelf will prove a wilderneſs if he with-draw himſelf. The beams of his gracious Preſence, theſe gild a place, they can turn a deſert into a Paradiſe, and can make a priſon glorious. The love of God in Chriſt 'us attractive and magnetical, and draws the ſoul along when 'tis once touch't with it, this will draw *Moſes* to the land of Promiſe, this will carry him through all difficulties. God ſheds ſome of this love into *Moſes* his heart, and then he goes on with cheerfulneſs and alacrity. And ſo 'twas with his Succeſſor *Joſhua*. God calls him to an honourable employment, to be the Shepherd of his little flock, to guide and govern his People *Iſrael*. Now how does he prepare him for ſo great a work? why, he ſtrengthens him, and hearten's him with a Promiſe of himſelf, with aſſurance of his love; *Fear not, but be of courage, I am with thee*: Thou haſt my preſence, thou ſhalt have my bleſſing; I have done much for thee, and I will do more for thee; be faithful in my ſervice, and be couragious, and don't doubt of the love of God towards thee. Thus God when he call'd *Abraham* to that great expreſſion of obedience in the ſacrificing of his *Iſaac*, he firſt warms his heart with his love, and ſeals up the Covenant of Grace to him: he ſpreads before him ample and comprehenſive Promiſes, *I am thy God All-ſufficient*; I am thy Buckler, and *thine exceeding great reward*; and this will bear up and ſupport *Abraham*, though the ſtaff of his old age be taken away, and by his own hands caſt into the fire.

And this was his uſual dealing with the Prophets, when he ſent them with great and weighty meſſages. He firſt reveals his goodneſs to them, before he reveals his mind by them; he aſſures them of directing mercy, of protecting mercy that ſhall bear them company, that ſhall go along with them: and this puts a generous undauntedneſs upon them, that they fear not the frowns of men, nor the threatnings of men, nor of the greateſt of men: this makes *Jeremy* to ſet his face like a flint, and *Eſay* to *lift up his voice like a Trumpet*, *to tell* Iſrael *their ſins*, *and* Judah *their tranſgreſſions*.

And this is that which prepares the Martyrs for their ſufferings. God tempers and allayes that Cup, he drops ſome of his goodneſs into it, and ſweetens it to them. He firſt ſets his ſeal to their ſouls, before they ſet their ſeal to his truth; he diets

them

them with the hidden Manna, and gives them before-hand the *white Stone*, as a sure pledge of victory. What is it but this that makes them devour torments, and come to them with an appetite? 'tis that that softens the flames, and turns them into a bed of Roses; 'tis this that fills their souls with joy, and their mouths with praises: that makes them more chearful in their sufferings, than their Saviour in his; for they usually have the face of a reconciled God shining out upon them, which was wholly withdrawn from him, when he cry'd out, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?*

4. Praying times are sealing times. The same Spirit that endites the Prayer, seals it up. When *Hannah* had put up her Prayer, 1 *Sam.* 1.18. the text sayes expressly, that *her countenance was no more sad.* As 'tis the great Priviledge of Assurance, that Christians may then with confidence cry *Abba Father*, so also 'tis a great means to Assurance. The hearing of Prayers is a mighty strengthening to faith; and the strengthening of faith does strongly tend to Assurance. Besides, Christians may pray for Assurance; they may be importunate for a glimpse of his face, for one beam, for one smile, and his bowels won't let him deny them. Hence you shall find it, that such as are most frequent in Prayer, are most blest with Assurance. Praying Christians have much entercourse and communion with their God. And thus there may be a National kind of Assurance, I say a National plerophory; when God shall pour out a Spirit of Prayer and Supplication upon his people, and they with united and concentricated abilities shall besiege the Throne of Grace; there is no doubt, there can be no doubt, but at length he will yield up such a mercy to his praying people.

5. Times of outward exigencies are sealing times, 2 *Cor.* 4.16. *Though our outward man decay, yet our inward man is renew'd daily*; that feeds upon hidden Manna, a precious restaurative for a fainting Christian: Manna you know was rain'd down in the wilderness; and when the Israelites provision failed them, then Manna was rain'd down. When the water-pots are fill'd up to the brim, then was the water presently turn'd into wine; and so this hidden Manna is provided for sad and cloudy conditions. We except only the case of total desertion, when the soul has not the least light shining in upon it, which is the severest judgement

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ments that a true Christian is capable of: but in other distresses, especially outward and temporal distresses, he does reveal himself more immediately to them. And though the creature frown, yet he will smile upon them. Believers they are the friends of God, and 'tis no part of friendship to forsake them in the saddest times. St. *John*, when a banisht man in the Isle of *Pathmos*, then God shews him that glorious *Revelation*. *Paul* and *Silas*, when in prison, then brim-full of joy, which breaks out into Psalmes of Praise. In the fiery trial, as there is some scorching, so there is some light too. And God does prepare his People for the seal of the Spirit, by thus melting and softening their heart; for the softer the heart is, the clearer will the Print of his love be. When God had brought that great sickness upon *Hezekiah*, and thus had dissolv'd and soft'ned his heart, he presently prints his love upon it: אתה חשקת נפשי, *Thou hast lov'd my soul from the grave.* God does then most express his love, when they have most need of it. The white Stone sparkles most orientally in the darkest condition. O how gloriously does God shine in upon the prisons of Martyrs? what frequent visits does he give them? it might even make men ambitious of their sufferings, that they might have some such expressions of his love towards them.

6. Times of Victory and Conquests over lusts and temptations are sealing times. God after such victories will give his People a triumph. This is exprest in that text of the *Revelation*, *Rev.* 2. 17. τῷ νικῶντι δώσω, *To him that overcomes will I give to eat of the hidden Manna, &c.* Thus when Saint *Paul* was wrastling with, and conquering that great temptation, whatever it was, that is mentioned in 2 *Corinthians* 12. God then gives to eat of the hidden Manna, and strengthens him with this, *My grace is sufficient for thee.* He gives him the white Stone with that Motto graven in it, *My grace, &c.* Thus that noble Christian, and famous Convert of *Italy Galeacius Caracciolus*, when he had scorn'd the pomp and lustre of the world, and had tramp'd upon all relations for the love of a Saviour: when Satan that cunning Angler of souls, had spent all his baits upon him, and he had refus'd them all: O then what a deal of precious sweetness slides into his soul? what rushings in of glorious joy? he had never such joy at *Nantes*, as he had at *Geneva*. You may

hear

hear him pronouncing an *Anathema* to all such, as shall prefer all the gold and silver in the world before one dayes sweet Communion with Jesus Christ. As none have more dregs of wrath than relapsing and apostatizing Spirits, (Remember but *Spira's* case;) so none have sweeter and choicer mercy than the faithful Servants of the Lord Jesus, that follow him in the hour of temptation. Apostates are seal'd up to a day of vengeance, but these are seal'd up to a day of Redemption. Thus the Mourners in *Ezekiel*, that would not yield to the abominations of the times must have a seal set upon them. Thus that Virgin-company in the *Revelation*, that would not prostitute their souls to Antichristian folly, have the seal of God in their foreheads. This is the happiness of a Christian, that he has a sweet satisfaction in self-denyal; in denying sin, in repulsing lust, in conquering temptation, in pulling out his right eye, in cutting off his right hand, in mortifying the body of death, he has a sweet satisfaction in all these. And thus you have seen those special sealing times when Christians have this high plerophory, these riches of Assurance: we come now to speak of them in a more Applicatory way.

1. Times of Assurance, they should be times of humility and dependance upon God. When *Moses* had been so long in the Mount, and had a lustre upon him by conversing with God himself, presently at the foot of the Mount he meets with matter of humiliation. The Israelites have made them a golden Calf; *Thy People*, sayes God to *Moses*, they have done this. And the Apostle *Paul*, when he had been rapt up into the third Heaven, and had heard there some of *Arcana Cœli*, things that neither could nor might be utter'd, for both are imply'd in Ἄρρητα ῥήματα: there then comes a messenger of Satan to buffet him, he must be put in mind of himself by a thorn in the flesh, and that lest he should be exalted above measure with abundance of Revelations. A creature can't καταπίνειν μέγαν ὄλβον, a little thing will puff up a bubble, a small happiness will swell up the sons of men. Pride as it twines about the choicest graces, so it devours the sweetest comforts. But yet there is nothing tends more to soul-abasement and self-examination, than the beholding of Gods face, than the seeing of his glory, this will make the soul abhorre it self in dust and ashes. The more God reveals himself unto the

ſoul, the more will the ſoul ſee that huge diſproportion that is between it ſelf and a Deity. There's none here below that ever ſaw more of Gods face than *Moſes* and *Paul* had done, and there were none that ever had lower apprehenſions of themſelves. They knew well enough what the Sun-ſhine of his preſence was, what a glorious ſight it was to behold his face, and yet they had rather part with this, than he ſhould part with his glory. They are like men amaz'd with the vaſtneſs and ſpaciouſneſs of the Ocean, and make nothing of a little inconſiderable drop of Being. They that know not theſe treaſures of love and ſweetneſs, thoſe heaps of excellencies that are ſtor'd up in God, theſe are the grand admirers of themſelves. But when the ſoul comes to have a proſpect of heaven, and fixes its eye upon an object of the firſt magnitude, the creature diſappears, ſelf vaniſhes and loſes it ſelf in the fulneſs of God. And if God do aſſure thee of this his love, thou canſt not but wonder at the greatneſs of his goodneſs, eſpecially when thou ſhalt recollect thy ſelf, and think upon thine own unworthineſs. Thou that didſt not deſerve a beam of his face, what does he give thee a full Sun-ſhine? Thou that could'ſt not look for the leaſt taſte of his love, what does he give thee a whole cluſter of *Canaan?* Thou that didſt not deſerve the leaſt crumb of the hidden Manna, does he fill thee an Omer full of it? Nay, yet higher, Thou that didſt deſerve a brand from his Juſtice, does he give thee a ſeal of his love? he might have given thee gall and vineger to drink, and does he flow in upon thee with milk and honey? he might have given thee the firſt flaſhes of hell, and does he give thee the firſt-fruits of heaven? what could'ſt thou have look't for but an eternal frown, and doſt thou meet with ſo gracious a ſmile? O then fall down and adore his goodneſs, *and let all that is within thee bleſs his holy name.* Tell me now, is there any ground for pride in ſuch a ſoul? Does not Aſſurance beſpeak humility; and ſpeak a meer dependance?

2. Times of Aſſurance, they ſhould be times of trampling upon the creature, and ſcorning of things below. Doſt thou now take care for corn, and wine, and oile, when God lifts up the light of his countenance upon thee? is this ſame Angels food, this ſame hidden Manna, is it too light meat for thee? Now thou art within the land of Promiſe, feeding upon the grapes

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and pomegranates of the land, doſt thou now long for the garlick and onions of *Egypt*? Now thou art within thy fathers houſe, and the fatted Calf is ſlain, wilt thou now ſtill feed upon huſks? Art thou cloth'd with the Sun, and canſt not thou trample the Moon under thy feet? O let them ſcramble for the world that have nothing elſe to live on. Pray give room to the green Bay-trees to ſpread themſelves abroad; but don't thou loſe thy fatneſs and ſweetneſs to rule over theſe. Art thou ſure of heaven, and would'ſt thou fix thy Tabernacle upon earth? Is it good for thee to be here? or would'ſt have any more than the light of Gods countenance? is it not enough that thou art ſure of happineſs? is not a fountain enough for thee? why wilt thou drink in muddy ſtreams? and thou that art fill'd with the love of a Saviour, canſt thou tell how to ſpend a thought upon the world? is not there more beauty in Chriſt than in the Creature? is not he *the faireſt of ten thouſand*? Away then with adulterous glances, for why ſhould'ſt thou embrace the boſome of a ſtranger?

3. Times of Aſſurance they ſhould be times of watchfulneſs, and more accurate walking with God. To ſin againſt revealed love, is a deep and killing aggravation. To ſin againſt light is too too much, but to ſin againſt love is a great deal more: this height'ned *Solomons* Idolatry, (1 *Kings* 11.9.) that he turn'd from the God of *Iſrael* which had appeared to him twice. What wilt thou with *Jeſhurun* wax fat and kick, and kick againſt bowels too? To provoke God in a Wilderneſs is not ſo much as to provoke him in a Paradiſe. What could he have done more for thee than he has done! and what couldſt thou have done more againſt him than thou haſt done! and wilt thou ſtill requite him thus? wilt thou provoke him with Manna in thy mouth? Does he give thee the ſweet cluſters of the land, and doſt thou return him wild grapes? that which is the ſtrongeſt engagement to obedience, doſt thou make it an encouragement to ſin? art thou ſo willing to daſh thy joy, to loſe thy peace? And O how will it pleaſe the powers of darkneſs to ſee thee abuſe a beam? The devil has ſeveral deſignes againſt the welfare of a ſoul. Firſt, if it were poſſible he would keep thee from having any grace at all. But ſecondly, if he can't do that, he would keep thee from ſtrength of grace, from growth in grace; he would *break the*

bruised reed, and he would *quench the smoaking flax*. But then if he can't prevail here neither; then in the third place, he would keep thee from sense of grace, in a sad and cloudy condition: he envies thee one beam, one smile, one glance of his eye. But then if the riches of Gods goodness do so run over, as that he will give thee a sense of his love; then fourthly, in the last place, he would have thee abuse his grace, and turn it into wantonness. But when God has planted thee in so happy a Paradise, don't thou listen to the whisperings of the Serpent. Thou that art seal'd by the Holy Spirit, don't attend to a lying spirit. The devil that great plunderer of souls, would fain rob thee of thy Jewels, of thy joy, and peace, and happiness: but do thou hide them in a Christ, in the wounds of a Saviour; and take heed of blotting thine Evidences; thou that art a Child of light, be not rul'd by a Prince of darkness. If God give thee a sense of his love, walk more stedfastly, walk more accurately with thy God.

4. Times of Assurance they should be times of inviting and encouraging others in the wayes of grace. Thus the Psalmist, when his Cup overflowes, he calls others to taste of it, *O taste and see how gracious God is*, that ye may trust in him. Thou mayest now bring a good report upon the land of *Canaan*, thou mayest shew them the goodly fruits of the land, that were cut down at the brook *Eshcol*. Men look upon Religion as a rigid and austere thing, that comes to rob them of their joy, they must never have a smile more, they must never have a Summers day after it; but thou canst tell them of the sweetness and deliciousness that is in the wayes of grace, thou canst assure them that all the wayes of wisdom are pleasantness; thou canst satisfie them, that grace does not mean to take away their joy, but only to refine it; that it does not mean to put out the light, but only to snuff it, that it may burn brighter and clearer. There's no such joy to be found in the wayes of sin, there's no such joy to be extracted from the Creature; no, the sweetest and purest honey 'tis suck'd from a flower of Paradise. Spiritual joy 'tis the most clarifi'd joy; I, and 'tis solid and massy joy, beaten joy, like beaten gold, Ἀληθινὴ καὶ σφυρήλατος χαρά. I, and 'tis lasting and durable joy. All the Creatures make but a blaze, but the least spark of this 'tis immortal. Can there be a sweeter Sabbatism of Spirit?

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can there be a happier compoſedneſs of ſoul, than to be provided for eternity; to be ſure of heaven, of happineſs and glory; to have the revealing of Gods love, the diſplaying of himſelf, the beamings out of his face? is not the leaſt appearance of his love more worth than a world? are not the gleanings of ſpirituals better than the vintage of temporals? Methinks an aſſur'd Chriſtian, like a *Caleb* or a *Joſhua*, ſhould be able and ready to confute all the falſe intelligence of the Spies, and to anſwer the weak objections that they bring againſt the land of Promiſe. Awake O ſluggard, and ariſe, there is no Lion in the way, or if it be, 't has honey in it: There are no ſons of *Anak*, or if there be, before *Iſrael* even theſe mountains ſhall become a Plain.

5. Times of Aſſurance they ſhould be times of ſtore, Οὐκ ἀεὶ θέρος ἔσται. Now treaſure up beams, heap up light, ſtore up hidden Manna. To be ſure, this Manna won't breed worms. Then thou mayeſt confidently applaud thy ſelf, *Soul, take thine eaſe, thou haſt goods laid up for many years.* Happy thou, if this night thy ſoul be taken from thee. Storing up of former evidences, is a good proviſion againſt a cloudy day.

6. Times of Aſſurance ſhould be times of breathing after full poſſeſſion. The eſpouſed ſoul ſhould long for the Nuptials, for the full conſummation of its joy: and by a heavenly gradation it ſhould aſcend in its thoughts. Is there ſuch ſweetneſs in one cluſter of *Canaan*, what ſhall there be in the full vintage? is there ſuch pleaſantneſs in a proſpect of the land upon the top of Mount *Piſgah*, what happineſs ſhall there be in enjoyment of the land? is there ſuch glory in a beam of Gods face, what ſhall there be in an eternal Sun-ſhine? is there ſuch a ſparkling luſtre in the white Stone, what then ſhall there be in all thoſe pearls that garniſh the foundations, and make up the gates of the New *Jeruſalem*? is there ſo much in the preface of glory, what ſhall there be in the inlargements and amplifications of it? is there ſo much in the *Ænigma*, what is there in the explication? can you ſee ſo much beauty in happineſs, when her Maſk is on, how glorious then will ſhe appear when ſhe is unveil'd? does the ſoul ſing ſo ſweetly in a Cage of clay, what melody, think you, ſhall it then make when 'tis let looſe to all Eternity?

We now come to wind up all in a word of Application.

Now the more pure and delicious a truth is, the more do the men

men of the world diſreliſh it: the more bright and ſhining it is, the more offenſive to their eyes. The more orient the Pearl, the more do they trample upon it. Evangelical diſcoveries meet with the fierceſt oppoſitions. The Serpent will be ſure to wind into Paradiſe; and the ſeed of the Serpent ever knew how to ſtil venemous and malignant conſequences, out of ſweet and flowery truths. 'Tis the devils work to impriſon all truth, but the nobler and more precious truths muſt be ſure to be put in the loweſt and darkeſt dungeons. As here now, Aſſurance of ſalvation, 'tis the very Crown and joy of a Chriſtian; the *Flos lactis*, the Cream of that Ἄδαλον γάλα, that is to nouriſh ſouls: 'tis the budding and bloſſoming of happineſs, the antedating of heaven, the Prepoſſeſſion of glory; 'tis the very Pinacle of the Temple, the πτερύγιον; how fain would he throw Chriſtians from thence? how would he blaſt glory in the bud? how fain would he pull down the ſuburbs of the New *Jeruſalem*? how would he ſtop all the freſh ſprings that are in theſe? how would he ſeal up the luſcious influences of the *Pleiades*? how fain would he *Lycurgus*-like, cut up all the vines of *Canaan*, that no Spy might ever bring one Cluſter of the Land of Promiſe? He himſelf muſt feed upon nothing but duſt, and how does he envy them their hidden Manna? That Son of the morning is now bound in chains of darkneſs, and how does he envy them their light and liberty? how fain would he cloud and eclipſe their Sun, and ſtop it in its race? nay, ſet it ten degrees backward? How does he envy them one beam of Gods face, a grape of *Canaan*, one ſmile, one glance of Gods eye? Now he could find out no fitter inſtrument to rob Chriſtians of their joy, than Antichriſt that grand enemy of the Church, that ſpiritual *Nero*, that Tyrant of ſouls, that vice-*Beelzebub*, that Prince of darkneſs that rules in the children of diſobedience. He rules them, and yet they are children of diſobedience for all that. This Beſtian Empire, (for ſo 'tis ſtil'd in the *Revelation*,) delights only in ſenſuals, and ſtrikes at ſpirituals. It ſtrikes at the vitals of Religion, at the power and eſſence of godlineſs. Here are the men that muſt cry down Aſſurance under the names of preſumption, ſecurity, an heap of Enthuſiaſmes, as if this hidden Manna would breed all theſe worms. If men do but dip in the honey-comb, and take ſome of theſe voluntary drops that ſweat from it freely, of

their

their own accord, as *Saul* told *Jonathan*, they must certainly die for it. O this were a way to open their eyes, as it did *Jonathans*. They are loth to let men taste and see how gracious God is, lest they might trust in him.

There are therefore two things which I shall here endeavour by way of Application.

First, to give you a brief discovery of those grounds that necessitate the adversaries of this truth to deny Assurance.

Secondly, to take off that vain and frivolous cavil, that assurance is a Principle of Libertinism, and that if men be once assur'd of their salvation, they may then do what they list.

And first for the grounds that make them deny Assurance. And though I might here shew at large, that all Popery, the Quintessence of it is extracted out of guesses and conjectures, their whole Religion is but a bundle of uncertainties, a rude heap of contingencies, built upon the thoughts of others, upon the intentions of a Priest; yet I shall let that pass now, and give you these four considerations that prevail with them to deny Assurance.

1. They lay too much stress upon good works. Now Assurance is too goodly a structure to be built upon such a foundation. They part stakes between grace and merit, and so leave the soul in a tottering condition. There is so much pride bound up in the Spirits of men, as that they are loth to depend upon another for their happiness, they would have an innate and domestick happiness within themselves. But alas, self-bottomings are weak and uncertain, and they that build upon their own good meanings, and their good wishes and good resolutions, upon their good endeavours and good works, when they have done all, they have built but the house of the Spider. These that spin salvation out of their own bowels, their hope 'tis but as a Spiders web. And there are many that neither thus spin nor toile; and yet I say unto you, that a Pharisee in all his glory is not cloth'd like one of these. If men do but enquire, and look a little to the ebbings and flowings of their own spirits, to the waxing and waining of their own performances; surely they will presently acknowledge, that they can't fetch a Plerophory out of these. Believe it, the soul can't anchor upon a wave, or upon its own fluctuating motions. So that 'tis a piece of ingenuity

ty in them, to tell men, that whileſt they build upon the ſand, they can have no great ſecurity that their houſe will laſt long: they may ſafely ſay of the Spider, that it can have no certainty that its houſe ſhall ſtand. Whilſt they lean upon a reed wee'l allow them to queſtion whether it won't break or no; nay, if they pleaſe, they may very well queſtion whether it won't pierce them thorough. They can be ſure of nothing unleſs they be ſure of ruine. Aſſurance cannot be founded in a bubble, in a creature, for the very eſſence of a creature is doubtful and wavering, it muſt be built upon an immutable Entity, upon the free love of God in Chriſt, upon his royal word and oath, the ſure expreſſions of his mind and love, upon the witneſs of the Holy Ghoſt, the ſeal of God himſelf. Here the ſoul may reſt, and lean, and quiet it ſelf, for with God there is no variableneſs nor ſhadow of turning. The creature is all ſhadow and vanity, 'tis *filia noctis*; like *Jonah's* gourd, man may ſit under its ſhadow for awhile, but it ſoon decayes and dies. All its certainty is in dependance upon its God. A creature, if like a ſingle drop left to it ſelf, it ſpends and waſtes it ſelf preſently: but if like a drop in the fountain and Ocean of Being, it has abundance of ſecurity. No ſafety to the ſoul, but in the arms of a Chriſt, in the embraces of a Saviour. No reſt to a Dove-like ſpirit, but in the Ark of the Covenant, and there's the pot of hidden Manna. You know that dying *Bellarmine* was fain to acknowledge, that the neareſt way to Aſſurance, was only to reſt upon the free grace of God in Chriſt. And they that cry down duties ſo much, if they would mean no more than this, that men muſt not truſt in them, nor make Chriſts of them, nor Saviours of them, (as they uſe to expreſs it) wee'l eaſily grant them this if they'l be content with it.

2. They take away that claſping and cloſing power of faith it ſelf, by which it ſhould ſweetly and ſtrongly embrace its own object. They would have the ſoul embrace clouds and dwell in generals; they reſolve all the ſweetneſs and preciouſneſs of the Goſpel, either into this Univerſal, *Whoſoever believes ſhall be ſaved*: or elſe, which is all one, into this Conditional, *If thou believeſt, thou ſhalt be ſaved*. Now this is ſo farre from aſſurance, as that the Devils themſelves do thus believe and yet tremble. The thirſty ſoul may know that there is a fountain, but it muſt not preſume to know that ever it ſhall taſte of it. The wounded

ſoul

ſoul (with them) may take notice that there is balm in *Gilead*, but it muſt only give a gueſs, that it ſhall be heal'd. They won't allow the ſoul to break the ſhell of a Promiſe, ſo as to come to the kernel. They ſilence Faith, when it would ſpeak in its own Idiom, *My Lord, and my God.* O what miſerable comforters are theſe: How can they ever ſpeak one word upon the wheels, one ſeaſonable word to a weary ſoul; when as all they can reach to, by their own acknowledgement, is to leave the ſoul hovering betwixt heaven and hell? And as they ſay in matter of Reproof. *Generalia non pungunt:* ſo 'tis as true in matter of Comfort, *Generalia non mulcent.* Yet to ſee how abundantly unreaſonable theſe men are; for in the matter of their Church, there they require a particular appropriating faith, a Monopolizing faith, that the Church of *Rome* is the only true viſible Church: and this is no preſumption with them. Thus they can embrace a dull Errour, and let go a precious Truth. But the true Church of Chriſt, as 'tis it ſelf built upon a Rock; ſo every Member of the Church has the ſame ſecurity. And the ſoul with a Spouſe-like affection, does not only conjecture who is her Well-beloved, but is in his very arms, and breaks out into that expreſſion of love and union; *I am my well-beloved's, and my well-beloved is mine.* But how ſtrangely does their conjectural certainty take away the ſweetneſs of ſuch Relations? Chriſtians with them muſt only conjecture that they are the Sons of God, the Spouſe muſt only gueſs at her beloved husband; the ſheep muſt hope that this is the Shepherds voice. O how do they emaſculate and enervate Religion! how do they diſpirit it, and cut the very ſinews of the power of godlineſs! But all you that would find reſt to your ſouls, muſt know that you can never apply a Chriſt too much, that you can never appropriate a Saviour enough, that whole happineſs is in union with him.

3. They deny perſeverance, and ſo long may very well deny Aſſurance. And yet the *Arminians* have an Art of reconciling Aſſurance, and Non-perſeverance. They allow men a little brief Aſſurance for one moment, a *breve fulgur*, a little corruſcation of joy, that only ſhews it ſelf that it may vaniſh and diſappear. The ſumme of their meaning amounts to thus much: For that moment that thou art in the ſtate of grace, thou may'ſt be ſure on't, but thou canſt not be ſure that the next moment thou ſhalt

be in the state of grace. As if a Christian were only a Ball of fortune to be tost up and down, at her pleasure. And indeed they make grace as voluble and uncertain, as ever the Heathen did fortune. And if they would speak out, grace with them is *Res vitrea, quæ dum splendet frangitur.* And *vasa gloriæ* with them are little better than *vasa fictilia*: they can dash them in pieces like a Potters vessel. And then make no more of it than *Epictetus* at the breaking of a pitcher. Ἔστι τι τοιοῦτον, 'tis but a usual thing; *Hodie vidi fragilem frangi.* Vain men that think the grace of God as mutable and unconstant as they themselves are, that can remove men from heaven to hell as often as they please, that with a daring Pen can blot names out of the book of Life, and reverse the seal of heaven when they list. This must needs strike at the root of Assurance, and leave the soul in such sad doubts as these. 'Tis true, I am now feeding upon the milk and honey of the land of *Canaan*, but I may return to the Wilderness again, to the bondage of *Egypt* again. 'Tis true, I am now a Temple of the Holy Ghost; but how soon may I become a prison, a dungeon, the receptacle of every unclean spirit? What though I be now a vessel of honour, how soon may I become a vessel of wrath? and though I be for the present in the loving hand of a Saviour, yet I may be to morrow in the unmerciful paw of the Lion. Pray tell us now, has the soul any great security all this while? are the friends of God no surer of his love than thus? 'Tis happy for Christians, that 'tis not in the power of these men; no, nor of all the powers of darkness, to put a period to their joy; no, not to put the least *comma* or interruption to it. No, they may as soon dethrone the Majesty of heaven it self, they may as soon pluck the Crown from his head, and wrest the golden Scepter out of his hand: nay, they may as soon pluck out the Apple of his eye, they may as soon annihilate a Deity, as pull thee out of his hands, as rob him of one of his Jewels. Thou art *kept by the mighty power of God through faith unto salvation.* We can't close up this better than with that heavenly *exinde*, those triumphant expressions of the Apostle *Paul: For I am perswaded, that neither life, nor death, nor Angels, nor Principalities, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, &c.*

4. They never had any Assurance themselves, and so they would willingly deny it to others. There is so much pride and envy in the

the spirits of men, as that they are very loth, that others should have more happiness, or be more sensible of happiness than themselves. They do here *Calamum in Corde tingere*; they tell you what they find in their own hearts, nothing but conjectures, and shiverings, and tremblings, nothing but slavish doubts and fears. But the voice of Assurance, 'tis a still voice, the Spirit speaks; Ἀγχὶ ἔχων κεφαλὴν, ἵνα μὴ πόθεν ἔλθῃς. That soul only hears it, to which it speaks. The sparklings of the White Stone are secret and undiscernable to a carnal eye: No man knows it, but he that has it. 'Tis *Manna κεκρυμμένον*; not the visible and obvious Manna that was rain'd down by the tents of the *Israelites*, but that that was reserv'd, and laid up *in Urna aurea*. Spiritual tastes and relishes, spiritual experiences, they are wholly unexpressible, they are altogether inimitable. There are two things which the most refined and accomplisht Hypocrite can't possibly reach unto. (1.) He can't express the life and power of a Christian. (2.) He can't express the joy of a Christian. As no man can paint the Being of a thing, so no man can paint the sweetness of a thing. Who ever could paint the sweetness of the Honey-comb? the sweetness of a cluster of *Camaan*? the fragrancy of the Rose of *Sharon*? the sweet voice of a Lute? Δόγματα πᾶν μορφὴν ἀσθενὲς μοῦσον, &c. The Painters eye steals a little beauty from the face; and perhaps his hand makes restitution, restoring it again in the picture, and that's all you can expect of him; nay, 'tis well if he perform so much: As for the expression of vitals, or the representation of essentials, 'tis *Ultra Penicillum*, so that he must let this alone for ever. Believe it, Sincerity can't be painted. The joy of the Holy Ghost can't be painted. 'Tis easier painting of faces, than of hearts. Men in an unregenerate condition, can't know what Assurance is, till their hearts be changed, or unless they could read the hearts of Gods people. Men will deny the most certain and unquestionable things, if they themselves have no experience of them. Upon this account many a fool has said in his heart, *There is no God*, because he had no communion with him, he did not attend upon him. Thus others deny that there is any such sweetness in the wayes of God, because they were never acquainted with them.

In Musick, what though there be never such variety of graces, such inarticulate elegancies, such soft and silken touches, such

quick ſtings and pleaſant reliſhes, ſuch muſical amplifications, and flouriſhes, ſuch nimble tranſitions and delicious cloſes; you'l ſcarce convince a deaf man of all this, till you can give him his hearing. Or ſuppoſe a blind man ſhould obſtinately deny that there were a Sun; truly I can't tell how you could well convince him, unleſs you could give him an eye, or elſe perſwade him that he is defective in ſomewhat which others have. To ſpeak of Aſſurance, and the voice of the Spirit to ſome, is but to ſpeak Riddles and Paradoxes. Here I have told you much of Light, and Beams, and Glory; I had as good told ſome of you, of clouds, and ſhadows, and darkneſs. I have ſpoke much to you of the fruits and cluſters of *Canaan*; had I not as good have ſet before ſome of you briars and thorns, would you not have had as much ſweetneſs in them? I ne're promis'd to ſhew you the *Manna*; for I told you 'twas hidden: yet we have told you the things which we have ſeen and known, and what we have taſted of the Word of Life; and that which I doubt not, but many of you can ſet your ſeals unto.

We come now to take off that vain and frivolous Cavil, that Aſſurance is a principle of Libertiniſm; that the Apples which the Spouſe longs for in the *Canticles*, will breed too much wind; that hidden *Manna* will breed worms, that thoſe flaggons full of wine, which the Spouſe would ſo fain be comforted with all, will fume up too much into the head. O, ſay they, if men be once aſſur'd of their ſalvation, they may then do what they liſt. But

1. God won't *put new wine into old bottles.* God never prints his love upon the heart, till the heart be renew'd and prepar'd with Evangelical meltings; and the ſame Seal that prints his love, prints his Image too. A flinty heart won't take the ſeal of the Spirit. The ſparkling White Stone is never given, till the heart of ſtone be taken away. The new name is not given, till the new creature be fram'd. God will not diſtill one ſilver drop of ſuch precious ſweetneſs upon the ſoul, till it be enclos'd for his own garden. And though the outward Sun-ſhine with liberal and undiſtinguiſhing beams, ſhines both upon the good and the bad, upon the Roſe and Nettle; yet the light of Gods countenance beams out only upon the Apples of his own eye; the Sun-ſhine of his gracious preſence, gilds only the veſſels of Honour, and puts

puts a luſtre upon none but his own Jewels. And though the pourings forth of ordinary goodneſs fall upon a Wilderneſs ſometimes, as well as on a Paradiſe; yet theſe more choice and luſcious influences of heaven, ſlide only into the hearts of Gods peculiar ones. Believe it, thy ſoul muſt firſt become an Ark of the Covenant, before thou ſhalt ever have a Pot of *hidden Manna* in it.

'Tis true, that if God ſhould thus diſplay his goodneſs, and ſeal up his love to the ſoul, whilſt it were ſtill in an unregenerate condition, whilſt it did ſtill hanker after its luſts and corruptions, 'twould then indeed ſport it ſelf more ſecurely in this Sun-ſhine of mercy, and turn this grace of God into wantonneſs. Thus men of ſordid and ignoble ſpirits, will treſpaſs more upon a friend, than upon an enemy; an injury will keep them in better order, than a courteſie. Thus nettles will ſting moſt violently, when they are handled moſt gently. Thus the wretched *Indians* adore the Devil, becauſe he is their enemy, and neglect the Majeſty of heaven, becauſe 'tis ſo propitious. When God ſhines out upon ungrateful dunghills, they return him nothing but venomous and malignant evaporations. Wee'l eaſily acknowledge, that if theſe men ſhould have the White Stone, they would trample upon it: For you ſee how they deal with ordinary mercy, which the bounty of heaven heaps upon their heads.

There are ſuch Pleonaſmis of love in God, ſuch runnings over of goodneſs, as that much falls upon theſe. God breaks the box of common mercies, and fills the whole world with the ſavour of it. But what tribute and Revenues of glory has he from them for all this? Why, they violate his Laws, and profane his Name, and fight againſt him with his own weapons; Ἀργυρεαῖς λογχαῖσι, with his moſt precious mercies, gifts and parts, and all they have ſhall oppoſe him that gave them. Of their Jewels they make a golden Calf. Do you think now that God will truſt theſe with his more ſpecial mercies, with his *viſcera* and tender mercies? He try'd the veſſel with water, and 'twont hold that. Do you think he will pour wine into it? Noe, God reveals his love to none but to his friends; he ſets his Seal to none, but to ſuch whom he ſets as a Seal upon his heart and on his arm; ſuch as have an happy conformity to him, and a full compliance with him; ſuch as have the ſame intereſts, and the ſame glorious ends

ends with himself; such as delight in his Law, and feed upon his precepts, as upon an honey-comb. Do you think he mayn't trust these with his mind; such as have a plain antipathy against sin, against the very picture and appearance of sin; such as prefer Hell it self before it, such as loath it, even as himself loaths it; men that are ready to pluck out their right eyes for him, to cut off their right hands for him? Do you think he mayn't manifest his love to these? What sayes the Apostle *John*? *He that is born of God cannot sin*; 'tis a plain impossibility that he should so far put off his filial affection, as to make it his work to displease him: much less can he take so strong an advantage of his goodness, as therefore to provoke him, because he knows that God loves him. These men only tell us what they would do if they had Assurance; but truly they are not like to have it, till their hearts be chang'd, and then they'l be of another mind.

2. Love is a sweeter and surer and stronger principle of obedience than fear. So that God did infatuate the counsel of that *Achitophel*, *Machiavel* I mean, when he still'd that venom into the hearts of Princes, that they had better rule their Subjects with a Rod of iron, than with a Scepter of gold; that they had better enslave them by fear, than engage them by love. The truth is, he had given them such Rules, that he knew if they follow'd them, they could not possibly be lov'd; and therefore he would fain perswade them, that 'tis better to be fear'd. And though this may seem to adde some sparklings to Majesty, and to brighten the Crown of Soveraignty; yet it leaves it farre more tottering, more unfixt and unsettled upon their heads. There is such a virulency mixt with fear: such a tincture of hatred in it; both these affections are much of a colour, lid and pale. And therefore that Tyrant was so wise yet as to expect hatred; *Oderint dum metuant*, sayes he, he knew whilst they fear'd him, that they would hate him; And then there is a reluctancy and Aversion in fear; And those workings upon the soul, that come only from terrours, they usually prove Abortive. And what though a body be pull'd and hal'd and fear'd into obedience? the soul is not conquer'd with all this. A slave does but watch an opportunity for shaking off the yoke. And then there is a depressing and disenabling power in fear, it contracts and freezes up the motions of the soul, it clips the wings, it takes off the wheels,

it unbends the bow. Trembling and Paralytick motions are weak and languishing. Indeed fear 'tis nothing but *Præcox tristitia*, a crude and indigested kind of sorrow; and 'tis the sourer, because it is not ripe. And therefore God himself that is a most absolute Monarch, and has a boundless and infinite supremacy over all things; yet has far more glory from them that love him, and only passive obedience from them that fear him. Indeed he never goes about to rule any by fear, but those that have first trampl'd upon Love, and are no longer Subjects, but profest Rebells. 'Tis love that glews and fastens the whole Creation together. Those seeds of love which God himself, (who is love) has scatter'd amongst Beings; those sparks of love which God himself, (who is love,) has kindled amongst Beings, and those indeleble prints of love which God himself, (who is love,) has stampt upon Beings, maintain the whole fabrick of the world in its just beauty and proportion. The harmonious composure of Beings, the tuning of the several strings, makes them sound out his praise more melodiously. O how comely is it to see the sweet context and coherence of Beings, the loving connexion and concatenation of causes: one being espous'd to another in faithfulness and truth; the mutual claspings and twinings, the *due benevolence* of entities. Behold, *how goodly a thing it is* and pleasant to behold Beings, *like Brethren to dwell together in unity*: It calls to mind those precious drops of love, that fall from the head of the first Being, and fell down upon the skirts of inferiour entities. And is not there as much of this love to be seen in the new Creation, in the work of grace in the soul? Is not the foundation of the second Temple laid in love? is not the top and pinacle of it set up by a hand of love? Are not the polishings and carvings of it, the works and expressions of love? the witty inventions of love? Is not the structure maintain'd and repair'd at the constant expences of love? Is it not inhabited by a Prince of love? one more loving than *Solomon* is there; nay, what is the whole Gospel else, but משכל חקפר, *a cluster of Redemption*, as some render it; what is it else but a bundle of love?

The Law that was an hammer to break hearts; I but the Gospel that's a key to open hearts. And truly all the terrours of Mount *Sina*, the thunder-claps and the lightning flashes, the earth-quakes and the smoaking of the Mountain, and the voice of

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the Trumpet, have not so much power and prevalency in them, as one still drop that falls from Mount *Sion*. You are now come to the Mount of Olives, a Mount of Peace and sweetness, a Mount that drops fatness, and in this Mount will Christ be seen. And he comes to restore all things to their Primitive love: he restores the powers and faculties of the soul to their first and original concord; he knits his gifts and graces in the bond of love: he comes to reconcile Beings, to make antipathies kiss each other. The Wolf and the Lamb must be at peace, the Leopard and the Kid must lie down together. The whole Gospel like the midst of *Solomons* bed in the *Canticles*, רשף אהבה, *'tis pav'd with Love*. Now sure you can't question whether this be the more prevailing way: For, O think but a while, what a potent oratory there is in love, what a welcome tyranny, what a silken bondage, what a douny and soft necessity. Glorious things are spoken of thee, thou Lady and Queen of Affections? thou art the first-born of the soul, and the beginning of its strength. Who would not be captivated by so sweet a Conquerour? Who would not be melted in so delicate a flame? What heart would not entertain so pleasant an arrow? The *Psalmist* was struck through with one of thy darts, when he panted so after the streams of water. The Apostle *Paul* had another of thy arrows sticking fast in him, when he cryed out, *The love of Christ constrains me. Vulnus alit venis, & Sacro carpitur igne.* Believe it, the strongest arguments are fetcht out of Loves Topicks. We need not use many perswasions to such a soul, it has a fountain of Rhetorick within. There is a present expansion and amplification of spirit for the welcoming of so happy an object. O how will such a soul twine about a Precept, suck sweetness out of a Command, catch at an opportunity, long for a Duty! How does it go like a Bee from flower to flower, from Duty to Duty, from Ordinance to Ordinance, and extract the very spirits and quintessence of all, ἀκρότατα κορυφὰς, crop the very tops of all. There will be in such a soul, the constant returnings and reboundings of love. 'Twill retort the beams of heaven, 'twill send back the stream of its affection into the Ocean. So that now as the soul is assur'd of the love of God, so God also has a most absolute certainty that the soul will Ἀπολιτεῖν. And thus is compleated the sweet and perfect circle of Love. Now there cannot be a more strong and a more

more mutual ſecurity, than that which is thus founded. And therefore nature chooſes to maintain her ſelf by theſe impreſſions. We ſee this plainly in filial and conjugal Relations, where the ſweeteſt and ſureſt obedience flowes from principles of love. And where is there more certainty than amongſt friends, where there is a borrowing and lending of ſouls, a mutual exchange and tranſmigration of ſouls? Now you know all theſe Relations are clarifi'd and refin'd in grace; you are the friends of God; nay, you are the ſons of God, you are the Spouſe of Chriſt. And the Apoſtle *John*, that ſpeaks ſo much of Aſſurance, and tells you that a Chriſtian can't ſin; conſider but a while, who he was. Why, he was the Beloved Diſciple, he that lay in the boſome of love, and breathed out nothing but pure love. I, and his Reaſon, 'tis founded in a Relation of love: *He cannot ſin, becauſe he is born of God.* He reſolves it into the σπέρμα μένον, that ſame impreſſion of love that abides in him.

3. Conſult a while with your own experience and obſervation, and then tell us whether ever you knew any to walk more accurately with their God, than ſuch as were aſſur'd of his love. If you look up to Heaven, there you ſee glorious Angels, and glorifi'd Saints, that have not only a full Aſſurance, but a full poſſeſſion of the love of their God; that are no longer taking a proſpect of *Canaan*, but are now feeding upon the fruits and cluſters of the Land of Promiſe; that have not only ſome ſcatter'd and broken beams of glory, but a conſtant and an eternal Sun-ſhine. And O how do they ἀγαλλιᾶσθαι ἐν δόξῃ φωτὸς, not ἐφ' ὥραν only, but εἰς τὸν αἰῶνα. They have not only as we here below, ſome drops and ſprinklings of happineſs; but they are at the very Fountain, and have freſh bubblings of joy, full ſtreamings out of ſweetneſs, and can ſwim in the Rivers of pleaſure. Surely theſe men will allow the Angels ſomewhat more than only to conjecture that they are happy. What muſt glorified Saints ſtill diſpute about their *Summum Bonum*, leſt they be too ſecure; and muſt Angels only be of opinion, that they are in Heaven? muſt they only gueſs at the face of God? What will they clip the wings of the Cherubims too? Where has God more chearful obedience than from theſe? How joyfully do theſe miniſtring Spirits run about their glorious Errands? How does he bid one, *Go, and he goes; and another, Come, and he comes.* And that which ſets a fair gloſs upon happineſs

pineſs it ſelf is this, that they are out of all poſſibility of diſpleaſing their God. And ſo they are held forth as patterns of obedience; *Thy will be done in Earth as 'tis in Heaven.*

Well, but then if they tell us there is more danger of frail men that dwell in houſes of Clay, and carry the body of death about with them.

1. We muſt bid them entertain honourable thoughts of the excellent ones of the Earth; for though it be true that they are not ἰσάγγελοι; yet *God has made them little lower than the Angels, and he has crown'd them with glory and honour.* They walk with little Coronets upon their heads; though the moſt maſſy and brighteſt Crown be reſerv'd for a day of Inauguration. They now feed upon Angels food; God ſteeps them in his own nature, and in his own love, he gradually prepares them for Heaven. They are Inceptours in Happineſs, they are Probationers for Glory.

2. What though there be ſome unworthy dealings with their God, yet theſe flow only from thoſe reliques of ſlaviſh principles that remain in them, ſome fragments of the old Leaven that was not throughly purged out. And not by vertue of a Goſpel-Plerophory. What does the knowing that they are ſons of light, does this diſpoſe them to works of darkneſs? Does the knowing that they are the Spouſe of Chriſt, does this beſpeak adulterous glances? 'Tis true, the ſons of God may provoke him, but muſt they therefore needs do it under this very notion, becauſe they know they are his ſons? nay, muſt they do it the more for this? This were the extreameſt malice that were imaginable, more malice than the Devils themſelves are capable of. What bold blaſphemy then is this againſt the ſons of God, and againſt the ſealing Spirit. I, and it envolves a flat contradiction too, it puts an *eſſe* and a *non eſſe ſimul*; becauſe they know they are friends, therefore they'l deal like enemies; and becauſe they know they 'r ſons, therefore they'l deal like ſlaves. O what fine repugnancies are theſe? Thus would they not only veile and cloud, but alſo ſpot and deface ſo beautiful a Truth; but that it ſhines out with ſuch victorious and triumphant beams. But if any can yet doubt, whether Aſſurance do advance obedience, let them but a while compare men aſſur'd of their ſalvation: (1.) With others in the ſtate of Grace that want Aſſurance, or with themſelves when once

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without it: And then let them tell us, whether they don't differ as much as a bruised Reed, and a stately Cedar in *Lebanon*? The doubting Christian does but smoak, when the assured Christian flames. What faintings and shiverings, and paleness in the one? what vigour and liveliness, what a ruddy complexion of soul in the other? How is the one left to the pleasure of a wave, when as the other lies safe at Anchor. The one can scarce lift up his weak and trembling hands in prayer, when the other is wrestling with Omnipotency. The one comes behind, and touches the hem of his Saviours garments, when as the other is in his very arms and embraces. The one dares scarce a touch Promise, scarce cast an eye upon a Promise, when as the other claims it, and grasps it, and appropriates it. The performances of the one are green, and crude, and unconcocted; the others are ripen'd, and mellow'd with a stronger Sun-beam of love. The one like a Lute with his strings loose and languishing; the other is tun'd up to its just height of affection. The one like a Bowe bent, sends forth his arrows very vigorously; the other does but drop them, and let them fall. How does Satan wound the one with many a fiery dart, that the other quenches! How does the one fear the roaring of the Lyon, which the other tramples under his feet! (2.) If you should compare them with men in an unregenerate condition, O what a μέγα χάσμα, what a vast Gulf is there between them? Sure you don't question, whether God has more service from *Israelites* that feed upon *hidden Manna*; or from *Egyptians*, that feed upon Garlick and Onions? Men that are under the damning and domineering power of lusts, and are only kept a little in awe, by some thundrings from Mount *Sinai*: Though they spend a few sighs sometimes, and drop a few tears sometimes, yet when they are thus wash't, how soon do they return to their wallowing in the Mire? The chaining of a Wolf, does that meeken and soften him? or the putting a hook into the *Leviathan*, does that transform him? Though wicked men by fears and terrours have their bounds set them, like the Sea, which they cannot pass; yet they are still like the raging Sea, they swell and foam, and cast out their mire and dirt. And who more wicked than they that are desperate? those black and damned Potentates of Hell, because they are out of all possibility of mercy; how do they act *ad extremum virium* in all expressions of malice and wickedness?

And therefore God out of his infinite goodneſs, though he does uſually ſeal men up to life and happineſs, and lets them make their *Calling and Election ſure*; yet he does ſcarce ever, or very rarely ſo ſeal men up to ruine, ſo as to let them know certainly that they are Reprobates; for this would make them deſperate, there would be no living with them in the World. Or if he does ſhew them this, he does withall let them run into ſome act of violence, that preſently frees the World from them. That hope which wicked men have of being ſav'd, though it be groundleſs, yet it keeps them within their bounds and compaſs. Though it be but like the Spiders web; yet the very ſpinning of that web, keeps them in the mean while from a full expreſſion of their venom. And that ſame ſhadow of obedience which God has from hypocrites, 'tis founded in ſome ſhadow of hope that they pleaſe themſelves in, and when this hope of their own framing vaniſhes and deceives them, then they back-ſlide and apoſtatize.

4. Are there not other judgments enough to waken them out of a ſinful ſecurity? are there not Rods? are there not Scorpions? is there nothing but preſent diſinheriting? Sure you cannot but remember that famous place where God ſpeaks to *David*, and points at *Solomon*, Pſal. 89. 32, 33. *If his children break my ſtatutes, &c.* God will make his own people know that 'tis a bitter thing to depart from him, and to forſake their firſt love: Nay, this is moſt certain, that wicked men themſelves are not capable of ſuch ſevere temporal judgments as the ſons of God are. That which is here done to the green Tree, cannot be done to the dry. For,

(1.) They may fall from Aſſurance. Though they can't loſe the ſeed and the root of grace, yet they may loſe the flouriſhing and fragrancy of it. Though the foundation of God remain ſure, yet they may fall from their top and eminency. Though they be built upon a Rock, yet they may be daſh't with waves. Though the Seal of God be of an eternal efficacy, yet they may deface the print and ſculpture of it, ſo as that it may not be viſible to their eye. Now what a ſad alteration will this be? Thou muſt not look for any more ſtroakings, for any more ſmiles, for love-glances any more. Thou muſt bid thy fountains of joy farewel. Thou muſt not look to ſee thy Spouſe flouriſhing through the Lattices any more, Thou muſt expect clouds and ſhadows, and

veils.

veils and curtains, and walls of ſeparation. The fig-tree of *Canaan* ſhall not bloſſom, and there ſhall be no fruit in the Vines, and the labour of the Olive ſhall fail. Thou muſt paſs many a day without one Sun-beam; God will ſeal up his ſweeteſt influences, he will ſhut up the windows of Heaven, and ſtop the bottles of Heaven; he will rain down no more *Manna* upon thee: Go to thy huſks, and ſee if they'l feed thee. Nay,

(2.) They may not only fall from Aſſurance, but even in a total deſertion look upon God as an Enemy, and inſtead of a filial Plerophory, may come to a fearful expectation of the fierceſt wrath of God. Now this I ſay is more judgment than wicked men are capable of here; in this reſpect, that they never had his love once revealed to them; whereas theſe are thrown down from the very pinacle of the Temple. And God does not only eclipſe the luſtre of their former joy; but dips his pen in gall, and writes bitter things againſt them. He was wont to ſhoot nothing but the fiery darts of love; I, but now his envenom'd arrows ſtick faſt in them. They did once ſurfet of the Grapes and Cluſters of *Canaan*; but now he hedges them in with Bryars and Thorns. They were wont to taſte of a Cup of ſweetneſs, a Cup of love; but he has now prepar'd for them a Cup of trembling and aſtoniſhment. They had once a Spring-time, a budding, a bloſſoming-time, the dew of Heaven drop't on them, the beams of Heaven viſited them: But now comes a ſad and diſconſolate Autumn, a fading and withering time. Their gloſs and greenneſs is gone; Heaven reveals it ſelf in thunderings, and lightning flaſhes againſt them, ſo as they ſhall even envy green Bay-trees, then men of the World that are free from all this. Now is not this enough to keep a ſoul in awe? The *Pſalmiſt* was very near this which we ſpeak of; he often tells you, that his joy was put out, that his peace was gone, that he was even ground to powder, that he was baniſh't from the face of his God; that he was excommunicated from that happy and heavenly intercourſe with God, which once he had. Theſe are frequent complaints; and yet he was one.

1. Of a pleaſant and chearful temper. The Scripture paints him out as one of a ſanguine complexion, the men of the world would have ſaid he had been melancholy elſe. He was one that was like a green Olive-tree in the houſe of his God; a moſt flouriſhing and

and fruitful Christian. As if he had been one of the Church triumphant, he was alwayes singing fresh *Hallelujahs*. He had a soft and delicate touch upon the Harp, he could still *Sauls* evil spirit with his Musick; I, but he could not thus tune and compose his own troubled and distemper'd spirit. He was fain now to hang his Harp upon the willows; and the voice of his Lute was turn'd into sighing. And if he does sing sometimes with a thorn at his breast, 'tis some penitential Psalm or other.

2. And yet all this while he was a King upon the Throne, he wanted not the pomp and bravery of the World. I but a Scepter won't conquer fears, and a Crown of gold will not cure an aking head, much less an aking heart. The smiles of the World they brought him to all this, and therefore he can't take much complacency in them. For when he does so often envy the men of the World, and is ready to stumble at the prosperity of the wicked; it was not so much for the outward things of the World which they enjoy'd, for those he had himself too in a plentiful measure; but it was for the quietness of their spirits, they were calm and serene, if compared with him, not in such fears and doubts as he now was; they had not such Conflicts and Paroxysmes, and Tumultuations of soul, as he now had. And yet he was one that once had the face of God shining out upon him: And therefore he desires him to *restore the joy of his salvation: Lucem redde, abes jam nimiùm diu; Instar veris enim vultus ubi tuus affulsit populo, gratior it dies, & soles meliùs nitent*, as he once spake to *Augustus*.

So that you see here are ways enough to keep men from a carnal security. And thus we have took off that bold calumny, so as we hope that, *Nihil adhærebit*.

Having laid open at large the Nature of Assurance, we now come to handle briefly the second Observation, and that is,

Observ. 2. **Christian Assurance requires and calls for Diligence**: Sure I need not tell you, that the most precious things are Cabinetted and lock't up under difficulties. If you look to Nature, you see how she reserves her Jewels in secret repositories; she sets them in her own bosom, and enhances their price by rarity. *There is*, indeed, *a vein for silver*, as *Job* speaks; but Nature is not so profuse to open it, to let it run waste, and exhaust her self.

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ſhe hi des her treaſures, and puts them out of the reach of an ordinary Plunderer.

Or, if you look to Arts: There are indeed ſome things which float at the top, ἴσασιν οἱ μεμυημένοι, thoſe that are but initiated into them, are preſently acquainted with them; hence ſome beginners, when they have but taſted theſe, think they have a preſent kind of Omniſcience. O but ſtay a while, there are moſt myſterious things which lurk at the bottom, and require a profounder ſearch; they muſt dive deep before they fetch up theſe pearls. Thus 'tis in Languages, the choiceſt Elegancies many times are couch't in Idioms, thoſe *arcana linguarum*; you may ſee them like ſo many pearls glittering amongſt the rubbiſh of the Tower of *Babel*. Thus 'tis in Civil Affairs, ſome things are viſible and obvious to a vulgar eye, the rude heap and maſs of people can take notice of them; ſome wheels move ſo plainly, as that they can ſee them: I, but there are more ſecret ſprings of motion, more intimate contrivances, politick riddles, which they only can read, that are *à ſecretioribus*. Every deſign muſt not have a window in it; 'tis comely ſometimes to ſee *Moſes* with a Veil upon his face.

And thus 'tis in the wiſe Oeconomy and Diſpenſation of the Goſpel. 'Tis true, the whole Goſpel is pregnant with heavenly myſteries: 'Tis like that heavenly γαλαξία, the milky way, which the wiſe ones of the World take for a Meteor only, a brief φαινόμενον; I, but thoſe that are enlightned from above, know that 'tis made up *ex flore lucis*, 'tis compounded of Stars leſs diſcernable; and even here *one Star differs from another in glory*. There are *Myſteria primæ magnitudinis*, ſuch tranſcendent and dazling Myſteries, as that the Eagle muſt be fain to ſhut her eye, and the Seraphim muſt be glad to wink. And there are not only intellectual, but practical depths in the way of Religion: And Chriſtian Plerophory is one of theſe. For a ſoul to be fill'd with the breathings of the Spirit, and to move with full Sail in the Ocean of Gods love, and when it pleaſes to lie ſafe at Anchor; I, and to be ſure of coming ſafe to the Haven; certainly the ſoul muſt needs cry out all the while, ὦ βάθος, *O the depth of the goodneſs, and love of God! how myſterious are his wayes, how are his mercies paſt finding out!*

(1.) Now for a Chriſtian to arrive to ſo full a ſenſe of Gods love, *hic labor, hoc opus eſt*:

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It requires diligence; for,

1. There are but few that have any right and intereſt in the love of God in Chriſt at all.

2. Of thoſe few that have a ſhare and portion in his love, yet all of them have not Aſſurance of his love. There are but few that enter into the Temple; I, but there is only ſome *Aaron* that enters into the *ſanctum ſanctorum*, and caſts his Anchor within the Veil. And,

Firſt, There are but few upon whom God beſtoweth his love. 'Twas alwayes a principle in Morality, that ſweet and intimate friendſhip cannot be extended to many; friends uſually go by pairs. Now God, though he be of vaſt and boundleſs love, and has love enough to ſatisfie a multitude of Worlds, yet he has choſe to concentricate it all in a few pickt out of the World, that he might thus engage them the more to himſelf. His large and precious love is kept for his only Spouſe.

Secondly, Of thoſe few whom he loves, ſome are not aſſur'd of his love. He lov'd them all from everlaſting, yet none of them could be then aſſur'd of his love. A non-entity cannot reach to a Plerophory. Well, but when they peep't out of their firſt nothing, truly they were not any rare objects of love; much leſs could they then be aſſur'd of the love of their God; when they were in a ſtate of enmity and oppoſition, and the Children of wrath as well as others: Well, but when he put them into a ſtate of love, and made them lovely with that beauty and comelineſs, with thoſe jewels and bracelets which he had put upon them; when he lov'd them as his new creatures, as his veſſels of honour, that were now caſt into their juſt mold and faſhion; when he lov'd them as his new-born ſons; yet theſe babes in Chriſt could not preſently cry, *Abba Father*. They were his Epiſtle, written in a fair and goodly character, dated from eternity, folded up and kept ſecret, at length ſent into the World; the ſuperſcription was writ in time, in Vocation: Well, but all this while they were not ſeal'd, till the Spirit comes and ſtamps a clear impreſſion of Gods love upon their ſoftned and melted ſpirits. 'Tis true, they were ſeal'd as ſoon as they were written in Gods Eternal Decree, but they were not viſibly ſeal'd till now. Now what pantings and breathings? what longings and entreaties? what preparations were there in the ſoul, before it could *obtain* this?

Secondly,

Secondly, it requires diligence to *keep* assurance. O take heed of wasting and crumbling away thy hidden Manna. God may break the staff of bread, and what will thy weary soul do then? Take heed of losing the White Stone, take heed of forgetting thy new name. O maintain the Oile of gladness in the Cruse. Thou that art a Vine of *Canaan* laden with generous fruit; wouldst thou willingly part with thy sweetness, and fruitfulness? Thou that art a green Olive-tree flourishing in the house of thy God; wouldst thou be content to part with thy fatness, and pleasantness? Thou wert wont to stay and Anchor thy soul upon thy God; And wouldst thou now be left to the courtesie of a wave? What? Art thou in love with the Tents of *Kedar?* They are black indeed; And do'st thou think them comely too? Art thou weary of the Sun-shine? And wouldst thou cool thy self in the shade? Do'st thou begin to loath thy hidden Manna, and wouldst thou return to the Garlick and Onions of *Egypt?* Art thou cloy'd with the clusters of *Canaan*, and do'st thou nauseate the Honey-comb? O remember, thou didst not so soon obtain assurance, and wilt thou so soon lose it?

Thirdly, give diligence to *recover* assurance, if lost: O when will the Winter be past? when will the rain be over and gone? that the flowers may appear, and the time of singing may come: That the Vines of *Canaan* may flourish again, that the tender Grapes may appear. *Awake O South-wind, and with thy gentle breathings, blow upon the Garden, that the Spices thereof may flow out!* Never leave till thou find'st thy Spouse again, thou that art sick of love: Tell him that thou long'st for a cluster of *Canaan*; That thou art even famish'd for want of hidden Manna. Desire a new edition of his love, with all the enlargements of affections. Lay thine heart before him, and desire new stamps & impressions; tel him, that though thou hast lost the print, yet he has not lost the Seal; Tell him, that thou wilt now prize his love more than thou ever did'st or could'st do before. Give him no rest, till he give thy soul rest, and fill it with himself. Surely thou would'st not willingly set in a cloud: thou would'st not go out of the world with thine Evidences blotted and blurr'd: Surely thou would'st not willingly be tost and dasht with waves in sight of the haven. Had'st thou not rather go to thy grave in peace? O desire him to shine out upon thee a little before thou goest hence, and be no more seen.

(2.) Now ſurely, we need not tell you, why Aſſurance does thus require diligence, For

1. You know the hearts deceitfulneſs, how it loves to pleaſe it ſelf in a ſhadow, in a painted joy, to flatter it ſelf into an imaginary happineſs. Moſt men in the world are ſo confident of heaven, as if they had been born heirs apparent to the Crown of glory: as if this new name had been given them at their baptiſm, or as if they had been born with hidden Manna in their mouths. They never knew what a queſtion or a ſcruple was, nay they wonder that others trouble themſelves with them; as for them, they have a connate kind of Plerophory. Theſe *fabri fortunæ ſuæ*, have a key to heaven of their own making, and can go to it when they pleaſe. Theſe crown themſelves with their own ſparks, and think them more glittering and precious than the White Stone. As if they were *Cuſtodes ſigilli*, they can ſeal themſelves to the day of redemption when they pleaſe. Thus do vain men cheat their own ſouls: when as 'twere their wiſer way, rather to commune with their own ſpirits, to criticize upon their own hearts, to ſee what a falſe print they are of, what falſe gloſſes there be, what *variæ lectiones*? what corruptions and degenerations from the Original? whether there be any ſpiritual Idioms? what are the genuine works of the Spirit? what are ſpurious and ſuppoſititious?

2. Give diligence, becauſe thou haſt a diligent enemy that would ſo fain quench thy joy, and keep it from flaming into Aſſurance. He envied the grain of Muſtard-ſeed, when 'twas firſt ſown: how then does it vex him to ſee it now ſpread into ſuch goodly branches, that the ſoul can build its neſt there? He envied thee the firſt bluſhes of the day, the buddings of the Roſie morning; that thoſe fair and Virgin eye-lids ſhould open and glance their light upon thee: how then is he ſcorch't with thy fuller Sun-ſhine? How do his eyes water at thy noon-day brightneſs? He that would have broke thee when thou wert a bruiſed Reed, how would he triumph in thy fall, now thou art a ſtately Cedar; If he could, he would have diſpirited and took off the vigour of that immortal ſeed, by which thou wert born again; He would fain have ſpit his venome into that ſincere milk, which fed thy infant-ſoul; how then does he envy thee thoſe flagons of wine, with which thou art now quickened and enflam'd? He would

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fain have hindered the foundation of the ſecond Temple, and now he would fain demoliſh the ſtructure, and down with it even to the ground.

That ſon of the morning fell himſelf not only from a compleat Aſſurance, but from a poſſeſſion of glory; and that into the moſt extream darkneſs that was imaginable, into a total impoſſibility of ever being happy; and now he would very fain (as much as he can) envolve others in the ſame condition: But certainly it does adde much of hell to him, in that he perceives that the ſons of God are now fixt in an immutable condition; whereas he was left in ſo voluble a ſtate, ſo that now all that he can poſſibly do is this, to damp their joy for the preſent, to raiſe clouds, and ſtorms, and tempeſts; And in this that Prince of the air does his endeavour to the utmoſt. And yet Chriſtians may fruſtrate him here too, and by a ſtrong and claſping hand of faith, may lay ſuch faſt hold of a God in Chriſt, as that they may even make the Devil give over: and to all his former, may add this new deſpair of ever eclipſing their glory: and may ſend him away as weary as he would be, if he ſhould go about to interrupt the joy of a glorifi'd Saint, or of one of thoſe Angels that ſtill dwell in glory. So that the more frequent his Alarms are, the more ſhould Chriſtians ſtand upon their watch, the more ſhould they fortifie themſelves, and look to their ſpiritual Panoply, they ſhould flie to the name of the Lord, which is a ſtrong Tower.

3. Give diligence, becauſe 'tis in a matter of ſo great conſequence: and to be deceived here will prove the moſt ſtinging aggravation of miſery that can be. The houſe that was built upon the ſand, great was the fall of it. There is a counterfeit Plerophory, a blazing kind of Aſſurance, a bragging kind of confidence, you know the name of it, 'tis called Preſumption, that great devourer of ſouls, that uſes to ſlay its ten thouſands; 'Tis ſo farre from being an Anchor, as that 'tis but a ſwelling and impoſtumated wave, which toſſes up the ſoul awhile, that it may ſink the deeper. And can there be a greater Emphaſis of miſery than this? Thou took'ſt it for granted, that thou wert in the ready way to heaven, and now thou art dropping into hell irrecoverably: Thou expected'ſt no leſs than a Crown of Glory, but canſt find nothing but chains of darkneſs, and a gnawing worm. How golden was thy dream of happineſs? did'ſt thou

not fancy the light and beams of heaven ripening the fruits of *Canaan* for thee? did'ſt not thou think thy ſelf upon the top of Mount *Piſgah*, refreſht with ſoft and delicate breathings, taking a full proſpect of the beautiful land of Promiſe? Nay, did'ſt not thou think that ſome of the milk and honey of the land flow'd into thy mouth? That thou wert plucking off green Apples from the Trees? Nay, that thou had'ſt the very taſtes and reliſhes of the Olives, and Figs, and Pome-granates, and Grapes in thy mouth? But behold, thou wak'ſt, and art in a Wilderneſs, amongſt briers and thorns, amongſt fiery Serpents, in a dry and thirſty land, where no ſweetneſs is! Thou took'ſt that for the whiſpering of the Spirit, which was but the hiſſing of the Serpent. Thou thought'ſt thy ſelf in the very Suburbs of the new *Jeruſalem*, in the Temple, in the *ſanctum ſanctorum*; when as thou wert all this while but in *Egypt*, in a *Babylon*, in a Priſon, in a Dungeon. Thou did'ſt exalt thy ſelf like the Eagle, and build thy neſt in the Stars: But with what indignation wert thou ſwept from thence? *How thou art fallen, O Lucifer, ſon of the morning!*

(3.) Conſider what kind of diligence is required. And

1. Be diligent in *ſelf-reflexion.* A clean heart chews the cud, and ruminates upon its own actions: Give thy heart frequent viſits, and ſee whether it keeps that print which the ſealing Spirit ſtampt upon it: read over thine Evidences; if there be the leaſt blot waſh it out. Try thy graces by a Scripture-Sun-beam. Haſt thou within a continual feaſt? Why then do'ſt not thou envite thy thoughts thither, that they may be ſatisfi'd as with marrow and fatneſs? Why do'ſt not thou compel them to come in? Let them drink ſweetneſs out of their own fountain, let them bleſs the womb that bare them, and the breaſts that gave them ſuck.

Let them be afraid of entring into their hearts, that have no quietneſs within, unleſs like the *Leviathan* they can ſport themſelves in a raging ſea, that foams out mire and dirt. But thou canſt ſteep and bathe thy thoughts in a calm and compoſed ſpirit. Why do'ſt not thou liſten to thine own muſick? Why do'ſt not thou glance upon thine own beauty? Aſſurance conſiſts in a reflex act, and by ſuch workings 'tis maintain'd, *iiſdem alitur, quibus gignitur.*

2. Be diligent in *Prayer.* Believe it, aſſurance does not come with

with those weak wishes and velleities, that are so frequent in the mouths of many, O that we were sure of heaven, of happiness! O that our souls were well provided for! O that we knew what should become of them to eternity! Truly these are but gaping and yawning desires, as if hidden Manna would drop into their mouths. This great blessing requires a wrestling prayer. The White Stone is given to none but a Conquerour. The Spirit won't set his Seal to a faint and languishing velleity. An Eccho won't answer a whisperer; a weak voice is not worth a rebound.

The truth is, there is a great deal of Vicinity and friendship, nay I think I might say Consanguinity, between Assurance and Prayer. Prayer should be *Plerophoria quædam explicata.* Assurance does mightily enliven and animate Prayer, and Prayer does ἀνπαλαγεῖν, cherish and maintain Assurance.

Go then unto thy God, and be importunate with him: beg a smile, a glance, a beam of his face: desire him to take all worldly things again, unless he will sweeten them with his love. Tell him, thou canst no longer feed upon husks, and desire him to give thee somewhat that s fit for a soul to live on.

3. Be diligent and frequent in *communion* with thy God. Conversing with God puts a lustre and radiancy upon the soul; descending to the creature, puts a Veile upon that former brightness; sweet and familiar entercourse with thy God, puts thee into the number of his friends; and friendship brings Assurance and Confidence along with it.

Would God (do'st thou think) admit thee into his most shining and beautiful presence? would he thus display himself to thee, and make known his most secret treasures of goodness and sweetness unto thy soul, unless he lov'd thee? would thy Saviour thus smile upon thee? would he thus unbosome and unbowel himself to thee? would he thus flourish in at the lattices, unless he were thy Spouse? would he thus kiss thee with the kisses of his mouth? would he tell thee so much of his mind, unless his heart were with thee? would he accept of thy prayers and thy performances, thy spiritual sacrifices, if he meant to destroy thee? did'st thou ever know him deal thus deceitfully with any? would he give thy soul such frequent visits, such gentle breathings? would he so often whisper to thee, that

which

which the world must not hear, if thou wert an enemy as well as they? canst thou think thy self in darkness, when the Sun looks upon thee? Canst thou doubt of quenching thy thirst, when the fountain bubbles out, and flows upon thee? Canst thou doubt of liberty in the year of *Jubilee*? What is the Dove in the Ark, and yet can it find no rest to the sole of her feet? Canst thou question thy safety under the wings of Christ? No, whatever it was that put out thy joy, it did first estrange and alienate thee from thy God. And couldst thou but recover thy former neerness to him, thou need'st not doubt of the same affectionate expressions from him. Communion with God, 'tis that which gives an heavenly and eternal Plerophory; 'tis that which maintains the assurance of glorious Angels, and glorifi'd Saints. And that which takes away all hope from the damn'd, is this, that they are perpetually banisht, irrecoverably excommunicated from the face of their God: *Depart from me, I know you not*: there is more in that than in fire and brimstone. But God has said unto thee, *Seek my face*, and let thy soul eccho out its resolution, *Thy face, Lord, will I seek*: for all certainty flows from God, from that fixt and unshaken Entity, from that Original immutability that is in him. And when God sets his seal unto thee, he prints somewhat of this upon thee: And therefore the more God gives of himself to thee, the more Assurance he gives thee.

Go then to the place where his honour dwells, go to the place where his glory shines. You know that the Apostle *Thomas*, when he was absent from the Apostles meeting, he fell into a strange distrust of that which the others were very well assur'd of. Go then to those Ordinances, that drop golden Oile upon the soul, and make its countenance to shine. Hide thy self in those clefts of the Rock, that God may make his goodness pass before thee. God will there beam out upon thy soul, he will warm it with his love, and will then seal it to the day of redemption.

Christian Assurance deserves diligence.

Observ. 3. 'Tis a miserable thing to toile for vanity and emptiness; to sowe the wind, and to reap the whirlewinde. But to take pains for happiness, who would not be willing to this? An Israelite that

that would be loth to ſpend his time in gathering ſtubble, would willingly ſpend it in gathering Grapes. A wiſe Virgin will cheerfully put in ſo much Oile, as will make the Lamp to ſhine. The ſoul will never be weary of gathering hidden Manna. Aſſurance is a very ſatisfactory thing; men take a preſent and compleat acquieſcence in it.

1. Conſider it in temporals, what won't worldlings do to ſecure their lands, and goods, and eſtates? How do they ſeek for Bonds, and Seals, and Oaths, and Sureties; and yet think all this too little? They have ſet up an Enſurers Office, and will ſcarce venture a Ship at Sea, unleſs it can have an unqueſtionable Plerophory; unleſs one will ſecure it from warres; and another from rocks; and a third from winds and tempeſts. And this is one of thoſe ſtings and vexations which God has put into temporals, that they are uncertain. Many a worldling has pin'd away under this very notion, that his riches had wings, and could fly away when they liſt. And this was the reaſon, why the Epicures were all for enjoying the preſent moment; becauſe that was all they were certain of; and therefore they would have devour'd and ſoopt up the quinteſſence of all happineſs in a τὸ νῦν if they could. Thus *Anacreon* ſings τὸ σήμερον μέλει μοὶ, τὸ δ' αὔριον τίς οἶδε. And this was that which made the Heathen ſo angry with Fortune, a goddeſs of their own framing, becauſe ſhe put them alwayes upon blind uncertainties. This made the Stoicks to run into the other extream, to fix themſelves in an unevitable certainty, in a ſullen neceſſity, to anchor upon fate, rather than to be left to a wavering contingency.

2. Aſſurance in Intellectuals is very ſatisfactory. There's nothing that tortures the ſoul more than ſcruples and difficulties; it makes it to dwell like a lily amongſt thorns.

The Scepticks were a perpetual wrack to themſelves. Objections fly like duſt into the ſouls eye, and ſometimes 'tis fain to weep them out. How does it vex the Naturaliſt that his head is ſo non-pluſt, as that he muſt fly to the refuge of an occult quality? How impatient was *Ariſtotle*, what boylings and teſſings in his breaſt more than in *Euripus*, becauſe he could not give a full account of the ebbing and flowing of that river? He threw himſelf into it, as if he thought to find more reſt there than in his own ſpirit, diſcompoſed only with this uncertainty. Every queſtion,

ſtion checks the underſtanding, and makes it remove a little from certainty, as the learned *Verulam* obſerves. Every queſtion 'tis ſome grace to errour, and ſome repulſe to truth.

But how ſweetly does the mind reliſh thoſe firſt and common notions, that carry a native light, and convincing evidence and certainty in them, and won't give the ſoul leave to doubt? and how does it bathe it ſelf in thoſe cryſtalline ſtreamings out, thoſe pure derivations of ſecondary notions, that freely bubble out from theſe fountain-principles, which for their certainty ſometimes are honoured with the name of axioms? And ſome give this rule for a trial and touchſtone of notions: Whatſoever Propoſition the mind does fully cloſe with, that is unqueſtionably true, becauſe the mind can't reſt ſatisfi'd but with certainty. And that which it gives but an hovering and imperfect aſſent to, is but probably true. Now though ſometimes a falſity may come under the fair diſguiſe of an apparent certainty, yet this is alſo ſure, that the mind cannot ſo fully and ſweetly acquieſce in an apparent certainty, as in a real certainty. As neither can the Will ſo fully cloſe with an apparent good, as with a real good; for in realities there is a ſure Entity at the bottom, which is a juſt foundation for appearance, whereas the other is a meer colour, a ſurface, a ſhadow. And the more perfect any intellectual being is, the more of certainty it has.

Our knowledge therefore here is but cloudy and enigmatical, ſhadowy and in a glaſs. The nearer to God any being is, the more it has of certainty. And therefore the Angels and Spirits that ſee God face to face, are ſatisfied with his image. Truth then plucks off her veile, pulls off her maſk, that the ſoul may ſalute her. And this is the great Prerogative of that infinite and ſupream Being, God himſelf, that he has an independent and eternal certainty, and beholds all beings and motions of beings paſt, preſent, and to come, without the leaſt ſhadow of variation. And thoſe things which poſe created beings, are more plain and obvious to his eye, than firſt principles are to ours. The very intimate forms of beings are naked and anatomiz'd before him. He looks down upon the ſons of men, and ſees them rolling and fluctuating, toſt and tumbl'd up and down in uncertainties, ſometimes even queſtioning him in his wayes and his dealings, while as he reſts in a full and abſolute Omniſcience. And this is his great goodneſs,

that

that he allows us certainty in those things that concern our welfare and happiness.

3. In spirituals and eternals, Assurance is very satisfactory. Religion should be above syllogisms and disputings. Spiritual notions should have the Seal of God in their foreheads; they are not to be struck like sparks out of a flint, but are to spring like light from the Sun; they are to flow like streams from the Ocean; and Principles of Religion must be built upon a Rock, upon the most sure and unquestionable grounds that can be. Men that build for eternity, had need to lay the foundation sure, and they must build gold and precious stones upon the foundation, that which has a solidity, and a firm certainty in it. And if this were observ'd,

1. You would have no such jars and divisions in the Church: You would not be so much troubled with the noise of Axes and Hammers; imposing things questionable as certain, is agreeable to that spirit, which allows no other Assurance but this; that their Church is the true Church.

2. The mixing and blending of Religion with uncertainties, is that which does emasculate, and dispirit, and endanger it; 'tis a dashing the wine with water; 'tis an adulterating the gold with dross, so as it won't endure the fiery trial.

3. The taking up Religion upon uncertain grounds, does put men upon an odious luke-warmness and neutrality; for men can't be zealous for a thing they doubt of: It puts them upon variableness and unconstancy, upon the very brim of Apostasie; and (it may be) plunges them into it. Nay, it strongly tends to Atheism; some do so long question which is the true Religion, as that at length they resolve to have none at all.

4. The leaving the success of Religion uncertain, does damp and cool the spirits of men. The learned Moralists amongst the Heathen, could never content themselves with a fair probability only of *summum bonum*, but did spin it out to an imaginary certainty. The Stoicks would have a Domestick Plerophory, they must be unavoidably happy: A meer certainty won't suffice them, it must be condens'd into a necessity. A wise man with them must irreversibly seal up himself to happiness: And so though he were in *Phalaris* his Bull, he must glory and triumph, and sing Hallelujahs: But the fairer Moralists were willing to depend more upon the bounty of Heaven, which yet they look't

upon as a ſure and unqueſtionable thing; nay, they pleas'd themſelves not only in a Plerophory, but in a preſent poſſeſſion; for you know vertue with them, was *Præcox beatitudo*, as grace with us is glory not fully ripe; and ſerenity of natural conſcience was their hidden Manna, their *white Stone*. Thus were they fain to ſtill their ſouls in ſome ſhadows and appearances of certainty. This ſweetned *Socrates* his Cicute, and made him a chearful Martyr for Philoſophy.

And all wicked men that go on merrily and ſecurely in their wayes, do frame ſome imaginary certainty to themſelves, which (it may be) they found upon ſure principles, but faſly apply'd; as this, *That God is merciful*, or the like.

All this I bring, to ſhew that the ſoul does catch at Certainty and Aſſurance, and will reſt ſatisfi'd with nothing elſe. For, for men to apprehend themſelves uncertain of happineſs, what is it elſe but to be for the preſent miſerable? Nay, would not ſome (do you think) chooſe rather to be certain of a tolerable miſery, than to be in continual ſuſpence of happineſs? And truly ſuch men as have no Aſſurance of obtaining this great end of their being, they are of all Creatures moſt miſerable.

The Foxes have Holes, and the Birds of the Aire have Neſts, and ſhall not the ſons of men have where to lay their heads? Every being loves certainty: How do Naturals combine together, and unite their Forces, that they may ſecure themſelves by an happy aſſociation? Nature will have a Plerophory, won't admit of a *vacuum*, the leaſt ſchiſm and rupture would prove fatal, and put it upon uncertainties. Sir *Francis Bacon* ſpies this in thoſe fallings down of water, that threed and ſpin themſelves into ſuch ſlender ſtillicids, that thus they may preſerve their continuity, and when they can reach no longer ſo, then they fall in as plump and round a figure as they can.

And if every Being loves Aſſurance, then ſurely ſuch a Noble Being as the ſoul of man, cannot be ſatiated with a changeable good; it can't fix it ſelf upon a moveable centre. Immortality is near a kin to Immutability. Beſides, if it were only this, that the ſoul did doubt of happineſs, it were a lighter burden; but there is neceſſarily conjoyn'd with this, a fear of extreameſt miſery. Now for a ſoul to be perpetually hovering betwixt Heaven and Hell; nay, to have far more ground to fear the one, than to hope

for

for the other, and so to tremble at the very thoughts of Eternity; Is not this a piece of the gnawing worm? and must the soul live in this perpetual slavery? Is there no Redemption from it? Did not Christ come to take away this sting among the rest? Did not he come to draw thee to himself, to quiet thee in his own bosom? Return thee to thy Rest, O my Soul! Return to thine Ark, O my Dove! and look upon this Gospel-Plerophory, as one of those great priviledges that were purchas'd for thee by a Saviour. For,

1. By this, thy Soul, thy Darling, 'tis fully provided for, for Eternity; thy lot is faln to thee in a fair ground, and thou hast a goodly Heritage; Could thy soul open its mouth any wider? Could thy soul desire any more than this, to be sure of being for ever compleatly happy? What would the damn'd in Hell give for a possibility of happiness? What would some wounded spirits give for good hopes and probabilities? when as thou in the mean time hast an overflowing Plerophory. What would the one give for a drop to cool their tongue? What would the other give for a pure stream to wash their bleeding souls? When as thou all the while art bathing in the Fountain, art sailing in the Ocean, art swimming in the Rivers of pleasure. Thine understanding may well rest satisfi'd, for 'tis sure to fix its eye upon an eternal beauty; upon the face of its God. Thy will may rest it self in the embraces of its dearest object; for 'tis espoused to the fairest good, and is sure to enjoy it with an indissoluble union. Thy purer and more refined affections, may sport themselves in the Sun-beams of Heaven, there may thy love warm and melt it self, and there may thy joy dance and exult. All that thou hast to do here below, is this; thy Virgin-soul that is here assur'd and contracted, must wait a while for the Nuptials, for a full fruition of its God, for a full consummation of its Joy.

2. This must needs sweeten all present Conditions to thee: Eat then thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart; for God accepts thy person, and smells a sweet odour in thy sacrifice. Are there any pearls in the Gospel? thou may'st lay claim to them. Is there any balm in *Gilead*? thou hast a share in it. Are there any Gospel-priviledges? thou knowst they are thine, and are intended for thee. Does God bestow tempo-

rals upon thee? thou know'ſt that he firſt dips them in love and ſweetneſs? Mount *Gerizim* is thy portion; and how art thou above waves? when as ſome are ſhip-wrack't, others are toſſ'd and diſquieted; thou haſt an happy protection in all thy wayes.

1. Thou art ſecure againſt the Frowns of the World, for Heaven ſmiles upon thee. Thou mayſt laugh at the falſe judging and eſteems of men; it may be the World brands, I, but the Spirit ſeals; it may be the ſeed of the Serpent hiſſes, I, but the Holy Ghoſt breaths. What, though thou beeſt forty years in a Wilderneſs? Nay, what though thou beeſt ſeventy years in *Babylon*? Won't *Canaan*, and won't the new *Jeruſalem* make amends for all?

2. Thou art ſecure in times of judgment: As *Job* ſpeaks of the *Leviathan*, the Sword of him that layes at him cannot hold, the Spear, the Dart, nor the Habergeon. The Arrow cannot make him flee, Darts are counted as ſtubble; he laughs at the ſhaking of the Spear. Who is like him upon the Earth, one that is made without fear? When God thunders upon the men of the world, he ſpeaks but in a ſtill voice to thee; he darts lightning flaſhes in their faces, but he *lifts up the light of his countenance upon thee.* Judgments are intended for the ſweeping away of Spiders webs, not for the ſweeping away of Gods own Jewels. Or if they be envolv'd in a common calamity, yet how is it roll'd up in ſweetneſs to them? when as the other can taſte nothing but gall and wormwood. Their body may be toſſ'd a little in the World, but their ſoul lies ſafe at Anchor.

3. In the hour of death. Thou know'ſt that providence then means only to break the ſhell, that it may have the kernel: Let them tremble at the knockings and approaches of death, that know not what ſhall become of their precious ſouls: Men who through the fear of death have been all their life-time ſubject unto bondage? But thou may'ſt ſafely trample upon the Adder, and play in the Cockatrices Den. The Martyrs (you know) did thus, when they embrac'd the flames, and complemented with Lyons, and devour'd torments, and came to them with an appetite. Aſſurance of the love of God in Chriſt, this, and nothing but this pulls out the ſting of death. 'Tis true, that death has loſt its ſting in reſpect of all that are in Chriſt; but yet ſuch as know not

that

that they are in Christ, fear death still as if it had a sting: Only an assured Christian triumphs over it, *O Death, where is thy sting?*

4. Assurance fills the soul with praise and thankfulness. The real presence of a mercy is not enough, but there must be the appearance of a mercy, and the sense of it, before it fill thy heart with joy, and thy mouth with praise. A doubting Christian is like a Bird entangled, and in a snare; the soul has not its comfort, nor God has not his praise: But an assur'd Christian is like a Bird at liberty, that flies aloft, and sings most chearfully; it begins those *Hallelujahs* in time, that must last for ever; it breaks out into the *Psalmists* language, *Bless the Lord O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his Holy Name.*

The fourth and last Observation which we propounded out of the Text, was, **That the way to make our Election sure, is first to make our Calling sure:** And this is sufficiently warranted from the just order and method of this Apostolical Exhortation, *Make your Calling and Election sure*; first your Calling, then your Election, and by your Calling, your Election: *Methodus Analytica* best becoming creatures. *Observ.* 2.

Many have handled this point at large, I shall do it very briefly, and I shall give you all that I intend to speak to it in these six particulars.

I. Election in it self is secret and mysterious. For (1.) it is from Eternity, and so there was none could know it but God alone; none could know Election, but he that made an Election. A Being that is span'd by time, cannot reach to what was done from everlasting: You cannot imagine that Non-entity should listen and hear what was whisper'd in the Secret Councel of Heaven. Thou goest only by the Clock of time, but those decrees were written with an eternal Sun-beam; thou turn'st up thy houre-glass of time, but these were measured by an infinite duration. Was it possible that *Esau* not born, should see God frowning on him; or that *Jacob* should perceive a smile? Thou art as far from meriting Election, as a Non-entity; and thou art as far from knowing it as a Non-entity. (2.) God has a mind to keep it secret, and therefore he has set a seal upon it; not only a seal of certainty, but a seal of secrecy. You know creatures them-

themſelves have their Cloſet-determinations; men have their thoughts under lock and key; they have not windows into one anothers breaſts, much leſs into the breaſt of a Deity. Thou canſt not fathom ſometimes a ſhallow Creature, and doſt thou think to reach to the bottom of infinite depths? Has God given thee ſecret ſprings of working; has he made the wheels and motions of thy ſoul ſecret, and undiſcernable, and may he not have the ſame priviledge himſelf? So then, if God has put a vail upon Election, doſt thou think to ſee into it? When he has ſhut and claſp't the Book of Life, doſt thou think to open it, and read it?

II. Vocation comments upon Election. Gods Decrees, that were ſet from everlaſting, do bud and bloſſom, and bring forth fruit in time. Election buds in a promiſe, and bloſſoms in an offer of grace. The Book was written before the foundations of the World were laid; but it was not publiſh't till God himſelf gave it an *Imprimatur*. The Letter was dated from Eternity, the Superſcription was writ in time, in Vocation. Now you know though the Letter be writ firſt, yet the Superſcription is read firſt by him that receives the Letter. 'Twas decreed from Eternity that Decrees ſhould be known in time. And the πλήρωμα χρόνου, is χρόνου πληρώματος, the fulneſs of time, is the time when Gods Decrees are fulfilled. When the Decrees of God are ripe, then he lets the ſoul taſte them, and then they are ſweeteſt. Then thou perceiveſt that thou art a Veſſel of Honour, when God puts thee upon an honourable imployment. That Fountain of love which ran under-ground from everlaſting, bubbles up, and flows to thee in time. That λόγος ἐνδιάθετος that was in Election, becomes λόγος προφορικὸς in Vocation. Thus thoughts of men, when they would appear, they put on words; they take wings to themſelves, and flie away.

III. There is a ſtrict and an inſeparable connexion betwixt Election and Vocation: For who is there that can blaſt the Decrees of Heaven, or who can reverſe the Seal of the Almighty? Who can break one link of this golden Chain? To be ſure, 'tis not in the power of created Beings to evacuate and annihilate the Counſels of God. A Creature, as it had no influence upon Election, ſo neither has it any power to alter it. A ſhadow does not alter the Sun, but rather ſhews you what time of the day it is.

And

And then to be ſure God himſelf will not reverſe his own Seal: *Nulla eſt litura in decretis ſapientum*, ſay the Stoicks; A wiſe man will ſcorn to blot out any thing. *Nullæ ſunt lituræ in libro vitæ.* God is ſo full of light, as that there is no ſhadow of change in him: Therefore, has God pick't thee out as a Jewel, and laid thee up in a ſecret Repoſitory, in the Gabinet of his ſecret Counſel! He will then bring thee out, and ſhew thee in time; he means to poliſh thee, and put a luſtre upon thee; he means to ſet thee as a Diamond in his Ring, and to put thee upon the hand of a Saviour. Did God from all Eternity reſolve to ſet thee as a Captive ſoul at liberty? Truly then thou needeſt not doubt, but that he will in time break open the priſon-doors, and beat off thy Chains and thy Fetters, and give thee full inlargement. God has been prepaeing a Feaſt for thee from everlaſting, a Feaſt of ſweet and fat things, a Refined, an Evangelical Feaſt: To be ſure then he will invite thee in time, he will ſtand at thy door and knock; nay, he will compel thee to come into it. God glanced an eye of love upon thee, when thou lay'ſt hid in the barren womb of nothing; to be ſure then in time he means to wooe thee, and to win thee, and to eſpouſe thee to himſelf in faithfulneſs, and in truth.

IV. Election and Vocation, though in reſpect of us they have gradual and climbing accompliſhments yet in reſpect of God they are equally preſent; for there is no ſucceſſion in Eternity. There can be no *prius & poſterius*, where there was no beginning. 'Tis true, that our finite Beings, as they cannot ſufficiently graſp an infinite Eſſence, ſo neither can they meaſure an infinite Duration. And therefore our underſtandings put many times ſeveral *periods* there, where there ought not to be the leaſt *comma*, becauſe we ſpan out things by our own narrow Duration.

For Duration is nothing elſe but *permanentia in eſſe*, a continuation and abiding in Being, the ſpinning out of Entity: And therefore as the ſoul cannot ſee the face of God, ſo neither can it ſee the vaſtneſs of his Duration, which is adequate and commenſurate to the degree of his Entity. So that we being but of yeſterday, are not competent Judges of Eternity. And as the ſoul impriſon'd in a body, can but darkly conceive of ſpiritual Beings, and cannot behold the luſtre and oriency of an Angel; nay, it cannot behold its own beauty, much leſs is it able to behold the

glory

glory of God himself; so being here conversant with transient things that have their *Ortum & Occasum*, their *Fluxum & Refluxum*, their Spring and Autumn, their Bounds and their bottom, and dwelling among temporals; 'tis not so well acquainted with the vast Duration of Eternity; and yet it can far better behold the back-parts of Eternity, than the face of it; Eternity *à parte post*, than Eternity *à parte antè*; because the soul it self is measured by that Duration; whereas only that one Supreme Being, God himself has the compleatness and perfection of Eternity. No wonder then that our understandings put several *periods* there, where there ought not to be the least *comma*, because we span out things by our own Duration; that which bubbles from Eternity, comes flowing to us in time. But Vocation is as Eternal as Election: In respect of God, *Jacob* was as soon call'd, as he was chosen; and that not only in respect of the secret Counsel and Decree of God; but whensoever God does actually call *Jacob*, he calls him *ab Æterno*; for Eternity is not at all spent and exhausted by continuance, but is alwayes *in vigore viridi*. 'Tis a flourishing Duration that never withers, nor decayes. Indeed Vocation is nothing else but Election pulling off her veil, and smiling upon the soul, and telling her that God loves her, and manifests and displayes his love to her.

V. It is altogether irregular and anomalous for the soul. 1. To pry into Election: 'Tis dangerous to tread on the highest round first, and here it is impossible. Thus the soul forgets that it is a Creature, it forgets its own Duration, and would be measuring it self by Eternity. The windows of the soul must be set open for the entertaining such light as does more immediately flow in upon it, and the understanding must close and comply with such objects as are best proportion'd to it. Now you know that those things which are first intelligible in their own Nature, yet are not alwayes first presented to the view and eye of the soul: For whatsoever is first in Being, may first be known; Entity being the root and just foundation of intelligibility; and yet sometimes secondary and junior. Entity is fain to prepare the way, like a *John Baptist*, for one that comes after it, and yet was in worth and being before it. Thus sometimes the causes of things lurk, and lie couch't, they hide their heads, only a little flourish out at the Latteses, peeping

out

out of an effect or two. Thus the Text may be in Hebrew, when the Commentary is in Latine; many may understand the one, that cannot read the other. Election, it is the Original; Vocation, 'tis the interlineary glosse for the help of weak beginners. If God should let thee see into Election before Vocation, it were the only way to frustrate and disappoint his own decree. For if God should shew thee thy name in the book of Life, before thy heart were changed and renewed; what would this but make thee sin more securely, and turn his grace into wantonness? Whereas the wisdome of God never determines the end, but it also determines the means; and as the end is alwayes glorious, so also are the means powerful and efficacious. Now thou canst not more clearly demonstrate that thou art in a good tendency and proximity to the end, than by a thankful use and seasonable application of the means. And what do they do but lay a snare for their own souls, that catch and entangle themselves with such a desperate fallacy as this is; If we be elected, we shall be unquestionably saved; and if we be not elected, we shall be unavoidably damned, and therefore we may do what we list. O what a bold and blasphemous inference is this! What is this else, but to distill the rankest poison out of the richest and most soveraign cordial? To kindle Hell out of a spark of Heavenly truth, which if it were blown up gently by the Spirit that breathed it, and kept within its just bounds; 'twould only cheer, quicken and enliven the soul. Because thou dost not as yet know whether thou art a vessel of honour, wilt thou therefore presently dash thy self in pieces? because thou dost not for the present certainly know that thou shalt come safe to the Haven, wilt thou therefore court the waves, rush upon a Rock, and make Shipwrack of faith and a good conscience? would'st thou do thus in temporals? Why, thou dost not know how long thou shalt live, the number of thy dayes is certainly fixt, and thy time is an appointed and determined time: wilt thou therefore refuse to lean upon the staff of bread? Wilt thou not repair thine earthly and decaying tabernacle? Wilt thou not maintain the oile in the Cruse? that *Balsamum radicale*, with such fresh supplies as are

afforded to thee? Wilt thou break thy glaſs in pieces, becauſe thou canſt not tell how long it will run?

Is it not a mercy that God vouchſafes thee the means? Why ſhould'ſt thou diſtruſt of obtaining the end, more than any other? There is not a curtain that hides Election more from thee than from any other; 'tis equally hid to all, till it ſhine forth upon ſome in the uſe of means, till the curtain be drawn, and then it will equally ſhine out upon thee, if thou uſeſt the ſame means. If all ſhould argue as thou do'ſt, there would none be ſaved; if all men, becauſe Election is abſolute and uncertain, ſhould reſolve to live as they liſt; who would then ſet his face towards *Canaan?* where would God have any glory in the world? What would become of his great Name? but he will root out ſuch an unſavoury principle as this is out of the hearts of all that love him; and that truth which is made a fatal ſtumbling block to ſome, ſhall prove a ſolid foundation of joy and ſweetneſs unto them. The very poſſibility of Election ſhould baniſh all ſuch thoughts as theſe. Who can tell but God may have been gracious unto thee, and have fixt an eye of love upon thee? Oh then breath after him, pant and long for him, deſire him to expreſs his mind to thee, to communicate his love to thee.

Beſides, though thou doſt not know Election, will meer love do nothing? Though thy God did not intend to glorifie thee; yet thou ſhould'ſt intend to glorifie him; Though he does not chuſe thee for his ſervant, yet thou ſhould'ſt chuſe him for thy Lord. There is worth in him, though there be none in thee.

Reſolve that into what condition ſoever he throw thee, though into hell it ſelf, that there thou wilt love him, and there thou wilt praiſe him, and long for him; that there thou wilt adore and honour him, and wilt grieve only for this, that thou canſt honour him no more; that thou wilt admire his goodneſs to others, his juſtice to thee; I, and his goodneſs to thee too, that layes leſs upon thee than thou deſerveſt. Such thoughts as theſe would make hell it ſelf lightſome.

VI. As Election is ſecret and myſterious, ſo Vocation may be eaſily known. That Aſtrologer was deſervedly laught at, that was ſo intenſely gazing upon the Starres, ſo admiring their twinkling beauties, as that unawares he tumbled into the water; where-

as

as before, if he had but been pleased to look so low as the water, he might have seen the starres there represented in that crystal glass. Such as will needs be prying into the starres, that will ascend up into heaven, and gaze upon Election; they do but dazle their eyes, and sometimes by this are overwhelmed in the depths of Satan: whereas they might easily see the starres in the water; they might see Election in Sanctification, in Regeneration. Now Vocation does plainly and easily appear by that great and eminent alteration which it brings along with it. It is a powerful Call, 'tis an audible and quickening voice; the voice of the first trumpet that awakens men out of the graves, and makes them happy, by having their part in the first Resurrection; great and sudden alterations they are very discernable. Now here's a most notorious, and signal change made; *Old things are past away, and all things are become new:* here's a change from death to life, from darkness to light; and what more discernable than this? A living man may know that he is alive, and that without any further proof or demonstration, whatever the *Scepticks* old or new would perswade us to the contrary; Will you not allow a man to be certain that he lives, till a jury of life and death hath past upon him?

Could not the blind man in the Gospel (think you) perceive when his eyes were opened? could he not easily tell that now he could see and discern variety of Objects? or must he only conjecture that he sees, and gues at a Sun-beam? must he still at noon-day go groping in uncertainties? And is there not an easie and sure difference between those thick veiles and shadows of the night, between those dark and Ethiopick looks, and the virgin-blushes of the morning; those beautiful eye-lids of the day? The smilings and flowerings out of light, much more the advancement of light to its Zenith and Noon-day-glory? And why then cannot an Intellectual eye discern as well, that now it sees? that now it looks upon God with an eye of love, with an eye of faith, with an eye of confidence? and that now God looks upon him with an eye of tenderness and compassion, with an eye of grace and favour, with an eye of delight and approbation? Who but an *Anaxagoras* will go about to perswade a man to disbelieve his eyes? and if a corporal eye deserve such credit, why may not a spiritual eye then expect as much; *Say not*

then *in thine heart, Who ſhall aſcend into heaven, to bring down* Aſſurance *from above?* who ſhall unclaſpe the book of life that is ſealed, and turn thee to thy name? or who ſhall bring thee a certificate that it is written there? *Behold, it is nigh thee; even in thine heart:* The work of grace there, the Law written on the tables of thine heart, by the finger of the Spirit is the exemplification and counterpane of that Decree; the ſafeſt way, the beſt way, the only way to make ſure of Election, is firſt to make ſure of thy Vocation; *Make your Calling and Election ſure.*

FINIS.

SPIRITUAL OPTICKS:

OR, A

GLASSE

Discovering the weakness and imperfection of a Christians knowledge in this life.

BY

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IN

CAMBRIDGE.

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To the Reader.

Reader,

Here preſent thee with a little Mirrour, wherein thou mayſt eaſily diſcern thine own imperfections, unleſs they ſtand in thy light; and if thou will but uſe to reflect upon thy ſelf, and dwell at home, thou mayſt eaſily find that thou haſt little reaſon either to admire thyſelf or contemn others. If thy knowledge puff thee up, thou haſt ſo much the leſs. He was accounted a wiſe man, who ſaid that he knew but one thing, *and that was,* that he knew nothing; *though another durſt not own ſo much; and a wiſer man than both tells us,* that he that is wiſe in his own eyes, *is of all fools the moſt uncurable; and another, that* if any man think that he knows any thing, he knows nothing *yet* as he ought to know. *So that it ſeems to be agreed on by thoſe who are beſt able to judge, that the firſt piece of wiſdom is to be ſenſible of ignorance. Then I hope this Diſcourſe may prove not unprofitable, truly nor unſeaſonable neither in this confident age, when every ignorant one is ſo prone to lean unto his own underſtanding, that he thinks himſelf too good to be taught, whereas indeed he hath not yet wit enough to learn. But it is the Devils ſubtilty to dazzle them with new light (as Boyes do Geeſe) that they may wink conceitedly while he pulls them naked, and makes them become ridiculous. It is ſad to think how he puts out mens eyes, and then makes himſelf cruel ſport with them; and the game of it is, that ſtill they think themſelves ſeers,* and know not that they are blind, and naked, and miſerable. *Now if this Glaſs prove but inſtrumental to reflect ſo much old light upon them, as to diſcover to them their own blindneſs, there will be ſome hope of cure. But* Reader, *I muſt intreat thee neither to condemn this piece becauſe it is imperfect, nor yet contemn it for being little. It is imperfect, I confeſs: but ſo is all our knowlenge here, which is the ſubject of it; and if we know but in*

part,

part, no wonder if we propheſie alſo but in part; beſides, if Saint Paul *himſelf could not utter the words which he had heard, then truly we may very well excuſe this Author for not expreſſing that in words,* which neither ear hath heard, nor eye ſeen, nor the heart of man conceived. *But it may be what is here ſaid, may at firſt ſeem but little: it may be the ſooner read; Do but peruſe it, and if it pleaſe thee, it is enough; if otherwiſe, too much. But indeed it was intended only for a taſte, and to bear the Mace into the world before that learned and elegant Treatiſe, which this ingenious Author hath left behind him concerning* The Light of Nature; *Which now waits only to ſee what entertainment this will meet withal. Perhaps it may be expected that I ſhould adde ſomething in praiſe of the Author; but I am not ignorant that a friends teſtimony is prone to be ſuſpected of partiality; and although ſuch an one have moſt reaſon to know the truth, yet* Caſſandria-*like, he ſeldom hath the hap to be believed. The beſt on't is, he needs it not, his works will commend him moſt effectual; which if I ſhall endeavour to bring into publick view, I hope thou wilt find them ſuch, that I ſhall not be thought either to have abuſed thy leiſure, or to have wronged the memory of my deceaſed friend.*

Emman. Dec. 24. 1651. W. D.

W. Dell?

Jno. W. Dillingham.

1 Cor. 13. 12.

For now we ſee through a Glaſs darkly; but then face to face: Now I know in part, but then ſhall I know even as alſo I am known.

PAUL that was of a piercing eye, and had as clear an inſight into the Myſteries of Salvation, as any other; whoſe ſoul was alwayes mounting towards that third Heaven, whither he had once been rapt, and had there heard words that neither could, nor might be uttered (for ſo much is implied in ἄῤῥητα ῥήματα) we find him here granting the imperfection of his knowledge, thoſe weak and ſhadowy apprehenſions which he had of the Divine Majeſty, while he *ſaw through a Glaſs darkly*; and encouraging himſelf with the conſideration of the full and clear Viſion, which we ſhall have of him hereafter, when *we ſhall ſee God face to face* in glory. Without any further preamble, we'l open the words of the Text, that we may ſee this Glaſs clearly, and not ἐν αἰνίγματι.

Our Apoſtle here advances Charity to the higheſt pitch of commendation, as a Triumphant Grace, a Grace that had Eternity ſtamp't upon it: It out-lives Faith, for that gives place to Viſion, it out-laſts Hope, for that is ſwallowed up in Fruition; Prophecies they ſhall vaniſh, and Tongues ſhall be ſilenced, and Knowledge ſhall paſs away; for 'tis weak and imperfect here, it is in its minority; yea, in its infancy: *When I was a Child, I ſpake as a Child.* 'Tis cloudy and obſcure here; *For now we ſee through a Glaſs darkly.*

NOW we ſee, &c. Now that the Goſpel beams out upon us with a powerful and glorious ray. It was likely that at the firſt peeping out of Heavenly Light, at the Evangelical day-break, before the ſhadows were fully ſcattered, that then there would be

some obscurity; I, but 't has shin'd out brighter and brighter till perfect day, and yet still we see thus darkly.

Secondly, (which is the true and genuine meaning) *Now* whil'st we are in this house of our earthly Tabernacle, whil'st the understanding of a man, which the wise man calls, *the Candle of the Lord*, while 'tis hid in the dark lanthorn of the body; till this partition-wall be beaten down, we cannot *see God face to face*: There's no reaching of perfection here, 'tis treasur'd up for a better life. He that will shoot high, may aim at a Star, but he must not think to hit it. *Nihil est ab omni parte beatum. Beatum & perfectum* are both one. Alas! *Now* when the soul does but πτερυγίζειν, *try the wing*, and flutter towards Heaven, 'tis presently pull'd down with an earthy body we carry about with us; 'tis so depress't here, as it can hardly look up to Heaven; how then shall it *see God face to face?*

Now we see through a Glass, &c. We that have an holy χρίσμα that teaches us all things; *we* that have many secret ψιθυρισμοὶ the whisperings and breathings of the Holy Spirit, that *leads us into all truth*; *we* that are acquainted with the mind of God, that have had many a gracious aspect from him, yet *WE see but darkly*: No wonder that the Sun's too bright for Owls, when Eagles are dazled with it, and become dim-sighted; 'tis like that such as are Aliens from the Common-wealth of *Israel*, will be wholly ignorant of these *Magnalia*, when they that are *à secretioribus*, know them but in part; if בני שחר, *the sons of the morning*, the υἱοὶ φωτὸς, *children of light*; if they see so darkly, then surely a child of darkness will see nothing at all: If *Paul*, now a glorious Apostle, see no more, what could he see when he was a furious persecutor, before the scales fell from his eyes?

Thirdly, *we* that are no Novices in Christianity, but have made much progress in the waye of Religion, yet *We see but darkly*: 'T was likely at the first opening of the souls eye, at the first cast of it upon heavenly things, that then 'twould not see so clearly: I, but it hath been long fix'd upon God, eying of his goodness, gazing upon the riches of his free grace, viewing all his wayes, looking at, and prying into his several dealings; and yet still it sees thus darkly. And if a tall and eminent Christian see so little, what shall a Babe see, a new-born Babe? If a vigorous and sparkling eye see no clearer, what shall a weak distemper'd eye,

a

a bleer-eyed ſoul, what ſhall that ſee? If an experienc'd Apoſtle, a *Paul* ſee no more; what ſhall a new Diſciple ſee, a *Nicodemus* that comes by night? he muſt needs ſee but darkly.

Now we ſee *through a glaſs*, δι' ἐσόπτρου. Some that would be more critical than they need, would fain ſhew us a difference between ἔσοπτρον and κάτοπτρον. Κάτοπτρον indeed with them is a looking-glaſs: but ἔσοπτρον is ſome other glaſs; either ſuch an one as is for the help of weak and aged eyes, and then 'tis, *we ſee through Spectacles*; or elſe ſuch as preſents the object though a farre off, and ſo 'tis, *we ſee through a perſpective*. The Vulgar Latine, that will have it *Per tranſennam, through a Lattice*; as the Spouſe in the *Canticles* is ſaid, *to flouriſh through the Lattices*. And all theſe urge the force of the Preposition, δι' ἐσόπτρου, we ſee *through a glaſs*, or *through a lattice*. But they might eaſily know, if they pleaſed, that δι' ἐσόπτρου here, is the ſame with ἐν ἐσόπτρῳ, and though it be true that κάτοπτρον is the more uſual word for a looking-glaſs; yet 'tis as true that ἔσοπτρον ſignifies the ſame. *Heſychius* makes them *Synonyma*: and the word is but once more uſed in the New Teſtament, *Jam.* 1. 23. and there can be no doubt but there 'tis taken for a looking-glaſs. Well then, our dark imperfect knowledge of God here is thus ſet forth by *ſeeing in a glaſs*.

1. Becauſe 'tis no imediate Viſion: the object is not primarily and immediately preſented to the eye, but by way of reſultancy, and *mediante ſpeculo*, by the conveyance of the looking-glaſs, which is a ſilent interpreter of the object. And ſuch is our knowledge of God here, and ſuch our communion with him; only ſome broken beams of glory, ſome glimpſes of his preſence ſcattered here and there, in this Ordinance, and in that, Glaſſes of his own making, means of his proper inſtitution.

2. 'Tis a weak and imperfect Viſion: For, Firſt, According to ſome, not *res ipſa* but *imago rei*, only the ſhape and reſemblance of the thing is ſeen; the eſſigies of the object drawn with the pencil of a beam is preſented to the eye. And Secondly, as the Opticks tell us, *radius reflexus languet*, the beam begins to be weary, and is ready to faint, it gives a weak and languiſhing repreſentation; 'tis an imperfect Viſion. And O how dark

is our knowledge of God here! What poor manifestations have we of his presence, in comparison of that sight which we look for hereafter! when his Essence shall be display'd with a most glorious Emphasis.

3. Seeing through a Glass is a vanishing and transient Vision, as Saint *James* expresses it; *A man having seen his natural face in a glass, goes his way, and presently forgets what manner of man he was.* A dying species could not make any strong impression. One direct view of an object is more full and satisfactory, than the often seeing it through a Glass.

Our Apostle hath applied it to our purpose; *Knowledge passes away*, in respect of that weak and imperfect way of knowledge which we have here; for thus Saint *Paul* glosses upon his own Text; *When that which is perfect is come, then that which is imperfect shall be abolisht.*

But besides all this, *Beza* and some others think that our Apostle hath allusion to that way of knowledge which the Philosophers shew us, and so often speak of; That the understanding doth ἐσοπτρίζεσθαι φαντάσμασι, *intellectus speculatur phantasmata*, and thus sees δι' ἐσόπτρου ἐν αἰνίγματι. No light springs into the mind but through the window of sense; the sense, that's the first receptacle of the species, which flowing from a material object somewhat thick and muddy, they must be clarified and throughly refined by the *Intellectus agens*, (for that they suppose) poured out from vessel to vessel, and taken off from the Lees before the soul drink them in as her proper *nectar*. This remote and far-fetcht way of knowledge, Saint *Paul* opposes to the quick and present view which we shall have of things ἐν ῥητῷ ὀφθαλμῷ, when we behold them in *speculo divino*, we shall see in that Glass clearly. But there is a place in 2 *Cor.* 3. 18. where Saint *Paul* seemeth to oppose his own expression; for there *to see through a glass* may seem to import a clear and open Vision: Hear what the words say, *We all with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of God, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of our God.*

A learned Critick hath well observed that the Hebrew מראה includes both, for it signifies both *vultus* and *speculum*. So that *to see* במראה may either be *to see* δι' ἐσόπτρου ἐν αἰνίγματι, or else, διὰ εἴδους καὶ οὐχὶ δι' αἰνιγμάτων. I know such as I formerly mentioned

mentioned would have recourse to their difference of ἐμβλέπειν & κατοπτρίζεσθαι; but if we look more accurately into the words, I think we shall find that even there *to see through a glass*, implies a dark and imperfect vision. For the Apostle compares those present advantages which we in the Gospel have over them which were under the Law; they were all under *a cloud*, and *Moses* had *a vail* upon his face; but we ἀνακεκαλυμμένῳ προσώπῳ, *with open face behold the glory of God*; and yet it is but beholding it *through a glass*; for thus the state of the Church under the Gospel is described, *Rev.* 4. There's a throne compassed with *a sea of glass*, θάλασσα ὑαλίνη, *vers.* 6. Under the Law it was *mare æreum*, but now in the Gospel *mare vitreum*, clearer representations, as that renowned Interpreter of the *Revelation* observes. Well then, in reference to them under the Law we behold with open face, but yet in respect to that clear sight which we shall have hereafter, it is but κατοπτριζόμενοι τὴν δόξαν Κυρίου· and so it follows, *we are changed into the same image from glory to glory*: which though it may be thus understood, *from his glory we become glorious*; yet I doubt not but it is meant of the several degrees of glory: and thus ἀπὸ δόξης εἰς δόξαν is *from grace to glory*. For grace is *Aurora gloriæ*, the dawning of the beatifical vision. Grace is glory in the bud, and glory is grace at the full. Surely glory is nothing else but a bright constellation of graces, happiness nothing but the quintessence of holiness. And yet if any shall much contend, that there *to see through a glass*, expresses a clear and unobscure vision, it is nothing prejudicial to our present purpose; for here Saint *Paul* doubles his expression, βλέπομεν ἐν αἰνίγματι, *we see through a glass darkly in a riddle*, ἐν αἰνίγματι.

Ænigma is properly *obscura allegoria*, all allegory with a mask on; it is a borrowed speech and a cloudy speech. A knotty intricate speech sealed up and lockt from vulgar apprehensions, that's a riddle: and our knowledge of God here is thus cloudy and enigmatical, and that if you take it in those three several wayes which are usually given of it.

First, by way of removal or negation, when we take away all such things as are inconsistent with a Deity. And thus the Scripture riddles him forth; *with him is no beginning of dayes, nor end of life. He is not a man that he should lye, or the son of man that he should repent. With him is no variableness nor shadow of turning.*

&c.

&c. And in this sense *Dionysius* tells us that ἡ ἀγνωσία γινώσκεται and he there admires τὸν ὑπερφυᾶ θεῖον σκότος ἀνήνα, *the transcendent beams of Divine darkness*; for so that *Areopagite* is pleased to speak. Now you will easily grant that this is a dark and cloudy knowledge, when we cannot tell you what a thing is, but what it is not: for *ex puris negativis nihil concluditur.*

Secondly, when we conceive of him in a superlative way, in a way of eminency and transcendency: and thus the forenamed Author (if he be the Author) speaking of his Being, saith that 'tis ἡ ὑπεροχὴ τῶν ὑπερουσίων. Many divine perfections are scattered and broken amongst the creatures, as the same face may be represented in several Glasses; and all the excellencies of the creatures are collected, and meet eminently in God, as several faces may be seen in one Glass. The creatures must be winnowed from all imperfections, and the finest and choicest of them must be taken to give some weak resemblance of a Deity; the ruddiness of the Rose, and the purity of the Lily; nay, the top and excellency of the Creation must be brought to shadow out the Spouses beauty; and yet that this knowledge is weak and imperfect, will easily appear. 1. Because these inferiour Beings are so gross and material, as that the purest of them, the very quintessence and *flos creaturæ* is meer dregs, if compared with so pure an Essence; its gold becomes dross, its silver tinne. And when heavenly perfections are set out by the creatures excellencies, it is but a stooping low to humane capacity: The soul would be dazled at so bright a Majesty, unless he were clouded with such expressions. 2. This way of beholding him breeds rather admiration than begets knowledge; for when we hear of so goodly an Essence that hath all excellencies boun up in one vast volume, we wonder what that should be: and admiration is at the best but *semen scientiæ*, or *abrupta scientia*, as the learned *Verulam* calls it, *a stupified kind of knowledge.* 3. This rather sets the soul a longing, than gives it any true satisfaction. For when we hear there is so choise a thing, we long to know what it is; which was a sign we knew it not before, or but very weakly. For true knowledge satiates the soul, there is a complacency and acquiescence in it, especially when it is conversant about so high an object; so that this way is but dark and full of riddles.

Thirdly

Thirdly, when we consider of God by way of causality; in that vast influence which he hath upon all things, as with him is ἀΐδιος πηγὴ καὶ ὑπερπλήσιον φωτοχυσία, (as the supposed Areopagite) *Springing streams of goodness, and overflowing effusions of light*, as he is *causa fontana*, a fountain-essence continually bubling forth, from whence the several drops of inferiour beings have their original: and as he is the main spring that sets the wheels of those petty entities on working: for *in him we live, move, and have our being*. Now this rather shews us that there is a God, than what he is; that there is indeed such a prime being, a self-being, an all-being, a giver of being, *à quo omnia, per quem omnia, propter quem omnia*, but still we are to seek what this being is, so that these apprehensions of him are very weak and shadowy, ἀρτιγενῶς δὲ αἰνίγματι, *we now see through a glass darkly*.

But then] *Then* when a believing soul returns to God that gave it, it sees him face to face, and fixes its eye upon him to all eternity. As soon as ever the soul is unsheath'd from the body, it glisters most gloriously; as soon as ever it is unclouded from corruption, it shall beam forth most oriently; as soon as it is let loose from this cage of clay, it sings most melodiously; nothing hinders a Christian from a sight of God face to face, but the interposition of a gross earthly body, it is deaths office to break down this wall of separation, that the soul may be admitted into the presence of God.

Secondly, *Then*, at that general day of refreshment, when God shall sit upon his Throne in beauty and excellency, as a centre of light, streaming forth to the glorious circumference of the four and twenty Elders, that sit κυκλόθεν τοῦ θρόνου, as it is in the 4. of the *Revelation*.

Face to face] πρόσωπα πρὸς πρόσωπον. This is opposed to *seeing in a glass*, 1. As a more immediate vision: 2. A clear and perfect vision: 3. As a permanent and eternal vision: 4. As the learned *Piscator*, (because those things which we see in a glass, are *à tergo*) *except à facie & corpore proprio*.

In the words there is a plain allusion to that place in the 12. of *Numbers* the 8. where God promises to manifest himself to his servant *Moses*, פֶּה אֶל פֶּה אֲדַבֶּר בּוֹ וּמַרְאֶה וְלֹא בְחִידוֹת, ἐν εἴδει καὶ οὐ δι' αἰνιγμάτων, as the Septuagint render it very agreeable to our purpose, and that which is here בְּמַרְאֶה

פה אל פה is in other places, פנים אל פנים and in *Esay* בעין בעין. and is translated by St. *John*, πρόσωπον πρόσωπῳ, by our Apostle elsewhere ἐν μέρει, and here ἐν αἰνίγματι ἀλλὰ τότε πρόσωπον.

And yet we must not think that by vertue of this Promise *Moses* had so full and beatifical a vision of God, as we expect hereafter in glory. No, it is spoken only of Gods communicating himself to him in a clearer way than he would to any of the Prophets: he would speak to them in riddles, to *Jeremy* in the riddle of an Almond-tree, of a Seething pot, and so to the rest of the Prophets; but he conversed familiarly with *Moses*, as a man talks to his friend face to face. And as for *Moses* his Petition in the 33. of *Exod.* the 18. *I beseech thee shew me thy glory*, it was only a desire that God would shew himself in some corporeal resemblance, so as to assure him of his presence, that that would accompany him. And this is Gods answer, *I will make all my goodness pass before thee.* Besides, there is a plain denial; God tells him he cannot see his face; *Moses* saw no more of God than we do here, the back-parts of his glory; he saw them in a corporeal resemblance, and we in an intellectual vision. You see the allusion this place hath to that in *Numbers.*

Now as for the meaning of the words, *but then face to face.*

1. It is not meant of seeing Christ in his humane nature face to face, as *Job* speaks, *With these very eyes I shall see my Redeemer:* for thus the wicked also shall see him with terrour and amazement, when the mountains shall be esteemed an easier burthen, if they could but cover them from the face of an angry Saviour that will frown them into hell.

2. As for the errour of the Anthropomorphites, it is so grosse, as it neither deserves to be repeated, nor needs to be confuted.

3. I take it to be meant of an Intellectual beholding the very essence of God, according to that, 1 *John* 3.2. *When he shall appear, we shall be like unto him, and see him as he is,* καθώς ἐστιν, and yet it can by no means be a comprehensive vision: for that's a meer repugnancy, that a finite creature should grasp an infinite essence. Or by *the face of God* may be meant his glory and perfections; for the face is the throne of beauty.

In

In the following words St. *Paul* gives a plainer expreſſion of that which before he had ſpoke more darkly.

Now I ſee through a glaſs darkly, now I know in part; but then face to face, but then I ſhall know even as alſo I am known. As when two ſee one another face to face, the one knows the other by ſight, as he is known by him.

Now I know in part] St. *Paul* on ſet purpoſe changes the perſon, that he may acknowledge his own imperfection. He had included himſelf before, *Now WE ſee through a glaſs darkly.* I, but he will do it more apparently, *now I know in part*; and when ſo great an Apoſtle inculcates his own defects, methinks none ſhould boaſt of their ſelf-ſufficiency.

2. *Now I KNOW in part*] Here is a reaſon of our imperfection here: *If the light that's in thee be darkneſs, how great is that darkneſs?* Knowledge is a leading principle, and all graces follow it in a juſt meaſure and proportion: If we knew God more, we ſhould obey him more; if we knew more of his goodneſs, we ſhould love him more; if we knew more of his Majeſty, we ſhould fear him more; if more of his faithfulneſs, we ſhould truſt him more; nay, if we knew him perfectly, all theſe would be perfect: when knowledge is compleat, obedience will be exact.

4. *Now I know IN PART*: according to the Syriack, *parum de multo.* 1. Little of that I ſhould know. 2. Little of that I might know. 3. Little of that others know. 4. Little of that I deſire to know. 5. Little of that I ſhall know hereafter in glory.

4. *Now I KNOW in part.* 1. Religion is no fancy, opinion, or conjectural thing: no, we have a certain knowledge of God and his wayes here; we ſee through a glaſs, though it be but darkly: there is truth in a riddle, though it be obſcure. 2. A Chriſtian begins his acquaintance with God here: he that knows him not *in part here*, ſhall never ſee him *face to face in glory.* We have here the firſt glimpſes of heaven, a proſpect of *Canaan*, the προλήμματα of happineſs, the initials of Glory.

But then I ſhall know, Τότε δὲ ἐπιγνώσομαι] ἐπίγνωσις & γνῶσις differ. Ἐπίγνωσις is ἡ μετὰ τὴν πρώτην γνῶσιν τοῦ πράγματος πληρεστέρα κ᾽ ἐνεργεστέρα κατάνοησις. It is bringing me better acquainted with a thing that I knew better, a more exact viewing of an object that I ſaw before afarre off. That little portion of knowledge which we had here ſhall be much improved, our eye ſhall be raiſed to ſee

the same things more strongly and clearly. Our knowledge here was but *scintilla futuræ lucis*. When the soul shall say as the Queen of *Sheba* did to *Solomon* in 1 *Kings* 10. *It was a true report that I heard in mine own land of thine acts and of thy wisdome; howbeit I scarce believed the words until I came, and mine eyes had seen it, and behold the half was not told me. Happy are thy men, O happy are these thy servants that stand continually before thee.*

Even as also I am known. Καθὼς καὶ ἐπεγνώσθην. The words if they be put to it, will endure a double Hebraisme. *I shall know as I am known.*

1. I shall know as I am *approved*, *sicut & agnitus sum*; nay *Chrysostome* makes καθὼς *Causal*; I shall know *because* I am approved.

2. I shall know as I am *made to know*. Καθὼς καὶ ἐπεγνώσθην, that is, Καθὼς καὶ ἐδιδάχθην, saith *Beza*; and (which is a wonder) *Heinsius* agrees with him. Καθὼς καὶ ἐγνώσθην saith he; and indeed γνωρίζω is the same with the Hebrew יודיע, and he tells us if we would render the words Hellenistically, they would run thus, ἐπιγνώσομαι καθὼς ὅτι γνωσθήσεταί μοι ὁ θεός. *I shall so know as God is pleased to be known by me*, to manifest himself unto me. And yet *Piscator* rejects both these senses; the words themselves being sufficiently tempered with the particle καθὼς, which is not a note of equality, but of similitude, as in many other places.

And thus much may serve for explication of the text, for clearing the glass, for opening the *Ænigma*. If you now look into the words, you'l find them full of Spiritual Opticks. Here is *Visio reflexa*; for *now we see through a glass darkly*: and here is *Visio recta*; *but then face to face*. We will begin with the *Catoptrica*; *Now we see through a glass darkly*; and here I shall present many glasses to your view.

First, In the glass of the *Creature*, *in speculo mundi*. This is a common and obvious glass presented to every ones view, and there are some glimmerings of common light, a *lumen naturæ* diffused amongst all, by which they may see into it.

Our Apostle shews us this glass in *Rom.* 1. 20. τὰ ἀόρατα τοῦ θεοῦ, *The invisible things of God from the Creation of the world are clearly seen*. The words in the fountain run thus, ἀπὸ κτίσεως κόσμου καθορᾶται, and deserve to be cleared from an unjust interpretation: for some would have ἀπὸ κτίσεως κόσμου to be *a creatura mundi*:

others,

others *à creatione mundi, ex creatione mundi*: so *Beza*. But all these are far enough from the meaning of the place: for their sense is, That the invisible things of God are seen by the creatures, or by the creation. It is true, our Apostle saith so much in this verse, but not in these very words; for then it should be ἐκ κτίσεως κόσμου καθορᾶται, when as I doubt not but ἀπὸ κτίσεως κόσμου is the same ἀπὸ καταβολῆς κόσμου, *à mundo condito*. *Piscator* and *Drusius* both meet in this, and the Syriack translation is clear for it מן תרמיתר דעלמא *à jactis mundi fundamentis*. And then the words speak thus much: From the first infancy of the world, ever since it was created, the eternal power and Θειότης, which are the τὸ γνωστὸν Θεοῦ mentioned in the former *verse*, and the τὰ ἀόρατα τοῦ Θεοῦ in the beginning of this *verse*, the eternal power and Godhead have manifested themselves, and the prime cause hath been very apparent in those effects of his, which are here stiled ποιήματα Θεοῦ, and could not possibly be produced by any inferiour Being. And as for that which we render *is clearly seen*, in the Original it is no more than καθορᾶται. I know not how it comes to denote so clear a vision; sure it may well consist with ἐν αἰνίγμασι, and yet withal they are *so* clearly seen εἰς τὸ εἶναι ἀναπολογήτους, which though some would have the same with ὥστε εἶναι ἀναπολογήτους, yet here I shall easily yield to the learned Interpreter, and grant that it includes somewhat more.

This vast volume of the creatures set out by God himself without any *errata* in it, was printed in so fair a character, as he that ran might read it; and the least letter in it made shew of a most Divine impression. But alas! sin, besides weakening of the souls eye, hath soyled and defaced the book; and hence we come to see in it so darkly. And yet still the letters are visible, and carry with them the print of a Deity. The world is, as one calls it, *Ænigma Dei*. And it is full of looking-glasses: For God hath communicated several resemblances of himself to the creature, as the face sheds that image or species upon the glass whereby it self is represented. I need not speak of the blessed Angels, those pure and crystal mirrours, what glorious representations they give of their Creatour: Look but into your selves, and you will find immortal souls shewing forth that image according to which they were made; or if you will look up to that vast and polished looking-glass, you will see *The heavens declaring the glory of God,*

and the firmament shewing his handy work. Or cast but an eye upon the pooreſt and moſt abject Being, and even there you will find ſome faint reſemblances of a Deity. For as in the moſt glorious creature, as a creature there is *aliquid nihili*; ſo in the moſt contemptible creature, as a creature, there is *aliquid Dei*. I, but the Atheiſt he ſhuts his eyes, *& quid cæco cum ſpeculo?* what ſhould a blind man do with a looking-glaſs? And yet ſometimes there are lightening flaſhes of terrour darted into him, and he begins with the Devils *to believe and tremble*. The Papiſts, as if there were not glaſſes enough of Gods making, they muſt have images of their own to put them in mind of God; their painted glaſſes: but ſurely they ſee through theſe very darkly. The Heathens they ſhall be judged for not ordering their lives and dreſſing themſelves according to this glaſs; for reſiſting thoſe reliques of primitive light that ſhined out ſo ſtrongly upon them. Well, here are glaſſes, but we ſee in them very darkly, and that by reaſon of a double defect.

1. *Ex parte ſpeculi.*

'Tis true, ſome of Gods attributes here clearly ſhew themſelves; his power and Soveraignty; I, and his wiſdome, and goodneſs too; but thoſe ſweeteſt manifeſtations of his love, the treaſures of free grace and infinite mercy, the whole plot of the Goſpel, not the leaſt ſhadow of theſe to be found. Now for this very cauſe, the Gentiles in *Eph.* 2. 12. are called ἄθεοι, becauſe they were without the knowledg of God in Chriſt. You know they had a goodly company of gods, an whole troop of Deities: I, but they were without God in Chriſt, and hence they are ſtiled ἄθεοι ἐν κόσμῳ, *without God in the world.*

2. *Ex parte oculi.*

1. *Adam* in innocency had a glorious ſoul full of light, bright and ſparkling eyes, πυρὶ λαμπετόωσι ἴκτιλω. He could read the ſmalleſt print, the leaſt jot and tittle in the book of Nature. See how quickly he rumbles o're the vaſt volume, and in a name gives a brief gloſs upon every creature, a conciſe epitome of their natural hiſtories. He had a fair portion of knowledge, if he could have been contented with it. I, but he would fain have more, he muſt needs be taſting of the tree of Knowledge; and hence ſprings our ignorance; we have ever ſince had an unhappy ἀφαλμία, the ſoul hath been darkned and dim-ſighted. Perhaps it can ſee ſome

good-

goodly capital letters, some fair flourisht characters, I, but there are multitudes of beings in a smaller print, that it takes no notice of.

2. The soul might see more, if it would imploy it self more, and look oftner into this glass of the creatures. Meditation would raise the creature higher, and distil sweetness out of every object. 'Tis ἡ πολυπραγμοσύνη, as the elegant Moralist. The soul is busie with every thing it sees, as busie as a Bee; it goes from flower to flower, and extracts most precious sweetness.

3. Some eyes have been dazled too much with the glitterings of the creatures, so as to take the servant for the Master; and have been so much in admiring the glass, as they forgot the glorious beauty that it represented. What worship and adoration hath the Sun had? even almost as much as the great Creatour of heaven and earth himself; strange that they should see so darkly, as not to discern the face from the veil that covers it. For the Sun is at best but *umbra Dei*, and *nubecula citò transitura*; a meer spot, a cloud, if compared with so bright an Essence; and as he saith notably, The Suns worshippers must needs be ἄθεοι κατὰ νύκτα, *Atheists in the night-time*. You have seen the glass of the *Creatures*, and how in it we see very darkly.

Secondly, in *learnings* glass, *in speculo scientiarum*. Learning brightens the intellectual eye, and clarifies the soul; the Hebrews wise men are מקחים *aperti*, men with eyes open; and it sets a man on higher ground, and gives him a fairer prospect of Beings, and many advantages over others. Διπλῶν ὁρῶσιν οἱ μαθόντες γράμματα, when as ἄνευ γραμμάτων τὸ βλέπειν βλέπειν, they have eyes and see not; I, but *these* see, and yet very darkly. What need I tel you how invincible doubts blemish their brightest notions? How the Naturalists head is non-plust with an occult quality, and he knows not how to take it off: How the choicest Moralists are pos'd with the riddle of *summum bonum*, and cannot tell how to extricate themselves. Look up higher to Metaphysicks, which some stile *fimbria Theologiæ*; I, but you may touch the hem of its garment long enough before you find any vertue coming from it. Converse but with the Schoolmens Works, and there you shall meet with *ænigmata in folio*, voluminous riddles. 'Tis their grand imployment to tie a knot, and then see if they can undo it; to frame an enemy, and then triumph over him; to make an objection, and then answer it if they can: there are speculations enough, but if you see through them, it will be very darkly.

But

But if you could see very clearly in all these, yet how weak and insufficient are they to acquaint you with the *Arcana* of Religion, and the great mysteries of Godliness?

1. Some such as have been most eminent in them, and as he speaks, have had wits of elevation situated as upon a cliff, but how little have they seen of heaven and heavenly things! *Aristotle* with the rest of the Heathen, what uncertain and fluctuating notions had they of a Deity? We are beholden to their dying speeches for most of their Divinity.

2. Many under the light of the Gospel, and furnisht with helps of humane learning; how strangely unacquainted are they with the knowledge of Christ crucified! A plain experienced Christian (notwithstanding all their Auxiliary forces) only by the help of a Bible, will put an whole Army of them to flight: *Surgunt indocti & rapiunt cœlum*, when they in the mean time do but, as he speaks, *ornare Diabolum*; they become learned spoils, *Sapienter descendunt in infernum*, they go cunningly to hell. And yet methinks none should be so silly and malicious as to put the fault in learning, whereas there is no greater vicinity than between truth and goodness; and heaven is full of knowledge, as it is of holiness; and it is brimful of both.

3. Sciences themselves are weak and imperfect things, and therefore ἀ γνῶσις καταργηθήσεται, as our Apostle tells us, Knowledge shall be abolisht, and Tongues which are *vehicula scientiarum*, they shall pass away. So then in this glass we see but darkly.

Thirdly, in the Glass of the *Scriptures*, *in speculo verbi*. This is a pure and spotless Glass, representing the Will of God unto us, an eternal Glass that shall never be broken, more durable than heaven it self: *David* was looking in this Glass day and night.

There are many false flattering glasses in the world; I, but here the soul may see its face in a most exact resemblance: it will shew the least spot & deformity, the sinfulness of an idle word, of a vain thought, of a first motion though without consent, the least tendencies to sin, the first bublings up of corruption. It deals so plainly as many are offended with it, & swel the more against it; & thus *sin takes occasion by the Commandment*, as *Rom.* 7. Fond *Lais* breaks her looking-glass, because it shews the wrinkles in her face: and gives the reason, *Me cernere talem qualis sum nolo, qualis eram mequeo.* Well, the Law that's a glass to shew us our spots, but it cannot

not wipe them off; I, but the Gospel is a pure well of salvation, there one may see them and wash them too.

In that Evangelical mirrour you may see the face of a Saviour, coming in an amiable way with smiles of love, with offers of grace and saving mercy. Nay, the Gospel is called *the face of Jesus Christ*, 2 *Cor.* 4. 6. πρόσωπον Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ. As suppose a glass when a man had once lookt into it, should keep a permanent & unvanishing species of his face, though he himself afterwards were absent; we might wel say, There was the face of such a man; the Gospel is such a Glass, Christ hath lookt into it, and shed his image upon it, and ever since it hath given most glorious representations of him: it is ἀπαύγασμα τῆς δόξης, καὶ χαρακτὴρ τῆς ὑποστάσεως αὐτοῦ, that I may borrow that expression in the *Hebrews*: so that when we shall come to see him πρόσωπον πρὸς πρόσωπον in heaven, we shall be able to say, Surely this is the very Saviour that was described to me in the Gospel; — *scilicet matris, sic ora ferebat*. And till we come to heaven it self, we cannot meet with more full manifestations of God and Christ, and all the mysteries of salvation, than in the Word of God; and yet here we see but darkly.

For if we consider them under the Old Testament, how long was there comfort lockt up in that *Æsigma*, that primitive promise, which was *Aurora Evangelii*, the first dawning of the Gospel; *The seed of the woman shall break the Serpents head?* and when truth began to shew it self in some fuller discoveries, yet still it was mixt with much obscurity.

They had a twofold glass. 1. *Speculum cæremoniarum*. 2. *Speculum prophetiarum*.

1. In the glass of the Ceremonies they saw very darkly. We could not look for much light where there were so many shadows; where there were so many veils, they could not see face to face. That the Jews worshipped a cloud for their God, was a meer calumny; but that they worshipped their God in a cloud we will easily grant, for *all our fathers were under the cloud*, 1 *Cor.* 10. 1. The Ceremonial law was nothing else but an heap and miscellany of riddles; who amongst them could tell the meaning of them? nay, it is wel if we that have the type and antitype meeting together, can give a just explanation of some of them. Well, this glass is now broken: for ceremonies like false looking-glasses represent the object with too much shadow; and yet still the Scarlet whore will be dressing her

self

ſelf by them, becauſe like flattering glaſſes, they make her ſeem fairer and more beautiful. *Majoreſq; cadunt altis de montibus umbræ.*

2. *In ſpeculo prophetiarum. Prophetia eſt ſpeculum in quo videntur futura.* Here they might ſee the preſence of a deferr'd deliverance, they might ſee the face of a promiſed *Meſſias*. *Buxtorf*, in his *Synagoga Judaica*, tells us that he is perſwaded this is one main reaſon why the Jews are ſo ignorant of the *Meſſias*, becauſe they are ſo little vers't in the Prophets; they ſpend their whole time upon the Law, but will not caſt an eye upon them; He ſpeaks of the modern Jews. God in much mercy hath given them glaſſes, and they will not vouchſafe to look in them: they were always an obdurate & ſtiff-necked people, rebelling againſt the Prophets, & they go on to fill up the ſins of their fathers. Well, but yet the *Seers* themſelves ſaw but ἐν αἰνίγματι, and they ſaw in them very darkly.

For 1. Prophecies (as the learned *Verulam*) have *gradus & ſcalas complementi*, climbing accompliſhments, ſpringing & germinant accompliſhments. A Prophecy in the bud is not ſo eaſily ſeen as when it ſhoots out further, and ſpreads it ſelf in larger growth: ſuch paſſages in *Eſay* as ſeem to us clear as the day, were to them dark and Enigmatical: and we ſee how obſcure St. *Johns* prophecy ſeems to us. And the devil, who was always Gods Ape, he over-imitated here; for his oracles were wrapt up in ſo many clouds, and withal ſo full of fallacies, as none ever could tell their meaning till event had given the interpretation. The Prince of darkneſs would make all his ſayings wear his livery: Divine prophecies are as clear as cryſtal, if compared with his cloudy oracles.

2. Prophecies at beſt are but weak and imperfect things, and therefore they alſo ſhall be aboliſhed, no need of them in heaven: they were very beneficial to the Church militant, to acquaint her with approaching judgements, and prepare her for intended mercies; but when happineſs is preſent and compleat, no need of them then in the Church triumphant.

Thus you have ſeen how they under the Law ſaw but darkly: and if Gods peculiar people had ſo little knowledge of him, in what groſs and palpable ignorance did they live that had none of this his light ſhining upon them; for *in Judah was God known, and his Name was famous in Iſrael. He hath not dealt ſo with every nation, neither had the Heathen knowledge of his Law.*

And

And now if we look upon our ſelves that live under the light of the Goſpel, even we in this Sun-ſhine ſee but darkly.

1. There are many *Evangelical riddles*, a God incarnate, a crucified Saviour; which are ſuch, 1. as the Angels themſelves ſee but darkly, and therefore they are ſtill prying to ſee more. 2. Reaſon that great patron of unbelief wrangles againſt them; and yet reaſon it ſelf will dictate thus much, That the myſteries of Religion ſhould be above the reach of reaſon. 3. The greateſt part of the world reject them: the Greeks eſteem them fooliſhneſs: they think there is not ſo much in them as in a riddle; in that there is ſome hidden ſenſe, but theſe are plain fooliſhneſs in their eſteem: and *Evangelium* to the Jews is no more than גליון אוון, for ſo they blaſphemouſly call it, *volumen iniquitatis*. They ſtumble at a crucified Saviour, and yet themſelves were the crucifiers of him. The veil of the temple rent at his death; I, but the veil is ſtill upon their hearts, and yet there long ſhall be rent too: and *they ſhall ſee him whom they have pierced, and ſhall mourn, and be in much bitterneſs*; and confeſs ὁ ἔρως ἐσταυρώθη, *We crucified our Love, we crucified our Saviour*.

2. There are many *Practical truths* which are meer riddles to carnal ſpirits; as to forſake all for a perſecuted Chriſt, to cut off right hands, pluck out right eyes, pray for enemies, not to do evil that good may come thereof; theſe principles they can hardly digeſt; and there are many Chriſtian priviledges which they know not what to make of, aſſurance of Gods favor, communion with him, hidden Manna, joy in the holy Ghoſt glorious & unſpeakable. Theſe & ſuch like puzle their apprehenſions; for they never entred into the heart of a natural man to conceive, it is too narrow for them to enter.

3. There are many *paſſages* which to Chriſtians themſelves are dark and enigmatical, ſuch as we cannot eaſily underſtand. The book of the *Revelation* is all veil'd with obſcurity, the firſt thing we meet with almoſt are ſeven Seals: it is full of hidden ſecrets, and who is there that can unſeal the book? Our adverſaries the Papiſts catch at this, and are ready with a double inference: The Scriptures are enigmatical; therefore clear them with Traditions, therefore keep them from the people.

But 1. When we ſpeak of the Scriptures darkneſs, it is but comparatively in reſpect of thoſe bright manifeſtations we ſhall have of God hereafter. A pearl may be clear and orient, and

yet dark in respect of a star: a star may be bright, and yet obscure if compared with the Sun.

2. All truths belonging to the Essence of a Christian, are plain and perspicuous: and there is an assisting Spirit, which though they perhaps may scoff at, and some others may unjustly pretend to, yet without doubt it shall lead Gods people into all truth.

3. Is their Cabala so pure? are their Traditions so clear and crystalline, as that we shall see in them better than in the word? If you cannot see in a pellucid stream, do you think to see in a muddy standing pool?

But Secondly, The Scriptures are enigmatical, therefore keep them from the people. Nay rather, therefore explain them to them: therefore set up a faithful Ministery, whose *lips may preserve knowledge*, and acquaint them with the mysteries of salvation, and open to them these hidden oracles. And let the people themselves *search the Scriptures, dig for knowledge as for silver, and for wisdom as hid treasure*. Again, they had better see in a glass, though but darkly, than not to see at all: truth in a cloud, in a riddle is more amiable than a black and palpable ignorance.

Thirdly, They keep the Scriptures from them, not because they see in them so darkly, but lest they should see in them too clearly; And above all they lock up the *Revelation*, not as it is obscure, but because it threatens the seven hills so much. And thus we have lookt upon the third particular, the Glass of the *Scriptures*.

Fourthly, *In speculo providentiæ*. Here Gods glorious attributes shine forth, his wisdome, justice, goodness, and the rest of that glorious constellation. And Providence sets before us examples, they are glasses in which we may see either the beauty of holiness, or else sins deformity. And it is no small felicity of this latter age, that we have the use of these glasses, the benefit of so many former examples; and yet we see in them but darkly, they are *a clond of witnesses*, as it is *Heb.* 12. 1. though in another sense. Providence is very mysterious, and there is no readier way to Atheism than to question it when we cannot give a sufficient account of it. The *Indians* have a custom, once a year to cast a golden bushel into the Sea: and thus they think they set a measure and bound to its proud waves, so as it shall not invade their land. Their custom is ridiculous enough, and yet they are far more vain that go about *Deum suo modulo metiri*, to circumscribe an Immense being with the nar-

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row compaſs of their reaſon. Audacious men, that go about to ſet Providence a platform, which if it ſhall tranſgreſs, it preſently paſſes the bounds of juſtice.

Saint *Paul* that could have dived as deep as another, and brought up many precious pearly obſervations with him, yet dares not venture in, but ſtanding aloof off upon the ſhore, admires the vaſt and boundleſs Ocean, and as one amazed, and almoſt ſwallowed up with the very conſideration of it, he cries out, ὦ βάθος, *O the depth of the riches both of the wiſdom and knowledge of God! How unſearchable are his judgments, and his wayes paſt finding out!* ἀνεξιχνίαστοι, his wayes are in the deep; there is no ἴχνος of them, not the leaſt print or *veſtigium*, no tracing of a Deity. That God from all eternity ſhould ſmile on *Jacob*, and frown on *Eſau*, and that before they had done either good or evil, that the one ſhould become כלי חמדה *vas deſiderii* σκεῦος εἰς τιμὴν, and the other כלי לא חפץ בו σκεῦος εἰς ἀτιμίαν, that God ſhould break open the heart of a rebellious ſinner by his efficacious grace, and deny ſufficient aid to one that hath improved his preſent ſtrength far better; that he ſhould ſhine out only upon ſome few ſpots of ground with the light of the Goſpel, and ſhut up the reſt in palpable darkneſs; that he ſhould ſuffer his deareſt children to be wronged and inſulted o're, when wickedneſs in the mean while triumphs ſecurely: theſe and many ſuch like are *ænigmata providentiæ*; we ſee in this glaſs darkly.

Fifthly, *In ſpeculo fidei*. Here we ſee δι' ἐσόπτρου, for faith is a ſure perſpective-glaſs, by which *Abrahams* aged eye ſaw Chriſts day though far off; and the reſt of the Saints πόρρωθεν ἰδόντες τὰς ἐπαγγελίας, they ſaw them at a diſtance, and yet embraced them: a glaſs by which *Moſes* ſaw him that was inviſible. It is *ſpeculum coloratum*, and do's *imbuere objectum colore ſuo*: it can ſee a mercy in a judgement, and deliverance in a captivity, help in an exigency: and promiſes they are faiths glaſſes, and they ſpeak as the looking-glaſs in the Greek Epigram, ἢν μ' ἐσιδῇς καὶ ἐγώ σε, *if you look on me, I look upon you*; if you apply me, I belong unto you.

And yet we ſee here but darkly: for faith it ſelf (not to ſpeak of thoſe many doubtings and waverings; thoſe tollings and inquietations of Spirit that accompany it: for many cannot reach to aſſurance, few attain to a plerophory,) is oppoſed to viſion, 2 *Cor.* 5. 7. διὰ γὰρ πίστεως περιπατοῦμεν, καὶ οὐ διὰ εἴδους: *we walk by faith, and not by ſight*, & *non per aſpectum*. Faith as it lives in the mount, (for *in*

the mount will the Lord be seen) so it dies in the mount too like *Moses*, it never enters into the land of promise; for it had its *Canaan* here, *A land flowing with milk and honey.*

Sixthly, *In speculo Sacramentorum.* Such great and transcendent mysteries as the apprehensions of Angels cannot reach unto, are here presented to the senses.

Baptisme, that's a looking-glass where the first beam of Gods favorable countenance shews it self, the first expression of his love to a sinful creature. The laver under the Law was made of looking-glasses; and the laver of regeneration under the Gospel is its self a looking-glass, where you may see a God in Covenant with you, and yet he do's not shew himself with a spreading and immediate ray, but only in a sacramental reflex: and Baptism, though it be stiled φωτισμὸς, yet we see in it but darkly, in a riddle, much like that of *cœlus in tribus ulnis.* You may see heaven in this well of salvation. As it was used by way of immersion, there was a riddle of the Resurrection; as by way of sprinkling, there's a riddle of sanctification. You would say, It were no wonder if I should tell you *the Infant* sees in it but darkly; I, but who is there *of riper years* that looks on this glass, or makes any use of it? Who is there almost that spends a thought upon his Baptism?

And as for the Sacrament of the Lords Supper; why, here's a glass that Christ left with his dear Spouse when he went away from her, in which she may still see his face and be mindful of him. Τοῦτο ποιεῖτε εἰς τὴν ἐμὴν ἀνάμνησιν, *Do this in remembrance of me,* and *do it to put me in remembrance of you:* for εἰς τὴν ἐμὴν ἀνάμνησιν includes both. There is mutual aspect, and reciprocal glances between Christ and a believing soul in the Sacrament. Christ looks upon the soul with a gracious eye, and the soul looks upon him with an eye of faith. And here are *ænigmata convivalia*, like that of *Samsons, Out of the strong comes sweetness.*

And thus we have shewn you the several glasses though which we see but darkly. There remains the *visio recta*, a sight of God *face to face, to know as we are known.* But this hereafter.

READER,
What this to know as we are known *should be,*
The Author could not tell, but's gone to see.

FINIS.

THE Worth of Souls.

MATTH. 16. 26.

For what is a man profited, if he ſhall gain the whole world, and loſe his own ſoul? or what ſhall a man give in exchange for his ſoul?

OUr Saviour in the foregoing words had told his followers; that if they meant to be Diſciples, they muſt take up their croſs & ſo muſt follow him. They muſt be willing to part with all things here below, if he ſhould call for them; they muſt be content to trample upon all relations, for the love of a Saviour, if they ſtand in competition with Chriſt; they muſt be ready to lay all creatures and creature-comforts at his feet. Now becauſe this might ſeem ſomewhat an hard task, and not ſo eaſie and Evangelical a yoke as he had promiſed them: In theſe words he begins to ſweeten his commands, and to ſhew the reaſonableneſs and equity of this, that he requires of them. You may well part with other things, for this will be a means to ſave your ſoul.

Now ſays he, if you could graſp the whole world, and if you had it all in poſſeſſion, and ſhould lay it down all only for the winning of a ſoul, you would have no great cauſe to complain. Whereas if you could embrace the preſent world, and could gain

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it all; nay, if there were more worlds for you to enjoy, and if you could have them all only for the loſs of a ſoul; you would have no great purchaſe of it. *What is a man profited?* There's a plain μειωσις, in the words more is meant, than is ſpoken: You would be ſo far from having any profit, as that you would have the greateſt loſs that is imaginable, the greateſt damage and detriment that ſuch a creature is capable of. You would have changed Gold for Droſs, and Pearls for pebbles, χρύσεα χαλκείων ἑκατόμβοι ἐννεαβοίων.

Now our Saviour in theſe words, does as it were, take a pair of ballances in his hand, the ballance of the Sanctuary; and he puts the whole world in one ſcale, and the ſoul of man in the other. This little ſparkle of Divinity in one ſcale, and the great Globe of the world in the other. And the ſoul of man, this ſpiritual being: this heavenly ſparkle; it does mightily out-weigh the great Globe of the world, the vaſt bulk of water, the huge fabrick of the Creation. The world 'tis weighed in the ballance, and 'tis found too light.

In the words you have theſe two things very conſiderable.

1. That abſolute worth and preciouſneſs that is in the ſouls of men, which is ſtrongly imply'd and envolv'd in the words. *D. The ſouls of men are exceeding precious.*

2. A comparative preciouſneſs, which is moſt directly and expreſly laid down in this, in reſpect of the whole world beſides, *D. One ſoul 'tis more worth than a world.*

For the firſt. The ſouls of men are very precious.

The preciouſneſs of the ſouls of men will eaſily appear from theſe four ſeveral heads of Arguments.

For though all men, or moſt men that know what a ſoul is, will eaſily grant that their ſouls are precious enough; yet they don't attend to thoſe ſeveral reſpects in which they are thus precious, much leſs do they take notice of thoſe ſeveral reſults and conſequences that flow from it.

Now this abſolute preciouſneſs and worth of a ſoul, does thus ſhew it ſelf.

(1.) From the ſeveral *Excellencies* of the ſoul it ſelf.

There is a fourfold excellency in the ſouls of men, which ſpeaks them choice and precious.

1. The excellency of their *Original*; they are of a noble deſcent; they

they came from the Father of ſpirits, from the Father of lights, God lights up ſouls in the world; they bubble forth from that fountain of ſpirits, that ſpiritual Eſſence. They are the breath of a Deity; God breath'd into man a living ſoul. They are a beam of the glorious Sun; God beam'd into man a glittering ſoul. The body indeed 'twas rais'd out of the duſt; we dwell in houſes of clay, whoſe foundations are in the duſt. But the ſoul 'twas of an higher and Nobler Original. Yet there is a great deal of coſt beſtow'd upon the body; much Embroydery and Needle-work in that. *I am admirably made, I am curiouſly wrought, I am wrought with a Needle*, ſayes the Pſalmiſt, *Acupictus ſum*; he ſpeaks it in reſpect of the choice and elegant compoſure of mans body, much needle-work in that; and then that's but the ſheath of the ſoul, the caſket for the Jewel to lie in. The ſoul 'tis like the Queens daughter in the 45. *Pſalm, Her clothing is of needle-work, and ſhe is all glorious within.* Now all the workmanſhip that is beſtow'd upon the body, is only that it may be ſerviceable to the ſoul, that the ſoul may *Benè habitare*, that it may be a fit Tabernacle for the ſoul to dwell in; that the ſoul may ſay, *'Tis good for me to be here.*

The body 'twas rais'd out of the duſt, but the ſoul ſprang from heaven; 'twas צמח ממרום βλάστημα ἐξύψους, a bud of Eternity.

And truly that the ſouls of men ſhould now be *ex traduce*; it does ſomewhat degrade them from that height of excellency that belongs to them. I know that queſtion's full of briers and thorns; but yet we may very well ſay thus much, that ſome Scripture-paſſages favour and countenance this moſt, that God ſtill breaths into men living ſou's, that they flow immediately from him in a way of Creation; and that the ſoul and body do ſtill differ in their *Original*. That's the firſt, the excellency of the ſouls Original.

2. The excellency of its *Operations*.

Do but look upon the ſeveral workings of the ſoul. Conſider the ſeveral layings out of the ſoul, and you'l ſee they have worth in them. Do but view the wheels and motions of the ſoul, the ſeveral faculties and employments of them, and you'l ſee they are all choice and precious.

What ſhould I tell you of the Underſtanding crown'd with Beams, compaſt and ſurrounded with Light; of the Will ſitting like

like a Queen upon her Throne, and swaying the Scepter of Liberty in her hand, with all the affections waiting and attending upon her.

There's a five-fold excellency in the workings of the souls of men.

1. The workings of the soul are *quick and nimble*. Material Beings move heavily. Matter clogs them, and dulls their motion. They go like the Chariots of *Pharaoh* in the Red-sea; but spiritual Beings, they move freely and presently, like the Chariots of *Aminadab*, they run with a cheerful spontaneity. What quicker than a Thought? what nimbler than the twinkling of an intellectual Eye? 'Tis true, there is a weakness and irregularity in the souls motions, when its best workings are too flitting and desultory, too gilding and transient; but take the soul as 'tis regular and orderly in its motions, and then the freeness and presentness of its working; 'tis the high priviledge of a spiritual Being: For God, that is a pure Spirit, is Omni-present in his motions. And the Angels, that are ministring Spirits, make haste of those glorious errands they are sent about: The wings of the Cherubims fly very swiftly. And the souls of men, that are next in motion, as they are next in Being; they do the Will of God on earth as 'tis done in heaven, with such freeness and alacrity.

2. They are *vigorous and indefatigable*. The wings of the Cherubims are not weary with flying, nor are the wheels of the soul weary with going, the sparklings of the soul never vanish; but every motion has immortality stampt upon it. Spiritual Beings in all their motions are never weary, nor out of breath. But material Beings, as they are dull and sluggish in their motion; so they are faint and languishing. The body, that's soon tyr'd. And yet (which is worth the observing) only animate Beings are capable of wearineſs: The Sun is not weary with shining, but is alwayes ready like a Giant to run's race; nor the fountain is not weary with flowing, but the bird is presently weary with flying. Only animate Beings are weary, not by vertue of the soul, but because the body can't keep pace with the soul. Thus many times the string breaks, when the Lutanist is not weary. *The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.* The soul would fain be working, when the body is not serviceable. That which wearies the soul most, is to be quencht in its motions, to be dull'd by an earthy

earthy body, by the interpoſition of that to be clouded, to have its wings clipt, ſo that 'twas ſaid of that noble Platoniſt *Plotinus*, that he ſo liv'd ὡς αἰσχυνόμενος ὅτι ἐν σώματός ἐστι, he was loth to be in the body, as others were loth to be in priſon, as if he had cry'd out with the Apoſtle, *O who ſhal deliver me from this body of death!* And therefore the ſouls of juſt men made perfect, that are ſet at full liberty, they are never weary in their workings, never weary of praiſing God, never weary of ſinging Hallelujahs to him.

3. *Vaſt and comprehenſive.* All beings they are within the ſouls Horizon. What can't it graſp in its thought? what can't it take in its eye? It can take in the ſeveral drops of Being, and it can take in much of the Ocean of Being. I deny not but ſome men have ſuch narrow and contracted ſouls, as they can commerce with nothing but outward and droſſy objects; they can ſcarce have a wiſh, thought, mind only earthly things; their Corn, and their Wine, and their Oile. But this only ſhews their ſouls degenerated from their native perfection, from their primitive glory. For the ſoul of it ſelf is more large and ſpacious, and ſcorns to be bounded with material objects; it ſelf is a ſpirit, and ſo it delights more in ſpirituals. Nay, it won't be bounded with real objects; it will ſet up Beings of its own, *Entia Rationis*; Reaſon's creatures; ſuch as the hand of Omnipotency never gave a real Being to.

And then the deſires of the ſoul how vaſt are theſe, and comprehenſive? the ſoul can quickly open its mouth ſo wide, as that the whole world can't fill it.

4. *Self-reflexive and independent* upon the body. And theſe indeed are the choiceſt and moſt precious workings of all, the very flower and quinteſſence of an immortal ſoul. When the ſoul ſhall ſit judge upon its own actions; when it ſhall become *Speculum ſuiipſius*, view its own force, bid the body farewell, and even here become an *Anima ſeparata*, withdraw and retire it ſelf to its Cloſet-operations, to its moſt reſerv'd and Cabinet-counſels. I could at large ſhew the excellency of theſe workings in ſeveral reſpects, but that I muſt haſten.

5. The workings of the ſoul are *ſecret and undiſcernable.* The creatures eye cannot pierce them. *Who knows the things of a man, but the ſpirit of man that is in him?* The Devil can't tell

the thoughts of men; at most he has but a gueſs and ſhrew'd conjecture, unleſs they be ſuch as are of his own caſting in; he has reaſon to know theſe, for they are his own.

If men had *feneſtrata pectora*, there were ſcarce any living in the world. What mutual rage, and envy, and malice, and heart-burnings would they then behold? Yet leſt men ſhould abuſe this priviledge, and from hence take liberty to ſin, God often puts them in mind of this, that he ſearches and ſees the heart; 'tis his great prerogative, and he is greater than the heart, than the ſoul, he knows all things.

This is the ſecond particular, the excellency of the ſouls *Operations*.

3. The excellency of its *Capacity*. Do but conſider with your ſelves, what a reaſonable ſoul is capable of. 'Tis capable of the image of God. The Soul, it has his Superſcription; *In the image of God made he him*. Now there's little or nothing of Gods Image to be ſeen in the body; for God is a Spirit, and ſo ſtamps his Image upon the ſpirits of men. And here indeed are ſome ſhadowings out of himſelf, ſome faint and languiſhing repreſentations of a Deity. The Soul 'tis made in the Image of God, and 'tis capable of ſuch ſtamps and impreſſions as God is pleas'd to put upon it. 'Tis endow'd with reaſon, the apple of the ſouls eye. 'Tis capable of knowledge, of learning, of all the advancements and ennoblements of reaſon; but what ſhould I ſpeak of theſe, this will ſeem to ſome in the world no great matter; as good be without them, or it may be better in their fond eſteem; well then, 'tis capable of grace, of glory; ſure they won't ſlight theſe too. 'Tis fit to be a companion of Angels, to bear them company to all eternity. Nay, 'tis capable of communion with God himſelf; they are the friends of God. The ſouls of men muſt make up a Church for him. They are fit to be the Spouſe of Chriſt. 'Tis the Apoſtles phraſe, *That I might preſent you Virgin-ſouls unto Chriſt*. They are capable of ſuch things, as *neither eye has ſeen, nor ear hear, nor e're enter'd into the heart of man to conceive*; the Soul it ſelf cannot conceive, what great things a Soul is capable of. Though the workings of the ſoul were more vaſt and comprehenſive than they are, yet they can't reach them.

4. The excellency of its *Duration*. Do but think upon this awhile; how that it ſhall run a line parallel to all eternity. The body

body indeed, 'tis ſoon reſolv'd and crumbled into its firſt principles. *Duſt thou art, and to duſt thou muſt return.* But *the ſoul returns to God that gave it.* As it did not depend upon the body in ſome of its workings, ſo neither does it depend upon it in its Being. 'Tis a very remarkable Speech that of S^t *John* to *Gaius*, *I wiſh* (ſayes he) *that thy body proſper, even as thy ſoul proſpers.* For moſt men in the world we might very well invert the wiſh; we wiſh their ſouls proſper'd, even as their bodies proſper. But Saint *John* ſpeaks it, of a lively and vigorous Chriſtian, ſtrong in the faith. *I wiſh thy body proſper, even as thy ſoul proſpers.* For many times you know, in an aged and decay d body, you have a lively vigorous ſoul; Old men are moſt famous for wiſdom, *Neſtor* is for councel: In a languiſhing and conſum'd body, you have many times a flouriſhing and well-complexion'd ſoul. Men of the livelieſt ſouls, are not alwayes of the ſtrongeſt and goodlieſt bodies, none of the longeſt lives. Sometimes the ſoul is ſo acute as that it cuts the ſheath of the body aſunder. Sometimes the Lutaniſt ſcrues up the ſtrings ſo high, as that they crack immediately. Many times the ſoul is in the full, when the body's in the wane.

That which we uſually call a lightning before death, ſome think 'tis but the ſouls finding of its former liberty, that's now to be looſen'd from the body, to be enlarged and ſet out of priſon; and that makes it ſo cheerful. To be ſure there are (at leaſt) ſtrong and pregnant probabilities of the ſouls immortality to a natural eye, to a Philoſophical eye with common light: And they that tell us of the ſouls Mortality; we may very well queſtion, what manner of ſouls they have; to be ſure as the Pſalmiſt ſpeaks, *They are become like the beaſts that periſh.* Others are ſo far in love with the ſouls immortality, that they would have every ſoul immortal; ſenſitive and vegetative ſouls. But it ſhall ſuffice us that the ſouls of men are ſo, and this is the fourth excellency of the ſouls of men; the excellency of their *Duration.*

And this is the firſt head of Arguments by which you ſee the precioufneſſe of a ſoul, from the ſeveral excellencies of the ſoul in ſelf.

(2.) If you would know the worth and precioufneſs of a ſoul; Conſider what value and eſteem they put upon it, that are beſt acquainted with the worth of it. This is one of the wiſeſt and ſureſt

wayes, to know the worth of a thing; to consider how they prize it that best know it.

See then how they value souls, that know them best.

I. *God himself*, the Creatour of souls, 1. The Father of spirits; He must needs know the worth of souls, for he made them, and he weighs the spirits of men, he has often put them into the balance, and he knows the worth and weight of them. Now see how he esteems them; He has laid out his thoughts from everlasting, for the bringing in of some souls to himself; He has pickt them out as his Jewels. The counsels and contrivances of heaven have been spent upon them. Now do you think that God would lay out his thoughts upon them from everlasting, unlesse they were very precious?

II. *Jesus Christ*, the great Purchaser of souls; he bought them, and so must needs know the worth of them. It was no ordinary price that he paid for them neither; *You were not ransom'd with corruptible things, &c.* Now do you think that Jesus Christ would have laid down his own life, spent his own precious blood for them, except they had been very precious? There's nothing that does speak the worth and excellency of a soul, than what was laid down for them to redeem them. And these words in the Text are the words of him that bought souls; the words of Jesus Christ himself, the great Redeemer of souls, he tells you, that one soul is more worth than a world.

III. *The Angels*, they are Spirits themselves; and so are more acquainted with the nature of Spirits than we are. See, how they esteem them.

1. The *Good* Angels; what care do they take for souls? They are ministering Spirits for the good of souls. They pitch their Tents about them; they have charge of souls; they rejoyce at the conversion of a soul. Heaven is alwayes full of joy, brimfull of joy; but it runs over with fresh joy, when a soul is brought in to a Saviour.

2. The *Evil* Angels, those great Plunderers of souls, those black and damned Potentates of Hell; the Devils, these know the worth of souls too well.

For (1.) What variety of temptations have they for the beguiling of a soul? How many thousand hooks and baits for the catching of a soul? How many designs and stratagems for the ruining

ruining of a ſoul? what ambuſhes and underminings for the undoing of a ſoul? how does he ſpread abroad his nets, and fill the world with Snares, for the entangling of a ſoul? what Serpentine windings and workings, what depths and methods of deceit, what flatteries and inſinuations, and all for the deluding of a Soul?

2. How does he rage when a ſoul is pluckt out of his paw? The whole legion of them is in an uproar and commotion; when they have loſt one of their priſoners, they look upon it as a great loſſe.

3. How does he envy Jeſus Chriſt, the ſaving of one ſoul? How does he think ſouls too precious for him? If all the powers of darkneſſe could hinder it, there ſhould not be one ſoul tranſlated out of their kingdom.

4. How does he glory and triumph in the conqueſt of ſouls? If hell were capable of joy, it would have it then; when ſouls are captivated by this Prince of darkneſſe. Theſe are his *ſpolia ampla*, the goodly trophy's and monuments of his victory.

5. How many factors and agents does he imploy to bring in ſouls to his kingdom? how many are ſerviceable and inſtrumental to him? and how does he go up and down like a roaring Lion ſeeking whom he may devour? Do you think he would take ſo much pains about ſouls, if they were not worth it?

6. In his formal Contracts, he does not ſtand long a cheapning, he'l give them what they'l ask, he knows he can't outbid himſelf. A ſoul is worth more, he knows, than he has to give for it.

7. How does this torment him, that he is in a chain, and can do no more hurt to ſouls? that there is an hook in this Leviathan, that he is reſtrain'd and limited ſo as that he cannot have his will of ſouls?

So that by all this you ſee, the *evil Angels* the Devils know the worth of ſouls too well.

And this is the ſecond head of Arguments, by which you ſee the preciouſneſſe of ſouls, &c.

3. Arg. Becauſe *other things are precious* in reference to the ſoul. The worth of the ſoul puts a luſtre upon other things.

1. Precious *Faith*; why is that ſo precious? becauſe 'tis for the ſaving of a precious ſoul; 'tis ſuch a radical and eſſential Grace;

[*We*

[*We believe to the saving of the soul.*

2. Precious *Promises*; why are they so precious? because they are for the welfare of a precious soul. Cordials to revive a fainting soul; balm for the healing of a wounded soul; restauratives for the recovery of a languishing soul.

3. Precious *Ordinances*; Why? but because God does here in especial manner display himself, and reveal himself to souls; He gilds them with his own glorious presence; they are the wells of salvation, out of which souls must quench their thirst.

4. Precious *Ministers*; why such a lustre upon that Calling more than upon others? why they so honourable, but because they are more immediately conversant about souls? The converting of souls, that's the crown of the Ministery; *You are my Crown, and my Joy*, sayes *Paul* to his converted *Philippians*. No wonder then if contempt be pour'd out upon the Ministery, if once they come to neglect souls; if *Cura Animarum* be made but a slight business. *But they that convert souls to righteousness*, sayes the Prophet *Daniel*, *they shall shine as the starres in the firmament*, they shall have a more bright and massy Crown, answerable to a greater degree of service.

4. Arg. If you would still see more clearly the worth and preciousness of souls; do but consider the variety of *Gospel-dispensations* in respect of souls.

1. Those many *invitations* that are made to souls to come into Christ, that sweet Rhetorick, those strong motives, those powerful perswasions, those precious wooings and beseechings of them. *We beseech you by the mercies of Christ*, by the bowels of a Saviour; *we beseech you, as if God himself should beseech you to be reconcil'd unto him.* Do you think there would be so much wooing and beseeching, if they were not very precious? Do you think the Spirit himself would so intreat, do you think the Holy Ghost would be so importunate with them else? Nay, these souls are so precious, as that he will have some for himself; he will take no denial, no refusal; Go and *compell* them to come in.

2. Consider those sad *Lamentations* that are made when souls will trample upon their own mercy; as Christ speaks to *Jerusalem*, in that passionate strain, and dips his words in tears; *O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, &c.* This great lamenting shews that 'tis the loss of a precious thing.

3. Know,

3. Know, that the *World is kept up* for this very end, for the bringing in of some souls for a Saviour. Do you think that God is at this vast cost and expence in maintaining this vast fabrick of the Creation, only for men that oppose him, and provoke him, and violate his Laws? No, 'tis for the gathering of his Jewels, for the binding up some precious souls in the bundle of Life. If 'twere not for this, the very pillars and foundations of the world would crack asunder.

4. Think upon the great *Preparation* that is made for the entertainment of souls; how that Christ is gone to prepare a place for them. What treasures of love and sweetness, what heaps of joy are stor'd up for them? what a weight of Glory? what Crowns? what Thrones? what glorious and unexpressible, and unconceiveable Priviledges shall they then enjoy?

Thus by all these several Arguments you have seen the worth and preciousness of souls.

Use 1. And now when we consider the worth of them, we might even take up this sad lamentation; *How is the gold become dross? how is the most fine gold chang'd?* The precious souls of men that were purer than Snow, ruddier than Rubies, more polisht than Saphirs in their first Original; now their visage 'tis blacker than a coal. How are they become the reproach of him that made them, the body's slaves, the devils captives, the scorn of every lust and temptation. Nay, you might even melt and dissolve into tears under this sad and serious consideration, that so few of these precious souls shall be saved; that there are so many of them that drop into hell irrecoverably. And though there be a generation of men in the world that will never go over this narrow Bridge, unless they put on Spectacles, that so they may tumble in more Artificially: men that lay down such large and reaching principles of so vast a latitude, as that they scarce make it possible for any to be damn'd: men that widen the narrow gate in their own apprehensions; yet God has reveal'd his mind expressely, and 'tis the constant voice of the Gospel it self, that there are but few of these precious souls that be sav'd. And, which is more, that as for men of the rarest and most admirable endowments, of the choicest accomplishments, men of most orient and glittering souls; there are fewer of these than of others. *Not many wise, &c.* And yet all this comes not about because of any

any want of Gospel-provision: not but that there is Balm enough in *Gilead*, Oile enough in that horn of salvation; not but that there are abundance of bowels in God, which yearn towards the precious souls that he has made; but because men refuse his goodnesse, and abuse his mercy; imprison his truth, and shut it up in unrighteousnesse.

Now when men are told of the worth of their souls, when they are put in mind of their preciousnesse again and again, when they have all means for the welfare of their soul, and when they are directed in the wayes that tend to the saving of the soul; when they are convinc'd that such and such lusts fight against their souls; and when they know that the present season of grace is all they are sure of, for the welfare of their soul; If they shall stubbornly refuse their own mercy, and wilfully and violently rush into their own ruine; though their souls were ten thousand times more precious than they are, yet they perish deservedly.

Use 2. Methinks therefore at length men should come to such thoughts as these: 'Tis time now to provide for our own souls; 'Tis time now to build for Eternity: *Tanquam semper victuri.* If he that does not provide for his own house, is worse than an Infidel; then surely, he that does not provide for his own soul is little better. Yet how many are there in the world, that live so as if they had no souls to save? Many that take no notice of their own souls. These are spiritual Beings, and run not into their outward senses, & so they never mind them. These mens souls are so dark, as they cannot see themselves. Others that do take some little acquaintance with their own spirits; yet how do they leave them in a rolling and fluctuating condition; how do they venture Eternity? upon what strange uncertainties do they leave a precious soul? as he that was ready to die, said, *He should know by and by, whether the soul were immortal or no*; that was all he made of it. Or as that other, that complemented with his soul, in that sporting language,

Animula vagula, blandula;
Quæ tandem abitura es in loca?

And yet 'tis an impression engraven upon every Being with a Pen of Iron, and with the point of a Diamond. Nay, 'tis a νόμος γεγραμμένος stampt upon every Being by the finger of God himself, that it should look to its own preservation; to the maintaining of it self:

So

So that 'tis matter of amazement and astonishment, that the souls of men being such precious Beings, should look to their own welfare no more: And it can be resolv'd into nothing else, but into that same first and grand Apostasie from their God, the fountain of their life and happinesse. When they lost their God; they lost themselves; and when they fell off from him, they Apostatiz'd from their own Essence. And now they mind the body, and take care for things here below, and neglect themselves; If there be any that can repair the ruines of Nature, or that can wrangle a little for mens estates; these shall have honour and esteem in the world, and the things of the world at their command: But they that take care only for souls, these must live upon meer benevolence; as if the Ministers of the Gospel were nothing indeed but souls; as if they were properly Angels, that must assume a body, and deliver their message, and then must disappear. This does strongly convince that men prize their bodies and their goods above their souls; because men of such employments, Lawyers and Physicians these find better entertainment in the world, than the Ministers of the Gospel.

Hence it is also that men neglect the seasons of grace, opportunities of mercy, advantages for their souls; which they would not neglect in other things. The Sabbath, the market-day for souls, how is it slighted, prophaned? yet the Sabbath was made for man; for the soul of man chiefly, for that is the chief of man. And yet God has us'd very strong and powerful means to engage men to seek the welfare of their own souls. For out of his own infinite love and goodnesse he has by a strict connexion, knit and united his own glory, and the salvation of souls together: He has wrought *Israels* Name in the frame of his own glory. That whereas now if these two were sever'd, a man were bound to seek the glory of God, before the salvation of his own soul. For though the soul be very precious, yet the glory of the Creatour of souls is infinitely more precious. God therefore out of the riches of his grace, has so joyn'd these together, as none can put them asunder. He that seeks the glory of God, does by this promote the welfare of his own soul; and he that seeks the saving of his own soul, does in this advance the glory of God. He that seeks the one, must seek the other also.

Use 3. If the souls of men be so exceeding precious, then admire

mire the goodneſſe of God, that does not leave them in the power of men.

1. Some ſouls, the ſouls of his own people are ſo precious, as that he won't leave them in their own hands. You know how *Adam* diſpos'd of his own ſoul, when he had it in his own keeping. And ſuch men as are left to themſelves, you ſee how they lay out their ſouls. But God has laid up ſome precious ſouls in a ſafe and ſure hand; they are laid up as a rich *Depoſitum* in the hand of a Saviour, and they are kept by his Almighty power through faith unto ſalvation.

2. Souls are ſo precious, as that he won't leave them to the diſpoſing of other men. He keeps theſe Apples of his eye under the lid of his own Providence. The Sword of an enemy, can reach but the ſheath of the body. An enemy though never ſo fierce and furious, can but cut the ſheath of the body aſunder. *Fear not them that can kill the body*, and that's all they can do, &c. Yet ſuch is the fury and implacableneſſe of men, as that if they could reach the ſoul, that ſhould be the firſt they would ſtrike and wound; and they would damn other mens ſouls as ſurely as they do their own. As that deſperate *Italian*, that having an enemy of his at advantage threatned to kil him, unleſs he would curſe & blaſpheme and renounce his Religion; that fooliſh man too covetous of a frail and fading life, yielded to him; but as ſoon as he had ended ſuch blaſphemies as were preſcrib'd him, the other ſtabs him preſently, and then triumphs and applauds himſelf in his bloody victory: O, ſayes he, 'tis a kindly and delicate revenge; O, 'tis an orderly and methodical revenge, firſt to damn the ſoul, and then to ſtab the body. You ſee what the rage and fury of men would reach unto; but that God has ſet ſouls, ἔξω βόλης.

3. And therefore thou that wilt truſt him with thy precious ſoul, wilt not truſt him for things here below? Wilt thou truſt him for Eternity, and not for a moment? wilt thou truſt him with the Jewel, and not with the caſket? wilt thou truſt him for thy Soul, and not for thy body, thy ſtate, thy name? Think upon our Saviours Argument: *Conſider but the lilies of the field*; they that have but vegetative ſouls, two or three removes off from matter: *They neither ſpin nor toile*: why ſhouldſt thou then have ſpinning and toiling thoughts? will he not much more take care for thee?

Uſe 4.

Use 4. See here the top of Antichristian fury; his cruelty to souls, as if the souls of men were Antichrists slaves, to be hurried up and down at his pleasure; as if an heap of precious souls, were but Antichrists foot-stool, for him to get up to his throne by. Consult but with that place in the 18. of *Rev. vers.* 12, 13. You'l see there that Antichrist trades there in very rich and costly commodities, *Gold, Silver, Pearls, Purple, Silk, &c.* But amongst the rest, he has one more precious than ordinary, and 'tis a sure and staple commodity that he trades in, & 'tis in *the souls of men.* And that which bespeaks the ruine of Antichrist, and cries aloud to that God to whom vengeance belongs, and 'twill pour out the very dregs of the vials upon him; his deluding of souls, his imposing upon souls, his multiplying the bricks, putting out the eyes of souls, making them grind at his mil, to go round in an implicite faith; and like his slaves, he buyes them and sells them at his pleasure. The blood of souls is the Paint of that same spiritual *Jezabel*, and the Scarlet of the Babylonish whore; 'tis double-dy'd in the blood of Saints.

Use 5. This speaks aloud to the Prophets, and sons of Prophets, that they would lay out all their golden talents and precious opportunity for the welfare of souls; not only their own souls, but for the souls of others too; to be men of publick influence, to spread light abroad in the world. 'Tis the strongest expression of love you can show to a Saviour; *Peter, lovest thou me? feed my sheep; feed my lambs:* Let this be a token of thy love, and sign that thou lov'st me. Does not it pity you to see so many precious souls famisht for want of the bread of Life? so many ignorant souls rushing upon their own ruine for want of light; so many souls poison'd with unsound doctrine and strange opinions; so many unstable souls beguil'd by rude & illiterate men that torture the Scriptures, and feed men so, as if Non-sense were the only *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* for immortal souls to live on. Don't you see how thirsty souls are, that they will drink in muddy waters? had not they rather, think ye, drink in pure and crystalline streams? Do they take in Errour so fast, and would not Truth be more pleasant to them? You are the hope and the expectation of souls; if you should frustrate and disappoint them, whither should they go, or where should they betake themselves?

Where

Where shall the thirsty soul go, unless the fountain afford it some streams? where shall the new-born soul satisfie it self, unless the breasts afford it sincere milk? How shall the wandring soul find out its way, unless the Seers and Watchmen be pleased to direct it? How shall souls be season'd with grace, if the salt it self be unsavoury? If the eye be darkness, how great must the darkness be? O lay out your selves so, as that thousands of souls may bless you, and have cause to bless God for you. *Truly the harvest is great* and precious, *and the labourers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth labourers into his harvest.*

FINIS.

ELEGANT,

And Learned

DISCOURSE

Of the

Light of Nature:

With several other

TREATISES.

Viz.
- *The Schism.*
- *The Act of Oblivion.*
- *The Child's Return.*
- *The Panting Soul.*
- *Mount Ebal.*
- *The White Stone.*
- *Spiritual Opticks.*
- *The Worth of Souls.*

By NATHANAEL CULVERWEL *Master of Arts*, and lately *Fellow* of EMMANUEL-*College* in CAMBRIDG.

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creation; that so we might be necessitated to look higher to the powerfull hand of God that brings so great things to pass. And this is his usual method and manner of dealing. Thus hath he chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise: and 'tis plain as they tell us in Opticks, that *Μικροβλεπται non sunt acuti visus*, they give the reason, *propter radios in illis dispersos magis & dissipatos*: Men of vast Intellectuals, of very fair eyes μικροβλεπται they do but μικρολογειν in spirituals; they have some broken and scattered notions, which cannot represent heavenly truths in their proper *species*: when as some of a less eye, oh how quick and peircing are they into these holy Mysteries, and such as are dim-sighted in Philosophy become eagle-eyed in Divinity. *Chrysostome* tells us of two in his time, a Greek and a Christian, that were very hot in dispute, whether *Paul* or *Plato*, were the better Scholler. The Christian he amplifies St. *Paul's* wisdom and excellency, the Greek scorns him, as rude and simple, and his writings not comparable to *Plato's* Philosophical and lofty stile. The father he comes as 'twere to moderate; and when he had magnified St. *Pauls* learning, he seems to chide the Christian, that he did not yield the other what he would have. Grant indeed that *Paul* came in a more plain and unlearned way, κατηρεια τοιουτη ἐγκειμενον ἐστιν, οὐ βλασφημια τῶν ἀποστολων, ἀλλα δοξα.

Nothing tended more to the advancement of the Gospel, to the stopping of their mouths, then the considerations of this, that a few weak men by the foolishness of preaching: the preaching of a crucified Saviour confounded the grand σοφοι of the world, and more prevailed upon the hearts of men, though prepossest with contrary principles, then ever they could do with all their wisdom: For an handfull of naked impotent men to conquer an whole host of armed Champions. These are λαμπραι τελεσιουργιαι, as he there speaks. Alas *Moses Artificiosus* had a veil upon his face, and ὁ θεος could not see into so divine a mystery; nay, *God hath chosen the* τα μη ὀντα, *the meer Non-entia* of the world, *to bring to nought the things that are*. A strange Paradox, and enough to amaze an *Aristotle*, to hear of a *Non Ens* annihilating an *Ens*; and yet no principle surer, or clearer in all his Metaphysicks, if it be took in this spiritual meaning: and that because, *God hath chosen* the things which *are not at all*

in

in mens apprehensions; and of a very thin and weak being in themselves. *He hath chosen these to bring to nought the things that are.* That thus his power may be the more eminent in their weakness, and his Majesty shine more gloriously in their contemptibleness. God could have clothed some bright *Seraphim* with light as with a garment, and sent him to have sparkled out Divinity amongst us. He could have made his Angels χαρυζοντα πνευματα, even in this sense ministring Spirits, for the good of them that should have been heirs of salvation: But then, we should have been took up too much with the glittering of the creatures, and our eyes dazled with their brightness. God therefore hath made these *stars*, even of the first magnitude to disappear, that the *Son* may be all in all. He hath hid the pearl in a shel, and shut up his treasure ἐν ὀστρακινοις σκευεσιν: by an infinite condescension he speaks to us by *Moses*, and thus delivers the Gospel too by the hand of a Mediator. He hath sent us men ὁμοιοπαθεῖς *Paul* and *Apollo*, and these fishers of men they came not with their silken line, and their golden hook; with the inticing words of mans wisdom; as they do that go about ἀναζωγρειν ὑμᾶς; no, they lay down the naked simplicity of the Gospel. *Paul* doth but plant, and *Apollos* doth but water; and God is pleased by so weak means, in so plain a way, to bring about his own glorious ends *Ipsum cœlum stultitia petimus*, in a bitter sense then e're the Poet meant it, even by this foolishness of Preaching. Why then do you gaze on *Paul*, and glory in *Apollos*: as if it were *Pauls* great parts that raised the Gospel, and *Apollos* eloquence that set it off? What's this, but to oppose the Almighty, and to counterplot wisdom it self? God took this as a main way for the advancing of his glory, and you make't (as much as in you lies) wholly derogatory from it: and judge you, whether this be to be carnal or no. Εἰς μεγαν θεον, εἰς βασιλεὺς. *Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us: but unto thy Name be given the glory.*

2. It is carnal, as it takes from the word of God, from its innate strength and excellency: from its divine Majesty and Royalty.

1. From its strength and excellency. The Gospel shines with its own beams, and need not borrow light from *Paul*, nor lustre from *Apollo*. When God hath once writ with his own finger

upon the Tables of ſtone, they need then no humane poliſhing; and the Goſpel is very gloriouſly cloathed with ſuch ornaments as Chriſt hath put upon it. The Image of God ſtamp'd upon the word, and this ſuperſcription is that which hath made it ſo currant, and all other writings to be but χάλκεον in compariſon of it. And in the plain preaching of the word, what a force and energy goes along with it; This is the voice of the Lord ſo powerfull, that brings down the lofty Cedars in *Lebanon*, and cruſheſt the ſtrongeſt Oaks in *Baſhan*. Mans eloquence doth but weaken and ſoften the voice; and whilſt it would make it more pleaſant, makes it leſs powerfull. That which *Plutarch* tells us of the *Spartans*, who for brevity were wont to ſpeak as it were characters, and ſentences *in puncto*; and for the weightineſs of ſpeech, they ſpeak in the lump and maſſy ſentences; he ſayes of them, ὁ λόγος Λακωνικὸς οὐκ ἔχει φλαῦρον; 'tis true here, *Verbum eſt Dei ſine cortice*; 'tis all pith and ſtrength, ἐοικὸς εἰς τὸ ἀποτόμως, as he there goes on, it is edged into efficacy. God himſelf hath been pleaſed to whet his ſword; as the *Lacedæmonian*, when he was asked whether his ſword was ſharp or no; replyed that it was ὀξυτέρας διαβολῆς, ſharper then a Calumny. 'Tis like his ſword was not ſo ſharp as his expreſſion; but to be ſure this two-edged ſword, as 'tis τομωτέρα ὑπὲρ πᾶσαν μαχαίραν, ſo 'tis ὀξυτέρα πάσης διαβολῆς, it can pierce through all oppoſitions, cut aſunder the contradictions of men, the moſt Gordian knot, the moſt *nodoſum ingenium*, as he calls *Tiberius*: but then the quickning power of the Spirit muſt go along with it, as that famous Captain when he had loſt his ſword; he told his enemies, it was not ſo much the ſword, as the arm; unleſs the arm of the Lord be revealed, there is none will believe our report, unleſs this formative vertue go along with it: inſtead of πνεῦμα μόνον, it becomes but πνεῦμα ἄπνουν. Our Apoſtle in the ſecond Chapter of this Epiſtle, tells us of a demonſtration of the Spirit; Now ἀπόδειξις (as he hath it) is φῶς ἀληθείας, the native gloſs of truth, which clearly ſhews it, and preſently convinceth a man, there's no diſputing againſt a demonſtration. The word that evidences it ſelf, and the Miniſters they may ſtrongly perſwade; but unleſs the Spirit demonſtrate, the ſoul hath never compleat ſatisfaction; and the Spirit that may ſave extraordinarily without the Word, but the Word cannot poſsibly ſave without the Spirit;

but

But if this accompany it: O then, there is a glorious Twinlight springing from them both; and irradiating the soul with powerfull, and enlivening beams arising with healing under its Wings. O then, the Sword of the Lord, and of *Gideon* conquer most victoriously, and then there's none able to withstand it; though like *Mars* himself, he be *tunica tectus adamantina*, and though this be in the hand of the weakest Messenger; he that will resist it, must θυμαχεῖν, and such a one hath no great hope of victory, but he must fall down with Saint *Pauls* Idiot; and cry out, Surely God is in you of a truth. Why then do ye attribute all to *Paul*, and ascribe the glory to *Apollo*, as if the Word were a dead Letter, till quicken'd by *Paul*; and an empty breath, unlesse animated by *Apollo*: as if *Paul* did not only plant, but blesse; and *Apollo*, not only ποτίζειν, but αὐξάνειν; *Et Deus interim nihil faceret*. He stood as a Spectator all the while: when as indeed, *Paul* is but at the best, *Echo Domini*; he reflects the sound of the Gospel; the Echo that never speaks till it be spoken to: What I have received from the Lord, that deliver I unto you, and not as that doth *dimidiata verba*; no, he acquaints you with the whole Will and Counsel of God. And *Apollo* is but as *Aristole* calls a servant, ὀργανον ἔμψυχον; he is *Cythara Dei*, strung and tun'd by him, touch't by his Spirit, and then making a most sweet and gracefull melody. *Paul* may spend his strength in vain, and *Apollo* may stretch forth his hand all the day long to a gainsaying, and disobedient people. *Peter* himself may toyl all night, and catch nothing: Men of most rare accomplishments, and of indefatigable industry may spend all their dayes, and not save a soul; and others of far weaker abilities, may add daily to the Church such as shall be saved. God by his secret judgement may blast the labours of the one, because men glory too much in them: and by his goodnesse he may give encrease to the other, because he hath more glory by them. This we are sure, 'tis the same Word preach't by *Paul*, and by other his fellow-labourers; and the Spirit breatheth when it pleases, and blowes where it lists. And though these here had some more plausible excuse for their siding with *Paul*, and glorying in *Apollo*, as men furnisht with extraordinary gifts, and the dawning of the Spirit in those Primitive times accompanying their labours in a more then usual manner; yet you hear the Apostles sharp

reproof of them, even for this: *are ye not carnal?* But then

2. As it takes from the Majesty of the Word. Is it fit that the Word of God should stoop to mans fancy? Why, here's *Paul* and *Apollo*, men of admirable endowments, and of most exact holinesse preaching the same Gospel, and yet 'tis embrac't by some, when coming from one; and neglected, when publisht by another. It is the same truth, but not in the same dresse: It is a sign, they never receiv'd the love of the Truth; plain Truth won't please them, it must be set out in such attire, as may best satisfie their eye: though sometimes not becoming the purity of so chast a Virgin. This *Lumen siccum* (as he speaks) doth parch and offend many mens soft natures. And though no doubt but *Paul* and *Apollo* deny their own excellencies, and become wholly subservient to the Gospel; yet even in them they find somewhat to preferre one before the other. And unlesse the Word of God were, as the Jewes tell us of the Manna, though very fabulously, (yet we have the same in the *Apocrypha* in the 16 of *Wisdome*; that whatsoever Character, or *Idea* of taste a man shap't to himself in his fancy when he was eating the Manna, as most pleasant and delightfull to him, it serv'd to the appetite of the eater, and was temper'd to every ones liking:) unlesse the Word of God had so many several relishes, agreeable to every ones liking: Even this, though Angels food shall be loathed, and nauseated, and surely this argues a carnal Spirit. Must the *thus saith the* bow to you? and the Gospel of the Kingdom become so basely serviceable, as to do homage to your lusts? Must that Word which should search the Conscience tickle the fancy, and feed a worm of curiosity that never dyes? What are these but as *Plutarch* calls, inquisitive delatours ἀτέρυγες, or in the Apostles phrase, *men of itching eares*, that catch more after an elegancy then after a promise, and are better pleas'd with a criticisme then with a practical Truth. You know whose speech 'twas, *Pruritus disputandi est Ecclesiæ scabies.* Wee'l mould it a little to our purpose, *pruritus auriumest animæ scabies.* 'Tis carnal, as it takes from the Word of God, from the strength of it, from the majesty of it.

3. (Which is the main Argument urged by our Apostle) as it breeds ruptures in the Church, schisms, and divisions, which;

First,

First, Hinder the communion of Saints: For all communion flows from union, and division takes that away. Some go about to make unity the very form of being, to be sure, it tends much to the well-being of the Church. Oh how happy, and pleasant a thing it is to see the Churches children spreading themselves like Olive-branches round about her Table in a peaceable, and flourishing manner! But when they shall τὰς τῶν ἀλλοτρίων λαμπρότητας, ἑαυτῶν ἀμαυρόσεις νομίζειν, (as he speaks) think that the brightnesse of their Brethrens condition, doth but obscure, and shadow theirs; and thus: πᾶν ὅτιοῦν ἔγκλημα προσλάβῃ, (as he most elegantly,) if there be the least ansa or occasion of strife, Passion presently hooks it in, and is too apprehensive. When one shall say, I am of *Calvin*, and another, I am of *Luther*; when as they might both meet in the name of Christian; nay, when by most ridiculous dissention (for we have heard of such ζηλοτυπίαι) when one shall say, I am of *Martin*, and another, I am of *Luther*; whereas they did but divide *Martin Luther*, for they were both of his Religion; what must this needs bring, but a deformity, and confusion upon the face of the Church, תהו ובהו enough to make up a *Chaos*.

Secondly, These Schisms, and Divisions, they stop the progress of the Gospel. If Christians would but take the *Moralists* counsel ἐξωτρέπειν, καὶ ἀποχετεύειν τὸ βάσανον to spend, and derive their malice some other way; as civil wars are often quench't by letting upon some common enemy: This was alwayes the *Cretians* custome; and from thence 'twas called *Syncretismus*: If we could hear of some happy *Synchristianismus*, when the Hearts, and Tongues, and Pens of all them that profess the same faith in sincerity, would agree amongst themselves, and wholly oppose the main adversary: If we had not such narrow, and contracted souls; if God would be pleased to give us a larger heart, so as every one would become a κατὰ δύναμιν, wholly let go his private ends, and study the publick good; what might not united forces do? How quickly would all difficulties vanish? every Mountain become a plain, the seven Hills amongst the rest? And the goodly fabrick of the Church would go up with the shoutings and acclamations of Grace, Grace, and quickly be at the top of its spiritual Glory. O how should every one wish the consideration of so happy a time have τὰ ψυχὰ ἀπὸ τοῦ χειμῶνος, as *Lucretius*

speaks most elegantly; a sweet *Charme* of well tun'd affections, and a spirit tripudiating for joy, as *Abraham* did ἀγαλλιᾶσθαι, when he foresaw Christs day, though that were afar off, and this near at hand.

Thirdly, Schismes and Divisions give great advantage to the enemies, and set up the Kingdom of Satan, the Prince of the Ayre. The Church thus becomes militant against her self, and the enemy becomes triumphant. The devil danceth at discord: and as St. *Chrysostome* observes, when he heard that so goodly, and populous a City as this of *Corinth*, πόλις μεγάλη καὶ πολυάνθρωπος was like to entertain the Gospel; he knew no better way to hinder the success of it, then by presently planting a spirit of discord amongst them: as well knowing, that a Kingdom divided against it self, could not long stand. And all his agents that are subordinate to him, *Nihil spei nisi per discordias habent*, as *Tacitus* saith notably of some in his time; and as he of others, they do *per abrupta inclarescere, sed in nullum Reipublicæ commodum*. We might learn more wisdom of them that are wiser in their generation, then the children of Light; what a strict union and confederacy have they among themselves, as that in *Job* is usually allegorized: *These scales of the* Leviathan *are shut together, as with a close seal*, in respect of their secrecy, and combinings; and if they chance to be at variance, and jarre amongst themselves, they have a sure way of meeting, and reconciliation by a joynt opposing of the Church. But then as it gives this generall advantage, so more specially, as it is the Original of all errors, and the inlet of all heresies. When men by a strange [illegible] shall set upon some one as an Oracle, and perpetual Dictatour in Divinity; If such a one broach an errour, O how greedily do they drink it as if 'twere pure Nectar, some saving Truth! when at the best it is but the poyson of Aspes, a deadly, and desperate errour. The devil thus serves them as *Agrippina* did *Claudius*, he tinctures poyson in their delicate meat, and they take it with an appetite. As that great Scholler hath well observed; they were alwayes learned men, which have been *hæreticorum Coryphæi*: So withall they have been such, as by some deceitful carriages have won the hearts, and esteem of men, and thereby did spread their infection farther. And though 'tis true, that *Paul*, and *Apollo* here mentioned in the Text, were in a manner pro-

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viledg'd persons, acted by an extraordinary spirit; no fear of this in them: yet some that are admired as much, or more then ever they were; we can't tell how to secure them from it. And this is the third respect why 'tis carnall to glory in men, because it breeds Schismes and Divisions in the Church, which hinder the communion of Saints, stop the progresse of the Gospel; give great advantage to the enemies, they being bolder to oppose, and that being weaker to resist, and then in a more special way, 'tis laid open to all errours, and heresies.

Fourthly, As it drawes evil out of good; and surely this if any thing else argues a carnal Spirit. Gods attributes shine very gloriously, his wisdome and power more especially and eminently in extracting good out of evil; the least touch of Providence turns all to gold, even sinne that seems to be all drosse, a meere obliquity, a Transgression of the Law; yet even this by the over-ruling Hand of an infinite Wise God, becomes a clear illustration of his Glory; and the crucifying of the LORD of Life, shall tend to the salvation of the Church: And a Christian thus far participates of the divine Nature, as that he can draw good out of evil too, sweetnesse out of the worst condition, and gain strength by his corruptions. What then, must it needs shew but a divelish, and envenomed spirit, that assimilates to it self, to turn every thing to poyson, and this is the nature of corruption. Every thing that a carnal man toucheth, is defiled: he soyles every Ordinance, and discolours every blessing: turnes the Grace of God into wantonnesse, he fights against God with his own Weapons, with his most precious favours ἀγχιστεῖς λογχεύει, by a most strange Chymistry; he extracts drosse out of the purest refined gold; flegme out of quintessence; dregs out of the purest spirits; a savour of death from that which breaths out nothing but life and happinesse. 'Tis clear in the Text. What a choyce and magnificent gift was this a δῶρον βασιλικὸν, to adorne the Church with all variety of excellencies? These made up the ποικίλα περιστίγματα, they the Needle-work in the Spouses ornament, the ἔργα ἀστέπτου, Gods ποικίλη σοφία, I and his πολυποίκιλος χάρις abundantly displayed themselves in them:

These were the *Donaria* which Christ gave at his Triumph; when he led captivity captive, he gave gifts unto men. And see what use, and improvement they make of them. O how quickly do they become σῶρα ἄδηκα, ἢ ἐπὶ ὀνείσιμα. Strifes and Divisions, Bitternesse and Contention, these are the best fruits they gather from so great a mercy. They that glory in some excellencies, vilifie meaner; nay, they vilifie choyce ones too: For such as glory in *Paul*, sleight *Apollo*; and such as admire *Apollo*, disesteem *Paul*, and both rend the Church in pieces. Do you thus requite the LORD, O ungratefull People, and unwise? ἐπὶ ἴσως ἀτόβλητα τὰ δῶρα τὰ παρὰ τοῦ Διός. *Lucian* though an Atheist, could say so much, *No gift coming from above is so mean, as to be despis'd, none so great, as to be gloried in.* Me thinks the diversity of gifts in several men, hath some resemblance with the diversity of colours in several bodies: Some bodies you see are cloathed in λαμπρᾶ ἐσθῆτι, in bright, and orient colours. Nature took a Sun-beam for her Pensil, and flourish't them most gloriously; they have *plus luminis quàm virium*, as the Philosopher speaks, a greater collection, and condensation of Light, and are varnish't over: other sullen, and discontented bodies in sad, and dusky colours, drawn with a coal ἐν σκιᾷ ἐόντα. Now the brightest colours they have *aliquid umbræ*; and the darkest, they have *aliquid lucis*. And some bodies they are content with one colour; others have a pleasant variety, and are set out with a rich Embroidery. See the same in the excellencies of the mind: These τὰ τῶν ψυχῶν χαρίσματα, these *mentes colores*, as I may so call them; which are divine Light, severally distributed unto souls, where some have a fairer gloss set upon them, a twinkling, and glittering soul, all bespangled with Light: others have more sad, and dark coloured spirits. Now the brightest they have somewhat of a cloud: darknesse and imperfection enough to take them off from boasting, and the darkest they have somewhat of a beam, some light, and excellency; enough to keep them from discouragement. Some are apparently eminent in one gift; others have variety of colours, ἐπὶ ψυχὴ ποικιλώτερον, *animum variegatum*. They that glory in some one excellency; what do they but as if a man should

should refuse to look only upon some one colour most pleasant to him; when as all are suitable to the eye, though some more delightfull. All those tend to the beauty of Nature; and all these to the beauty of Holinesse. Every one that is serviceable to the Temple, is not a *Bezaleel* and *Aholiab*, cunning to work in gold; and many that can build up the Temple, yet know not how to carve it. That which *Philostratus* has in the Life of *Apollinius*, may be moraliz'd into very good counsel, μηδὲ τὰ πίπτοντα τῆς ἀμβροσίας ἀπόλλυσθαι. *Etiam analecta deorum sunt colligenda*; the least gift to be received with a most thankfull acknowledgement, a ῥανὶς καρδία (as *Eunapius* calls a mean Scholar) a drop of *Helicon*, even that's precious; It is a notable speech of one of our Prelates, *I think it honour enough to be vouchsaf'd to bring but one pin to the decking up of Christs Spouse, whil'st others adorn her with her costly Robes, and rich Medals.* And thus 'tis carnal to glory in men, as it drawes evil out of good.

We should now spend a word or two in reference to *Paul*, and *Apollo*, that they would disclaim all glory, and ascribe it unto God. I know they did so; but I speak of such as have the like gifts, and excellencies: as *Paul* here in the Text, he chides the *Corinthians* for siding with him, and glorying in him; *whil'st one saith, I am of* Paul, *&c.* and this is the most likely way to take them off from their vanity, when they shall see such a one as they glory in; not lightly, but sharply reproving them for it: and then in a real way men should aim at the glory of God, as that wholly denying their own aimes, and excellencies; all the world may see, that they only seek the advancement of the Gospel. And this should be done in a suitable way, chiefly improving that excellency which God hath entrusted them withall, and in a proportionable way; for *to whom much is given, of them much is required.* As God doth καλὴν γεωμετρίαν, dispense his gifts in proportion; so he looks for an improvement of them according to a geometrical proportion. Two men may give up their account, the one that has done lesse good with greater joy, because he did answerable to his Talent, when as the other entrusted with some golden, and precious excellency, may have done more good; but yet nothing so proportionable to his abi-

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lity. But if men would thus lay out themselves, and unite their several gifts, and excellencies in one general aime, and faithfully improve them for the advantage of their Master, and good of their fellow-servants (which is a thing full of reason, and equity, as might be shewed at large); What glorious times should we then see? How would Knowledge begin to cover the face of the Earth, as Waters do the Sea? How would the Tree of Knowledge be so laden with fruit, as that it would stoop down, and children might pick off the Apples that were ready to drop into their mouthes? How would the World become (as he speaks) *terebratus, & patens*; full of fair Windowes, and goodly Prospects, and all gilded over with Light? And we should walk from strength to strength, till we appear'd before GOD in Glory.

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THE ACT OF OBLIVION.

ISAIAH 43. 25.

I, even I am he that blot out thy Transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sinnes.

EVery Promise is a breast of consolation, that would fain be drawn: and as *Job* speaking of the breasts, calls them very elegantly, the milk-pales of the breast, they are as it were *Carnea Mulctralia*; so there are the *Evangelica Mulctralia*, receptacles of that ἄδολον γάλα which is stor'd up for Babes in Christ, where the thirsty soul may come and fill it self with most precious sweetness. In the whole word of God there is most sincere milk; but the promises they are the cream, the *flos lactis*, the purest and sweetest of all.

Here's one of the *Utres cœlestes*, a bottle filled with heavenly dew, which will never fail like that of *Hagars*; but cherish the soul till it come to a well of life. Here's a pure emanation of Gods sweetest love, which would fain communicate it self to a sinfull creature; and therefore puts on the most amiable expres-

sions that the wisdome of God himself can cloth it withal, while he breaths out free grace by the mouth of his Prophet to a disobedient and rebellious Israel, and beseeches them to be reconcil'd to him.

And if you look but upon the foregoing words, you will wonder how this *verse* should come in; 'tis somewhat a strange context, an unusual kind of coherence. For God there complains by his Prophet, how that his people of *Israel* had done nothing at all for him; He took them indeed for his pleasant plant, but they were a very barren and ungrateful plant; He had made them a choice and spreading plant, but not one delicious cluster to be found upon them. In the *verse* immediately before, *Thou hast bought me no sweet Cane with money*, 'tis meant of that Cane which was to be a chief ingredient into the precious oyntment, as you may see in *Exod.* 30. The *Septuagint* they render it θυμια; *Neither hast thou made me to drink the fat of thy sacrifices*; or as the words flow in the fountain, לא דשנתני - *Thou hast not moystened me abundantly with thy sacrifices*: Not that the Jews did neglect these duties of Gods worship, which were so strictly enjoyn'd them in the Law; no, they were very punctual and accurate in observing that; but the force of the complaint lyes in this, thou didst them not unto me; For,

1. Thou didst them not with that alacrity and cheerfulness of spirit which I required of thee, and might well expect from thee. Love should have dropt oil into the wheels, and thy soul should have moved like the chariots of *Amminadab*, with a nimble spontaneity: but thou went'st on heavily, and look-edst upon my service as an hard task and yoke, more intolerable then that of *Egypt*.

2. Thou trustest in thy legal performances, and thought'st to be justified by thine own righteousness; thou did'st them not for those ends which I aimed at, for I intended only to raise thy thoughts higher to that great salvation which I had stor'd up for thee in the *Messias*.

3. Thou did'st them not to me, for many of thy sacrifices were offer'd up to idol-gods; thou didst not make me taste of them; I but thou didst make them drunk with them; thou didst even cloy and surfet them with the fat of thy sacrifices.

4. Thou didst them not to me, while thou rested in a fair flourish

flouriſh of outward formality, and thou thought'ſt to put me off with a mock-worſhip, with a meer outſide and ſurface of devotion, in giving me a ſhell, and nothing of the kernel: Thou couldſt ſin againſt me when thou liſt, and then thoughtſt to appeaſe me with a ſacrifice. They were white as milk, and ruddier then *rubies*, in their glorious profeſſion, but within they were blacker then a coal; *When you faſted, you did faſt unto me? I hate your burnt offerings; my ſoul nauſeats your ſolemn aſſemblies:* ἰχθρῶν δώρα ἄδωρα τὰ ἐν ἐνθυμίᾳ, *Bring me no more vain oblations; Odi Danaos & dona ferentes.* He that will be my ſervant, let him ſeal up every ſpiritual ſervice with integrity of heart. A pure ſoul that's the only preſent fit for a God, δῶρον τῷ Θεῷ ἐνδιάθετον, a gift that may be united to God himſelf, as *Hierocles* ſpeaks; *Sacrifices and burnt-offerings he would not have*, then thou ſhouldſt have ſaid, *Lo, I come to do thy will, O my God.* Thou ſhouldſt have preſented thy ſelf a living and a reaſonable ſacrifice; for without this, all others were no better then πυρὸς τροφὴ, *ignis pabulum*, as the *Pythagorean* hath it; a ſincere ſpirit that ſhould have been חֵלֶב וּבְרָכָה, *Thou didſt not make me to drink the fat of thy ſacrifices.* Well, but they ſtay not here, *Thou haſt made me to ſerve with thy ſins, and thou haſt wearied me with thine iniquities; thou haſt made me to ſerve with thy ſins*; that's either

1. Thou haſt ſo abus'd my patience, and long ſuffrance, and hath heapt ſin upon ſin, as if I had been a very ſervant, that was bound to endure all theſe thine iniquities; Or elſe,

2. It is a more prophetical paſſage looking upon Chriſt, who took upon him the form of a ſervant, and bore our ſins in his body upon the tree, And thus the *Septuagint*.

3. Thou haſt made me to ſerve with thy ſinnes, whilſt thou doſt theſe things under a ſhew of ſtrict holineſs, and care of pleaſing me, by vertue of my law in rererence to my command; as a peculiar people that ſerved an holy God, and had righteous Laws; and yet while thou neglecteſt the more weighty things that I require of thee, thou doſt diſhonour my name, and wrong my Law, and degenerate from thoſe noble Principles that I had planted in thee. For what will the heathen ſay; that I am a God that delight in the blood of bulls and goats, and give thee liberty in other things to do what thou liſt? *Thou haſt made me to ſerve with thy ſins.* And conſider what a ſtrong indignity this is offer'd

to the great God of Heaven and Earth to make him a servant, and then to serve sin which he so much hates and abhors, that he can't endure to look upon it, as that which strikes at his very being; *Thou hast made me to serve with thy sins.* And *thou hast wearied me with thine iniquities.* All outward performances though never so pompous, they do but weary Almighty God, unless they flow from a sincere spirit: They thought they had pleased him with sacrifices; but he tells them, *they weary him with iniquities.* And see here how the mighty God of *Jacob*, the Rock of ages: Omnipotency it self is weary: he is prest with sins, and wearied with iniquities. Well, what follows upon all this? *I*, even *I am he that blot out thine iniquities for my own sake, and will not remember thy sins.* Surely *Israel* could not look for this in the next verse. It must needs come in, διὸ μεγαδοξίαν. One would have thought it should have been, *I*, even *I am he*, that will revenge these thine iniquities: *Thou hast made me to serve with thy sins*, and I'le make thee to serve with my plagues: *Thou hast wearied me with thine iniquities*, and I'le weary thee with my judgements: Mine indignation shall flame out against thee, and I'le pour out the dregs of my wrath upon thee; it is *I*, even *I am he*, that will set thy sins in order before thee. One would have thought it should have run thus: but God, he comes in the still voice, *I*, even *I am he that blot out thine iniquities. Thou hast made me to serve with thy sins*, and I'le make thee a servant to my self; *Thou hast wearied me with thine iniquities*, and I'le load thee with my mercies: *Thou hast blotted out my transgressions*, and I'le blot out thine iniquities: *Thou hast not remembred my Covenant*, and I'l not remember thy sins. Thus doth Gods goodness contend with a sinfull Nation, thus doth he conquer rebellion, and triumph over sin. Indeed his very drift is to make a glorious illustration of free grace; and therefore he first discovers his peoples sin, and then displayes his own mercy. He first shews you *Israels* stiff-neck and iron sinew, and then opens his own tender bowels, and deareſt compassions: He bids you take notice of the blackness of the *Ethiopian*, and then tells you how white he will make him. He would have you consider well the deep dye, the bloody dye of the Scarlet, and then see it become as white as snow. Look upon the vastness of the *Egyptian* Army, and see them all drown'd in a Red-sea. Cast a sad eye upon a large

large volum of iniquity, and behold them all blotted out in a moment. The sinfulness of sin sets a glorious lustre upon free-grace: when sin becomes exceeding sinful, then grace becomes exceeding glorious. *I*, even *I am he, that blot out thine iniquity.* There's much Emphasis in redoubling the words, and it stills many objections that might rise up in a wavering soul. And

1. *I*, even *I*, whom thou hast offended: For what might the distrusting soul object and say: Is it thou, O God, that will blot out mine iniquities? It is thy sacred Majesty which I have provok'd: and 'tis thy glorious Name which I have profan'd; 'tis thy righteous Law which I have violated: and 'tis thy Covenant which I have broken; and is it thou, O God, that wilt blot out mine iniquities? הוּא אָנֹכִי אָנֹכִי, 'tis *I*, even *I am he that blot them out for mine own sake.* Gods goodness runs over to a sinfull Creature; and where sin hath abounded, there grace doth superabound. Consider,

(1) There is not so much evil in sin, as good in God. Sin indeed is thus infinite, as it is against an infinite being: I, but there is an absolute infiniteness in God. And this is no extenuation of sin to advance grace above it.

(2) There is not so much sin in man, as there is goodness in God. There is a vaster disproportion between sin and grace, then between a spark and an Ocean. Now who would doubt whether a spark could be quencht in an Ocean? Thy thoughts of disobedience towards God, have been within the compass of time: but his goodness hath been bubbling up towards thee from all eternity. He hath had sweet plots of free Grace, and gracious contrivances of love towards thee, from everlasting. The devils themselves, though irreversibly sealed up to destruction; yet they are so bad, as God is good. There can't be a *summum malum*, as there is *summum bonum*. *I*, even *I am he that blot out thine iniquities*; even *I* whom thou hast thus offended.

2. *I*, even *I*, whose royal Prerogative it is to pardon transgression, and to blot out sin; for otherwise the soul would still be left rolling and fluctuating. I, this were welcome news indeed to hear of iniquity blotted out, and they were Messengers of beautifull feet, that could bring me such Gospel-tidings; but O 'tis not so easie a matter to have sin remitted, & pardoning-mercy is not so soon obtained: Who is it that can wash off guilt from

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the soul, and set at liberty a captivated spirit? Why, 'tis God himself that undertaks so great a work; it is I, even *I am he that will blot out thine iniquities*, and it includes these two particulars.

(1) God, he can blot out iniquities. For (first) the offence is wholly against him, and therefore he can freely pass it by: Sin is so far an evil, as it opposes his will, the rule of Goodness, and as it prevaricates from his Law, the expression of his will, and that the supreme Law-giver can pardon.

(2) Christ he hath made full satisfaction to his justice, so that now 'tis but dipping the pen in the blood of Christ, and dashing out of iniquity: Nay, Christ himself hath blotted out, even this hand-writing that was against us, and nail'd it to his Cross. Christ on the Cross had a spung given him dipt in Vineger, and a Christians sins do *incumbere in spongiam*, that I may speak in *Augustus*'s phrase. And hence there are such wooings and beseechings of souls to come in, and be subject to the Scepter of Christ: for God hath more satisfaction to his Justice by every Believer, than by the damned that ly roaring in hell to all eternity, for they are never able to discharge the debt; but every Believer by his surety hath paid the utmost farthing.

2. Only God can blot out iniquities. I, even *I am he, and none else*. A poor creature may soon involve it self in sin and misery, there is none but hath power enough to damn himself; *Thy destruction is of thy self, O* Ephraim. But 'tis beyond the sphere of men or Angels activity to blot out the least sin, or to disentangle the soul of the least corruption; they can neither take off the guilt of sin, nor yet subdue the power of sin. There's none but knows how to wound himself; I, but he must have skill that knows how to cure him; 'tis easie enough to run into debt, and many find it hard enough to discharge it; There's none but can heap up sin, and treasure up wrath, and wound conscience: I, but who is there that can appease wrath, and calm conscience, and screen a soul from a consuming fire? Sin is an offence against an infinite justice, so that infinite being can either dispence with it, or satisfie for it. It is not the blessed Virgins milk can wash out so deep a stain, it is not this can whiten the soul; no, if the Saints robes be washt white, it must be in the blood of the Lamb. And the power of the keys can't reach thus far. A

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Minister can no more by any way of efficiency remit a sin, then he can create a world. And I know not what a Popes indulgence should do, unless it be to send some ignorant people to hell with more cheerfulness and alacrity, that they may *in Cœlum descendere*, as the *Satyrist* said *Nero* did; when they looked for heaven, drop into hell irrecoverably. The mighty hand of God himself must be put to the blotting out of iniquities; 'tis I, even *I that blot out thy transgressions*; even I whose royal prerogative 'tis to pardon transgression, and to blot out sin.

3. *I*, even *I* that have manifested mine anger against thee, in punishing thee for thine iniquities; even *I am he that will blot them out*, for the soul will still be doubting and misgiving; why, 'tis thou, O God, that hast shot off so many threatnings against us, and spent all thine arrows upon us: Thou hast hewn us by thy Prophets, and slain us by the words of thy mouth: Thou hast dipt thy pen in gall, and writ bitter things against us: Thou hast follow'd us with an whole Army of judgements, and every way shown thy self an angry God against us; and wilt thou now blot out our iniquities? The Text hath the same answer ready for this too; 'Tis *I*, even *I am he, that will blot them out*; and it speaks these two things.

(1) God, he is not long angry. בשצף קצף as 'tis in the 54 of *Isaiah*, verse 8. *In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer.* God as he is not Ὀξύθυμος, quickly provoked, so neither is he Βραδύθυμος, long displeased. *God is Love*, saith the Apostle; now Love is hardly provoked, and 'tis quickly reconcil'd; *God is Love.* He writes not injuries in Marble, his Law indeed he writes in stone: I, but the breach of the Law, he writes that in the dust. All the wrong hath been done to him, and yet he beseeches us to be reconciled: he's far more ready to offer mercy, then the creature is to embrace it: and more willing to speak peace, than man is to hear it. Where will you meet with a man so propense to put up a wrong, and so ambitious to forgive an injury? But *as far as the heavens are above the earth, so far are his thoughts above our thoughts*: He writes not our sins in so deep a character, but that they may be easily blotted out.

(2) God requires no more humiliation, then to bring a soul unto,

unto himself, and make it capable of mercy. Many a weak Christian questions his condition, because he hath not fill'd Gods bottles so full of tears as others, he hath not had such rendings of heart, such breakings and piercings of spirit, such scorching pre-apprehensions of Hell, and wrath as others have had: I, but let such a one consider, that God is very gracious in his dealings, and we must not look for the like degrees of humiliation in all: some have a quicklier delivery, and are sooner freed from the pangs of the new birth, some hearts were more wrought upon in a more winning and melting way; others are beat in pieces by a stroke of Omnipotency. But this we are sure, that soul's humbled enough that's brought to a sight and sense of his sin, so as to see the necessity of a Saviour, and to prize him, and love him as the fairest of ten thousand. When God hath made a soul to see his sins, he's ready to blot them out: 'Tis I, even *I am he, that blot out thine iniquities*; even I that have punisht thee for them, and shewn mine anger against them.

I might add, that 'tis a note of Gods complacency in his own goodness, he doth even glory in the riches of his free grace: and therefore it is so often repeated, *I*, even *I am he*, that will *do it for mine own sake*: but I hasten to the next words.

Blot out thine iniquities,] There are many things wrapt up in this expression: I'le be more brief in them then to promise brevity. And

(1) Blotting out of iniquities, implies that they were all written and took notice of.

1. They were written in Gods book. God, he is not only παρατηγνώστης, but μείζων καρδίας, and knows all things, every idle word, every vain extravagant thought, every glance of the soul: the least tendency to sin, the first bublings up of original corruption, they are all took notice of; In this book are all thine iniquities written.

2. Thou hast a book within thine own breast, and Conscience hath the pen of a ready writer; it can write as fast as the soul can dictate. *Calamum in corde tingit*, and with an accurate pencil, it can give thee a full pourtraicture of thy most closetted behaviour, of thy most reserved actions, and thy most retired motions: and though there be a curtain drawn over them here, yet then they shall be made very apparent. God shall give conscience an

Imprimatur,

Imprimatur, and such works as thou wouldst have suppreſt, shall be publiſht to the eyes of men and Angels, and the λόγος κριτικὸς shall pass censure upon them; Sins of the smalleſt print, of the moſt indiſcernable character, shall be made clearly legible, and become as Atomes in the presence of the Sun-beam. With what a furious reflexion wilt thou then read over thine own sinfull life; when all thine iniquity shall stare thy soul in the face to all eternity? When as a Christians life shall be set out in a new Edition, *Multo auctior & emendatior*; for all *Errata* shall be corrected, and with a happy *Index expurgatorius*. Every iniquity shall have a *Deleatur*, and all *Deſiderata* shall be suppli'd, the Book shall become perfect, and be lookt on as a fair Object to all Eternity. This is the first thing impli'd in blotting out of iniquity, that they were all written and took notice of.

(2) Every transgreſſion leaves a blot: For even remiſſion of sins is expreſt by blotting out of iniquity. Although the blot was here greater, before 'twas blotted out; for *blotting* out of iniquities, is the wiping out of a blot. Beſides the guilt of sin, and the power of sin, there's the *Macula peccata* too, *the stain of sin*.

(3) You see here the nature of Juſtification, and how in it *Remiſſio eſt imputativa*; it doth not take away the being of sin, but takes it away from being imputed, and laid to the charge of the soul. Sins in Scripture *Idiom* are ὀφειλήματα. Now in Juſtification there's a crossing of the Book, a blotting out of the debt, so as it can't be required of the soul. And the juſtified person in the 32 *Psalm*, is stil'd כְּסוּי חֲטָאָה, one whose *sin is cover'd*, which supposes the being of it; and though our adversaries urge the force of the other phrase נְשׂוּי פֶּשַׁע, one whose *sin is took away*; yet 'tis sufficiently clear'd by the following words, לֹא יַחְשֹׁב לוֹ עָוֹן יְהוָה, *God will not impute iniquity unto him*; and 'tis rendred in the New-Teſtament by μὴ λογιζομένου ἁμαρτίαν, which cannot be poſsibly meant of taking away the being of sin; for it is attributed to men, when they are bid to forgive one another their treſpaſſes; now they can't forgive sin so. And they meerly wrangle when they tell us that λογίζεσθαι and חָשַׁב signifie *putare* and not *imputare*; for we deny not but λογίζεσθαι signifies *putare*, but λογίζεσθαι τινί muſt needs be *imputare*, and so חָשַׁב לְ, as might appear by many instances, as the learned *Chamier* hath observed.